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DANIEL DEFOE:

HIS LIFE,

AND RECENTLY DISCOVERED WRITINGS.

VOL. II.

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Defoe 522 H

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DANIEL DEFOE:

HIS LIFE,

AND RECENTLY DISCOVERED WRITINGS:

EXTENDING FROM 1716 TO 1729.

By WILLIAM LEE.

QUEEN ANNE,
Who employed Defoe on special services during the last ten years of her reign.

CRL

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Vol. II.—The First Volume of his Writings.

London:
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.
1869.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME,

Being the First Volume of Defoe's Uncollected Works.

I DESIRE humbly but confidently to affirm, that the Essays, Letters, Foreign and Home News, and paragraphs on passing events, comprising this and the following volume, and now published in a collected form, were all written by Daniel Defoe;—as well those to which Mr. Mist, or other proper names, initials, or fanciful signatures, are appended, as those anonymous. The only qualification to this affirmation being that the accounts of Foreign Affairs would necessarily be translated from Letters of Advice, with Defoe's own comments added.

I might, as Editor, have appended many notes in explanation of passages obscured by time; but thought it better, on the whole, not unnecessarily to interpose my shadow between Defoe and his readers.

The titles placed above the articles are my own, prefixed only to correspond with a Table of Contents, and to make every part of each volume conveniently accessible.

It must not be supposed that these volumes contain the whole of Defoe's hitherto unknown Writings discovered during eighteen months' continued labour. Fully one-half was passed by without copying, as having little comparative interest for the general reader of the present age. Even of those actually transcribed, I have thought it better, for many reasons, to publish only a selection.

The position of any man who has fortunately disinterred so

large a quantity of the scattered productions of a great author is peculiarly responsible. Even in his anonymous writings Defoe frequently expressed himself as addressing posterity. The world has a property in his character, in his fame, and in his works. The discoverer of such literary treasures therefore necessarily stands, previously to publication, between the Author and the world. He must give to the latter all the results of his investigation; or, incur the difficulties of a selection, in which omission is synonymous with suppression. Had the present collection ever before appeared among the minor works of Defoe, the difficulty of subsequent omission or abridgment had been trivial; but, as being altogether unknown, the responsibility of large excisions could scarcely have been greater.

I have omitted much relating to party-politics, though occasionally enlivened with the Author's inimitable humour and satire. More still on foreign and home news. Of his Essays and "Letters Introductory," I have been less exclusive, because they are the original and spontaneous effusions of his genius, set in motion by the daily occurrences of the times. The public mind was much disturbed, by several extraordinary causes, during the period over which the present volume extends:—1. After the Rebellion, a continuous smouldering disloyalty. 2. The Weavers' Riots against printed and painted calicoes. 3. The rise and fall of the South Sea and Bubbles. 4. The devastations of the Plague in France, and expectation of its appearance in England. On each of these absorbing topics Defoe wrote a series of articles as their respective phases presented. I have curtailed these to a small extent only; greater suppression would have broken the sequence of his comments upon memorable events in national history. If some of such Essays seem to any class of readers to be of little present interest, I must crave the reader's indulgence, pleading obligation to the character of the writer,—the wisdom of his observations and conclusions,—and the importance of the subjects. I have judged it better, in this part of my labour, to err on the side of liberality; than to act unjustly to the author.

In the Life of Defoe I have shown that he was the first writer of "Letters Introductory," or, as they are now termed,

"Leading Articles." Under date 10 June, 1721, he refers to the origin of such literary Essays, modestly stating that it was an Accident, derived from the example of the *Observators* and *Reviews*.

I deem it right to inform the critical reader that these Journalistic Essays were written in moments snatched, by the necessity for their periodic production, from the most active portion of Defoe's literary life. A large proportion of them bear evidence of having been dashed off without time to revise the manuscript, or correct the Press. Yet I may venture to pronounce that many are unsurpassed, for beauty, by the best Essays in the *Tatler* or *Spectator*. Great interest will be found to arise from the freshness that pervades his narrations of events immediately after their occurrence, and the humour and sagacity of his observations thereon. I have not considered it part of my duty to correct apparent defects of hasty composition; nor presumed to polish the forcible but occasionally rugged expression of a fine thought.

These Essays cannot be read without observation of the Author's large acquaintance with Holy Scripture. His general stile, but especially his grave colloquial compositions owe much of their charm to this. I have to notice however that modern refinement has consigned to the class of indelicate, certain words in common use when the Bible was translated; and which still continued to be used, without exciting coarse or impure ideas, when Defoe wrote. If such words be occasionally found in this collection, let me deprecate any offence, for the reason I have stated; also from a consideration of the purity of the Author's life and character, the sincerity of his good intentions, and the true morality inculcated. In delicacy of expression Defoe was far in advance of most of the popular writers of his day; and it would be unjust to compare him, in this respect, with Swift, Pope, Gay, Prior, or even with Steele.

Defoe was not the only writer of "Letters Introductory" in Mist's Journal during his connexion therewith. It was part of the management of that Journal that outside correspondence was received, and answers to correspondents were printed Editorially, in Mist's name, although written by Defoe. A different course was adopted in Applebee's Journal. No

formal editorial answers were given; but the "Letters Introductory" were, with one or two exceptions, entirely written by Defoe, during all the time he was connected with that Journal. They were addressed to Mr. Applebee, as if from outside contributors, and the mode by which both sides of any question for discussion was brought before the readers, was by personating, in successive weeks, the opinions and views of those who differed. The comprehensive grasp of his mind enabled him to do this with fairness and candour; although, in fact, he first stated the case, and then answered it himself.

It would occupy too much space to direct the reader's attention to many of the admirable Essays in this Volume; but I cannot refrain from briefly pointing to a few.

The answer to his own queries under the signature of Sir *Andrew Politick*, is admirable for the caution concealed under apparent openness, and for its political sagacity. The two articles against "Curlicism," or the writing and publishing indecent books, are justly severe. They caused a government prosecution of the chief offender, and the infamous trade was checked for some time. It will suffice to name the withering satire, dated 10 May, 1718, on the clemency of the Czar. Lovers of the marvellous will be delighted with the long and detailed account of the total destruction of the Isle of St. Vincent; they will be improved by the writer's moral and philosophic reflections thereon, and amused by his refusal afterward to admit that the story was not true. On the 19 July, 1718, and again on the 26 Sept., 1719, he compelled the insertion in *Mist's Journal* of bold remonstrances against the disloyalty of its proprietor and his political supporters. I would recommend to any Member of the Royal Academy the word-painting in the story of the Puritan Chaplain and King Charles I. The Miranda correspondence, on Matrimony, may be longer than some readers would wish, but it contains many turns of Defoe's peculiar humour, and was clearly designed to break the monotony of more grave and weighty discussion. The fine Essay of the 30 May, 1719, on the Divinity of Christ, and the conduct of Bishop Amphilochius, was written on occasion of the great lapse, chiefly among Congregational Dissenters, from Trinitarian doctrine. Having, in *Nov.* of the same year, inserted in Mist's Journal a playful essay on

Journalistic Independence, he follows it by a fine stroke of satiric policy, in which, keeping up the disguise of Journalistic Management, he teaches in this Jacobite Newspaper, that the tyranny of Absolute Monarchy justifies Resistance, Revolution, and the deposition of Tyrants. Under date 5 *Dec.*, will be found an admirable description of a Quack Doctor.

In writing the Life of Defoe I have had to notice his belief in the doctrine that, on important occasions, thoughts are infused into the human mind by the ministration of good angels. This belief materially influenced his destiny, and therefore his Essays on the subject, dated 6 and 13 *Feb.*, 1720, will be read with interest. His apologetic character of Tom Oaken Plant, in the same month, is equally happy in its conception as in its execution. In his accounts of the condition of France during this and the following year, under the calamitous circumstances of the Bubbles and the Plague, the reader cannot fail to see, in the tyranny, and oppression of Arbitrary Power over life and property, the causes of the bloody revolution in the following reign.

The humorous Article signed "Oliver Oldway," describing the appearance of the City on the day after the Bubbles were suppressed, was Defoe's first appearance in Applebee's Journal. The South Sea Tide had turned, and on the 27 *Aug.* an admirable Essay, signed "Miser," shows how little satisfaction can be derived from riches unjustly acquired; and the writer, with almost prophetic foresight, indicates even the names of some who were afterward stripped of their gains by the authority of Parliament. His independent spirit, even towards the Government that employed him, was manifested in the following February, when he pointed at several Members of the Administration who had been more guilty of South Sea frauds than the Directors themselves. Although a Dissenter, Defoe was, as I have already shown, through life a firm supporter of the Church of England; and in these volumes will be found many proofs of the fact. I mention however only his Essay on "Irreligion," dated 18 March, 1721, in which he repeats one of his favourite expressions, that the Church is the great Bulwark of the Protestant Faith. I will only further notice that several of his Essays in this Volume afford evidence that at the times of writing them, respectively, he was engaged in

the preparation of "Moll Flanders," "Religious Courtship," and the "Journal of the Plague."

In the early part of my investigations, the following Essays were printed in "Notes and Queries:"—*Caution to Journalists*, dated 18 *Feb.*, 1721. *The Religion of Booksellers*, dated 28 *Oct.*, 1721; and four others, *On Assassination of Rulers*, dated 16, 23, 30 *Dec.*, 1721, and 6 *Jan.*, 1722. With these few exceptions, the collection contained in this and the following Volume now appears, for the first time, among the Works of Daniel Defoe.

WILLIAM LEE.

BAYSWATER, *Nov.* 1868.

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NOTE TO THE READER.

To prevent the Reader having to turn back to the List of Defoe's Works, prefixed to the first Volume;—or, to search, in the same Volume, for the places containing descriptions of the Journals from which, respectively, the Contents of the Second and Third Volumes have been transcribed;—and also, to explain the Abbreviations, tabulated on the next page,—this preliminary Note has been thought desirable.

I. *Mercurius Politicus:* was a Monthly Historical Account of the most material Occurrences; commenced by Defoe in 1716, and continued many years. It was conservative in principle, and each number formed an octavo of about 64 pages.

II. *Mist's Journal:* was so called from the name of the proprietor and publisher. It was a Tory Paper, and its Title, in full, was "The Weekly Journal, and Saturday's Post." It had been some time in existence when Defoe undertook the control, in order to keep it within the bounds of moderation; but he was compelled, after a while, to abandon a charge so obnoxious to his own principles. Each number consisted of six pages, foolscap folio.

III. *The Whitehall Evening Post:* was Established by Defoe in 1718, on liberal conservative principles; and was continued many years after he ceased to write it. Each number consisted of a small quarto sheet.

IV. *The Daily Post:* was also Established by Defoe, and each number was contained in a single leaf, folio. Great part of the contents consisted of Advertisements. Party Politics were excluded.

V. *Applebee's Journal:* was,—from the name of the proprietor and publisher,—the common appellation of "The Original Weekly Journal, and Saturday's Post." It existed before Defoe's connexion, but he wrote all the *Letters Introductory*, or Leading Articles, for many years. It was of the same size and form as Mist's; but its principles were of the most liberal conservative character.

VI. *The Universal Spectator:* was commenced by Defoe, and his son-in-law Henry Baker. It was a weekly publication in large quarto. Defoe only wrote the first number, but the work was continued by Baker for some years.

VII. *Fog's Journal:* was the successor of Mist's; but less violent in its politics. I found in its pages only one communication, non-political, by Defoe.

NEWLY-DISCOVERED WRITINGS

OF

DANIEL DEFOE,

EXTENDING FROM 1716 TO 1729.

ABBREVIATIONS.

M. P. denotes Mercurius Politicus.
M. J. denotes Mist's Journal.
W. E. P. denotes Whitehall Evening Post.
D. P. denotes Daily Post.
A. J. denotes Applebee's Journal.
U. S. denotes Universal Spectator.
F. J. denotes Fog's Journal.

M.P., *May*, 1716.—*The Rebels.**—It has been a mightily disputed case amongst the Parties here, whether JUSTICE, so it is call'd as respects the Publick; or REVENGE, so it is call'd as respects Parties; should be extended against the Rebels in general; or whether MERCY should interpose to the saving them from the Hand of the Executioner.

Upon the Jury bringing in Farquarson and Innis not guilty, abundance of Gentlemen came up to pay their respects to the two Persons acquitted, embracing them, and shaking them by the hand; but besides this, there was a kind of shout raised by others, and so much disorder, that the Judge was pleased to resent it, and order several persons to be taken into custody; among the rest, two were immediately brought into court, whereof one being a Tallow-Chandler in Lambeth, was sentenced to pay 100*l.*, and to lie a year in prison; and another, a Look-

* It will be evident that this Collection commences with the year following the Rebellion. Some of the paragraphs relate to the trials of persons implicated.—*Ed.*

ing-Glass maker's son on the Bridge, was sentenced to pay 50*l.*, and a year's imprisonment; others were reprimanded, as likewise were some of the Ladies, who it seems shew'd their joy a little too loudly.

Bill before Parliament.—There had been a cunning practice of some ingenious Knaves carried on for some time for curing the leaves of Sycamour, Chessnut, and Wallnut-trees, by drying them on Kilns as Malt is dried, after which they moistened them again with a liquor ting'd with, or decocted from the stalks of Tobacco, which liquor giving them the smell of Tobacco, they cut the said leaves with coarse rank *Orronoco* Tobacco, and thereby deceived the very best judgments, having brought it to that perfection that the nicest Smoakers could not distinguish it; which if it had gone on, might have been a very great injury to the Tobacco trade: This Bill was ordered in to prevent the said practice, and to make it all seizable by the Excise officers.

Another Bill was occasioned by the Insolence of Coachmen in demanding unreasonable sums for their fare; their Sauciness in giving ill language to Gentlemen; and refusing to go to particular places at their pleasure; to regulate the manner and places in the Street for their plying, and the like; as also the carelessness of Carmen, Draymen, Carters, &c., who, by riding upon their carriages, were frequently found to bruise, run over, and kill People in the Streets.

Paragraphs of News.

The Sessions at the *Old Bailey* ended about this time, where 9 men and one woman received sentence of death; the only remarkable tryal at this sessions was, that three men were tried for the murther of Mrs. *Knapp*, a Gentlewoman who was shot thro' the head by Foot-pads as she was going with her son, who carried a Link in his hand, under *Grays-Inn* Wall, on that side over against *Bedford-Row;* they were betray'd by a fourth man who was in the fact, and was evidence against them; they refused at first to plead, and were carried back to *Newgate* to be press'd to Death, but their hearts failed them when they found they must die, and being carried back to the Bar, were tried and found guilty, and were all three afterwards Hang'd: Their names were *William White, Thomas Thurland,* and *John Chapman.*

At this Sessions the Grand Jury presented a scandalous pamphlet, entitled, *Robins Last Shift;* as also the Ballad-Singers, for singing ballads against the Government; the wheelbarrow-men, who carried Fruit with Dice to throw for it, and the like, being the general Collectors of Pickpockets and idle people: This Presentment brought a great calamity upon the whole tribe of Ballad-Singers, many whereof were sent to *Bridewell,* and the rest Barr'd from their usual occupations.

An odd accident happened about this time to a Gentleman of Note, tho' of no great consequence one way or other. Upon the escape of Brigadier *Mackintosh,** and the rest of the Prisoners out of *Newgate,* and the reward offered for retaking them, mighty search was made, and the Informers were very busy running into every House where they imagin'd any Gentleman was private, in hopes of meeting a Prey; and this was the more encreased upon the success of some of them, who very unhappily for him, discovered Mr. *James Talbot,* one of their number, in a private lodging in *Drury Lane.* Some of these officious people finding a gentleman privately lodg'd at a House near *St. Martin's-in-the-Fields,* they carried officers with them, and rushed into the house, where they found Mr. *Thomas Harley,*† who had been committed, by Order of the House of Commons, to the *Gatehouse;* but had obtained so much favour of his keeper, as to permit him to be at a private Lodging for his convenience: There was much noise made of it at first, but it seems it issued in little more than his going back to confinement; the Gaoler alledging, he admitted that liberty for his Health, being well secured of his prisoner and having a keeper with him, so we heard no more of it.

M. P., Jany. 1717.—There was but one of the *Carlisle* Prisoners, of whom it was generally observ'd that there was nothing at all to be said for him, and yet even this was a Gentleman who all men pity'd, and spoke honourable of, being a person of great Honour, and uncommon Courage and Gallantry, and an officer of great reputation, for his extraordinary experience and conduct; this was Brigadier *Campbell* of *Ormondall;* he was taken in the Isle of *Skey,* in a very odd

* One of the Rebel prisoners.—*Ed.*

† Brother to the Earl of Oxford.—*Ed.*

circumstance; he had drawn a good body of men together, and having put them into a posture of defence, and posted them to advantage, where he thought he might expect the King's Troops firmly enough, he found in the very article of Battle, all his men deserted him and fled, not making one discharge: But he, who knew not what it was to turn his back to his enemy, boldly stood still with his Piece presented, till the Troops coming up to him, and offering him quarter, he gave his sword to the Commanding officer, and yielded himself prisoner . . . . . We have heard that the Czar of *Muscovy*, in whose troops the Brigadier had served eight and twenty year, interceded for him, and that on that score he was suffered, by a kind of neglect, to get away. . . . No Proclamation has been made for apprehending him, no reward promis'd to encourage people to search for him; but having once gotten the outside of a prison, he has all the freedom of his effectual escape.

Remarkable story of a Whig contributing to the Relief of the Prisoners in Lancaster Castle.—And here I must record a remarkable act of Charity of this kind done by a Gentleman, who, as by his words may be concluded, had the strongest aversion to the people for whose use he gave his money, that it was possible for any man to have. He was passing by the Chapel of Monsieur the Marquis *de Trivie*, the King of *Sicily's* Ambassador, a little before the people were coming out, and going up to the door, he understood that the Priest was exhorting the people to a charitable contribution for the prisoners in *Lancaster* Castle, whose condition, *as he said*, was very deplorable; upon which, turning to his friend who was with him, and *who it seems also understood the Language they spoke in*, I like this very well, says he, I'm resolved I'll give them something. *Says his Friend*, do you consider what you are saying, why it is for the Rebels! *I know that very well*, says he again, *but they are not in Rebellion* NOW: And here he adds, that there was a great deal of difference between an Enemy or *a Rebel* in the field, and a Rebel in Gaol; to relieve the first would be a sin against the King, and not to relieve the last would be a sin against God. Well, says his Friend, *but they are our Enemies*, and I am sure you abhor them. So I do, *says he*, I abhor their crime, but I pity their persons; and besides, said he, *are we not commanded*, IF *our Enemy*

hunger to feed him? Upon these words, seeing a man at the door with a plate to collect the Charity, he went and put in a Guinea, and when he came away, said thus to his Friend: *There are two sorts of Poor in the world,* there is *God's Poor,* and the *Devil's Poor: God's* POOR, *says he,* we are bound to take care of; *But the* DEVIL'S POOR should not starve; and *therefore it was,* added he, *that I gave them that Guinea.*

We record this story in justice to a principle of Christianity and Generosity, which is very rarely found in this uncharitable age, and which therefore we stand very much in need of examples of any kind to encourage.

Trial of Francia, the Jew, for Rebellion.—He denied that he had owned the letters, and attempted to prove that he had been tampered with to swear against another person, and had received some money to that end; and called two women, to swear that they had heard it. One of these said, she was hid under the bed; and the other, behind the curtain, and heard Mr. *Buckley* say, If you won't swear against him we'll hang you. But this the court had little regard to; for, first, they did not seem women of any Reputation; and next, it was flatly contradicted by the unquestionable testimony of my Lord *Townshend* and Mr. *Buckley,* who disprov'd every particular of it. Indeed, as to the giving him money, it was own'd, That when he was with him, he was a very miserable man, and his wife and he ready to starve, and had nothing to subsist on; whereupon his Lordship, out of compassion to his mournful circumstances, and complaints, gave him either 3, 4, or 5 guineas, but could not exactly tell the sum.

After a trial of 12 hours the prisoner was found not guilty.

The King's return from Hanover.—The Town was filled with Bone-fires, Illuminations, and Fireworks, to express the general joy of the people; among which, a great procession, with Effigies and Images drest up to represent the Pope, the Pretender, the Earl of Marr, the Devil, and several other people, as the Master of the Mughouse gentlemen, for they were the contrivers it seems, and managers of the whole affair, thought fit. The Procession went through the principal streets and all was burnt in a great Bone-fire at *Charing Cross.*

Treaty of Peace.—Peace is such a Heavenly Charm, such a blessing to Mankind, and has such a natural good reception in

the minds of men, that even while we write of Peace, it calms the Pen, and makes an Author leave out as near as he can, all the sinister aims of those who have ill ends, and base designs in the Treaties they make, &c.

M. J., Aug. 24, 1717.—*Rob Roy.*—We hear three troops of Dragoons out of each of the two Regiments of Dragoons quartered at Edinburgh and at Glasgow, are ordered to search the whole country for that Arch robber *Rob Roi;* whether this is by Order from Court, who have reason indeed to think us negligent in the pursuit of this Plunderer; or whether it be that our Officers are ashamed to have had orders to apprehend him so long, and have not yet done it, his having escaped our hands so long makes him and his Troop very bold and audacious, and may perhaps encrease his numbers; but people here say that encreasing his numbers would be his Ruin, for that if his number be greater, he would be both sooner discovered, and less able to subsist than he can do now in the fastnesses of the mountains, and hollow unpassable places, where he now secures himself. It's thought that if these six Troops of Dragoons do not take him, they will at least oblige him to shift farther North, and consequently not be able to make such profitable Incursions as he has lately done, particularly in the Low-Lands about Dumbarton, and upon the Estate of the Duke of Montrose.

A Horse Race.—On Saturday last one Walker, a Poulterer, robbed a Gentleman in his chaise (who had with him his wife) near the Green Man, a Mile beyond Acton, of 4 Guineas; and soon after Mr. Mounsee, a Surgeon in Johnson's Court in Fleet Street, meeting the Chaise, the Gentleman desired him his Horse to pursue the Highwayman, which he agreed to. The Gentleman mounted, and near Acton, came up with him, and cryed out "Stop Thief," and the Rogue cryed out, "A Horse Race." Coming up with him about a mile on this side, the Rogue fired a Pistol, but missed him; upon which the Gentleman seized him, and carried him before Justice Saintloe, who committed him to Newgate.

Rob Roy.—We have an account from Dumbarton that Rob Roi is in that neighbourhood, with above 100 men, whom 'tis said he keeps in constant pay, besides the Booty they take, which is their own; that a Garrison of regular Troops being planted hard by to bear him off, and a Sergeant and 12 men

going too far from thence, he came down and took them, and after having made them drink heartily, dismiss'd them, with Advice to treat his men the same way when they fell into their hands.

A Mistake.—We acknowledge to have been guilty of a mistake in making the Constables, &c., seize several of the Actors in Tottenham-Court Fair, and carry them to New Prison, in our last paper; therefore to do justice to those Gentlemen, we hereby discharge and set them at Liberty in this, by owning that no such Actors were taken up at all.

M. J., Sept. 14, 1717.—*Rob Roy.*—We have an Account from the Highlands, that Rob Roi met lately one Captain Brown, and finding him upon a Horse that had belonged to Killearn, the Duke of Montrose's Chamberlain, he ordered him to alight, telling him the Horse was his, (reckoning so by way of Reprisal, because Killearn had burnt his House and Goods,) and forced him to do it; but pity'd him when he saw him on foot, and gave him one of his men's horses to carry him to his Garrison.

Epilogue of the Rye-House Plot.

M. J., Sept. 14.—A few weeks ago, the Daughter, and (as we suppose) the only daughter of old Rumbald, the Master of the Rye-House, near Hodesdon in Hertfordshire, at her desire, was buried there, whose name we mention thus, chiefly to introduce the following story, which we have had from very good hands, viz.—This Rumbald was famous, or infamous rather, for being concerned in the design to assassinate King Charles II. in 1680, called the *Rye-House Plot;* and being ordered to be apprehended, he made his escape into Holland, and from thence came over again in Arms with the old —— of Argyle into Scotland, at the same time with that of Monmouth's Rebellion here in England; but the forces which Argyle brought over being routed, and himself taken, Rumbald, being a bold, desperate, and resolute Fellow, fought his way through a party of Dragoons in the field, and made his escape. He was closely pursued, and great endeavours were used to apprehend him; but he could not be found, till at length he was betrayed by a Person in whose house, or near whose house he was hid, we cannot be positive which.

Being discovered, and a troop of Dragoons surrounding the

house, he still retained the greatness of his courage, and having so much time as to get his arms, and mount his horse, boldly set open the gates, and sallied out, firing his Carabin in the face of the first man that attempted to seize him, and knocking the second off his horse with the But-End of it. He broke thro' them all, and rode for it. They all followed upon the spur, and he maintained a running fight with them all, till at last an unlucky shot lamed his horse, and then, with many wounds, he was mastered, and taken, carried to Edinburg and executed. But this is no part of the story. The man, saving his being a Traitor, was one of the stoutest men, that the world ever saw, and shewed it to the last gasp; for when they read his sentence to him, viz. To be carried immediately from the Bar to the Gibbet, to have both his Hands cut off, his Heart pulled out, his Body quartered, and one Arm to be sent to England, to be set up at the Rye House, (*where we saw it up,*) he shewed no concern, but boldly turned his Face to the Judges, and said, "*Pray, my Lords! what needs all this Cookery?*" and seemed in haste to go to the Scaffold.

But the Tragedy is still behind. He left two sons, who not being charged with any of their Father's crimes, lived afterwards at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or thereabouts. These two conferring together after the Revolution, says the Eldest to his Brother, one morning, Charles, (or what else his name was) "What do we sit here for, and not revenge the Blood of our dear Father, upon that Villain that sold him and Betrayed him? God will never bless us while we forget to do justice to the Blood of our Father." Upon this they resolved on their design, and taking Horse together, they went directly to Scotland. Whether they knew the Man's name, and the place where he lived, or enquired it there, our Author does not inform us; but they went directly to the place, and found the Man sitting by the fire, eating a Mess of broth, it being his Breakfast time, and being asked his name, which he readily owned, they laid hands on him, and told him his Crime, and their business; which, as they told him, was to execute justice on him for it; upon which they most barbarously cut him in Pieces, and as it was said, cut open his Breast and Stomach, and pulled out his Heart, as their Father was served. They immediately rode off, and came to England, and lived

some years after, in or about Newcastle, and both dyed there; justice in England not being qualified then to take cognizance of the fact committed in Scotland. This story, we believe, may be vouched by many Inhabitants of that part of the Kingdom, where it seems it was no secret.

M. J., Dec. 14.—On Sunday a Paper was affixed on a Door of the Parish Church of St. Martin's Ludgate for Elizabeth P——n, in Half Moon Court, on the side of Ludgate, to appear on a fixed Day, or else she will be excommunicated, for detaining the Register Book of all the Marriages, Births, and Burials of the Parish.

(Noticing the Annual Feast of the Directors of the Sons of the Clergy, and lauding a Proposal for a contribution to put out 12 Sons of the Clergy, he says,—)

"The reason of our telling this Story is, that 'twas observed by some criticks who were there, that some of the Directors, who it seems were well skill'd in Natural Philosophy, advis'd not to go about to the Gentlemen, for the said Charity, till their Bellies were full, affirming that the Soundness of that Advice would be seen in the Bason."

*A Plea for Poor Debtors.**

M. J., Dec. 28.—Good Mr. Mist,—Something for Charity, not always for Lucre! I hope you have some Room to speak for God's sake, and to give a Lift to those that apply to you for Help *in forma pauperis.*

The Votes (Mr. Mist) if you give yourself the Trouble to read them, will shew you every Day the Addresses or Petitions of the Miserable, representing to the Parliament the deplorable condition of the poor insolvent Debtors, *lying in Prison,* nay, I had almost said, *flying to Prison,* from the harassing Violence of inexorable Creditors. These Petitions are fill'd with the Groans and Sorrows of afflicted Families, set forth in the most moving expressions, and yet hitherto we do not find they have reach'd any farther in their way towards the Hearts of our Representatives than the surface of their Table.

* In this *Plea* Defoe personates a poor Debtor, but subscribes his initials. It is one of the first "Letters Introductory," or Editorial Leaders, that was written.—*Ed.*

It is true, and it seems reasonable to suppose, that these Petitions are order'd to lie upon the Table, only on supposition that many more will be brought in, and then they may come to be considered with the more Seriousness, as the Number of the unhappy Objects may add Weight to the Case; and therefore we do comfort ourselves in our Misfortunes with Hopes that Heaven will touch the Hearts of our Representatives with a Sense of our Case, and we shall feel the Effects of their Charity and Compassion, in some Measure suited to the greatness of our Calamity. And I hope you will not be backward by the usual Strokes of your Pen, or your Author's, which have of late so wrought yourselves into the general good Opinion of your Readers, to do us what good Offices you can, and to make use of such Arguments as Reason and Christian Charity may offer to your Thoughts in behalf of our Case.

Certainly, Mr. Mist, there are no Christian Nations in the World where the Laws are so severe upon the Unfortunate as here. The generous Compassion which was the Honour of our Country in former Days, and which recommended our Ancestors to our Imitation, seems to be fled out of the Kingdom, as if our Spirits were actuated by something brutal, and we were not to be influenc'd by the Rules of Humanity.

In all Ages, (this alone excepted,) there have been Times of Relaxations, and a Year of Jubilee for the restoring the Invalids of Fortune, and delivering the Prisoner from the Cruelty of his Oppressor; but in this Age the Bowels of Men are shut up, and their Hearts are harden'd against their fellow Creatures, as if to shew that Mercy were no longer a Christian Virtue or a Christian Duty; or, as if we were in a State of Security against all Possibility of standing in need of Mercy ourselves, either from God or Man. Creditors are grown a kind of Tyrants, and in a Nation where we are so enamoured of Liberty as to be jealous even of our best Princes, and care not to trust Power, even in the Hands of our King, to oppress the meanest Subject; yet with the greatest Tranquillity we can surrender the unhappy Debtor to the merciless Lust of an exasperated Creditor, which is, to use the Language of Scripture, a meer *delivering him up to the Tormentors.*

A Prison in England is now become different from what it is in all Nations of Europe, for Imprisonment for Crimes gets

a Gaol Delivery, and Malefactors have their Fetters knock'd off, and the Doors set open,—either on the left Hand to the Gallows, and the Plantations, or on the right Hand to Liberty,—by Court Pardons, Acts of Clemency, and the like; but for Debt, the Gaol is like Hell, from whence there is no Redemption. For Debt only, Men are condemn'd to languish in perpetual Imprisonment, and to starve without Mercy, redeemable only by the Grave. Kings shew Mercy to Traytors, to Murtherers and Thieves, and general Pardons are often pass'd to deliver Criminals of the worst kinds, and give them an Opportunity to retrieve their characters, and shew themselves honest for the future; but in Debt, once unhappy and ever miserable; once in Prison for Debt, and we are lost for this World. We cannot obtain the Favour of being hanged or transported, but our Lives must linger within the Walls till released by the Grave; our Youth wastes away unactive, grey Hairs cover us, and we languish in all the Agonies of Misery and Want, while our Wives and Children perish for meer Hunger, and our Creditors themselves, see themselves paid by Death and Time; and often Times the Posterity of those very Creditors receive the just Retaliation of their Fathers' Cruelty, and perish in the same Prisons; nay, as it may be prov'd, have perish'd in the very same Chambers where their haughty, unrelenting Ancestors had caused a miserable Debtor to starve before them.

Tell me, good Mr. Mist, what Nation condemns poor uncapable Debtors to perpetual Imprisonment, for no Offence but not being able to pay what they owe?

If you are acquainted in Story, Mr. Mist, tell me, I intreat you, if there is in the World a Christian Land which has a Law that confines the poor Debtors even from the Worship of God; or, where Debtors are dragg'd out of the very Churches to Prison?

The Horns of the Altar were ever a Sanctuary to Offenders in all Nations, and in all Ages, till now: but our Escape-Warrants will not let the poor Debtor come out of his Retreat, no, not to serve God, or appear in the Church: but an Insolvent is *ipso facto* excommunicated from all Christian Communion, unless such as is to be had within the Compass of the Gaol, where (a very few excepted) a Man might as well communicate at Guinea or Madagascar.

Concern yourself, dear Mist, to speak one Word for unhappy Gentlemen. There are among them Persons of Quality, —Gentlemen of Families and Fortunes, of Letters and liberal Education, of Sense and Manners, who deserve a better Fate, but are so far from meeting with that Distinction which in all Nations is shewn to Men of Merit, that on the contrary they are, by the unnatural and unchristian Rage of Creditors, treated with more Rigour and Cruelty than the meaner and mechanick part of Debtors, as appears by the limiting clauses in the several Acts which have hitherto pass'd for the Relief of Debtors; wherein, contrary to the very Nature of Charity, and to all the Rules by which compassion is suppos'd to be directed in the minds of Christians, the greatness of the Misery is made the Reason of obstructing the Mercy, not of exciting it.

I am so far from speaking in my own behalf in this, that to take away the weak Objection, tho' I am so far from standing in no need of this Clemency I plead for, yet I am content to be excepted out of any Act that shall be obtained on this Account, if I may but be able to assist towards so necessary a Law as once in 50 Years might deliver the miserable honest-minded disabled Debtors, (for I plead for no others,) from the Hands of cruel and merciless Creditors.

Nor would I be instrumental to obtain Deliverance for any Debtor but such as are entirely disabled, and as are willing to put all their Substance into the Hands of their Creditors to make the utmost Satisfaction they can. I am the Man, who having had the Honour of drawing up the late Act for giving Bankrupts a Discharge, by Certificate, upon their surrendering all their Effects to their Creditors, voluntarily added the Clause which deliver'd all those who made fraudulent Surrenders to be hang'd; and as it is the iniquity of such for which honest, but unfortunate Men, suffer, I am desirous such should still be put to Death; that those who are truly Objects of publick Compassion may be delivered, and Creditors may not be able to justifie their obstinate Fury, on Pretence of the Collusion of their Debtors.

Represent this, Mr. Mist, like an honest Man, and the Blessing of those who are ready to perish shall be upon you.

Your humble Servant,

D. D. F.

M. J., January 18, 1718.—*Cruelty of Peter the Great.*—The Czar makes such havoc among his Nobles and Princes, that if he proceeds, it may be very dangerous for any man of quality to serve him; he has shot to death one of his Princes, who was commissioner of his Customs at Arch-Angel, for a most trifling Embezzlement; he was, however, very merciful to him, in giving him leave to choose whether he would be beheaded, or shot to death; the latter of which it seems he chose, as being at that time Colonel of a regiment in the army.

Relics.—We hear that the Ambassadors, named by the Grand Seignior to assist in the approaching Congress for a Peace, are furnished with full powers from His Highness to conclude a perpetual peace with his Majesty, or at least a truce for 20 years. This embassy consists of the principal Aga Emzeauna de Heyd, the Bassa Mario Manstanten, the Bassa Hattari Christian, and the Bassa Hadali, attended with a numerous retinue; and carrying the following Presents for the Emperor, in Six Horse litters. In the first, is the Post at which our Saviour was whipp'd, together with the Cords by which he was bound to it, the Lashes and the Scourge. In the second the Purple Robe with which he was clad, the Crown of Thorns, and the Reed which was put into his hand, instead of a Sceptre. In the third a considerable piece of the Holy Cross, some of the Nails of it, and the Linnen found in the Tomb after our Lord's Resurrection. In the fourth are twelve Baskets which were full of the fragments of Bread mentioned by the Evangelist, with the Head, Hair, Beard, and Tongue of St. John the Baptist. In the fifth and sixth the Bodies of several Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs; among the rest that of St. Stephen. All these Relicks, they say, were found in a Vault upon the left side of St. Sophia; where, 'tis said, they were laid at the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. 'Tis added, that the Turks having attempted several times to open this Vault, have been punished for their rashness, some of them falling down dead upon the spot, and others struck with Blindness and Deafness, so that they were obliged to make use of 200 Christian Slaves to carry off all those Relicks, the keeping of which they thought had occasion'd the Disasters that had befallen them in this War. These Relicks, and other presents, are carried by 22 Camels, accompany'd with some Lions, four Panthers, 14

Horses, six of which are nobly Caparison'd after the Turkish fashion, and 18 Mules led by the 200 Christian Slaves above-mention'd, among whom are 17 Priests that are set at Liberty.

If they would have us believe the accounts of the Peace, just as much as we do the account of the Reliques, which they tell us are sent by the Great Turk to the Emperor, we shall then be much about where we were before.

This account is so Extravagant, and even next door to Blasphemous, that besides the impudence of imposing such things on the World, we cannot but wonder a little what sort of people the Turks must take the Germans to be, that they can take such things upon the faith of Infidels.

*Probabilities of War.**

M. J., Feb. 1.—You *Mist.*—They say you are a cunning Fellow, though, I must confess I never saw much of your Witchcraft; but seeing you pass for *Some Body* amongst a Party who, the Truth is, are themselves next to *No Body*, I desire you will, for once, show your Abilities, and tell us what we are to think or expect from the present Phœnomena of *Europe's* Politicks, and if you can give me a satisfactory Answer to these Things; nay, if you can give me a rational, probable Account of what we may, and indeed ought, to judge of, or expect from all these Things in the several Quarters of the World, where they are now depending, you shall pass with me for a great Statesman; at least I will, for the future, acknowledge you are qualified for the Post you are in, that is to say, you are a good News Writer, fit to give publick Intelligence, as one that speaks with Judgment, and on whose notions some Dependence may be had without Scandal to our own. I would have you to know also, that these are Concessions which you ought to value; for as they are what I cannot yet grant you, till you do something sufficient to deserve them, so you are obliged to me, and ought to acknowledge it, for putting you thus to a Tryal, and promising you such great Things, if you can deserve them. Some of the Difficulties in publick Intelligence which I shall propose to you are as follows:—

First, As to the King of *Spain*; you have told us much of

* In this, and many following instances, Defoe raises a discussion, and replies in subsequent Journals, setting both sides before the public.—*Ed.*

his Dispositions for War, and perhaps have magnified them a great deal more than your Intelligence will justify; but prithee, *Mist*, can you tell us from good Grounds, whether the *Spaniards*, with their 85,000 Men, which you say they have now in Arms, would really stand a Battle against Prince *Eugene* with 30,000 *Germans*, suppose them to meet fairly in the Field; or whether with their 60 Men of War of the Line, 30 Frigates and Gallies, they would stand an Engagement with 40 *English* and *Dutch* Men of War, suppose they were all to meet fairly upon the Seas? And if not, what do you think the King of *Spain* is doing all this while, or how long he will be King of *Spain* if he goes on?

Secondly, Tell me, *Mist*, what the Emperor intends to do; will he submit to the Mediation and Interposition of the King of *Great Britain*, the King of *France*, and the States General? or will he carry on a bloody War in *Italy* and *Hungary* together? I don't ask you to say what will be the Issue of it, if he does; for I allow you to be no Conjurer, *Mist*; but that is by the bye.

Thirdly, What does the King of *Sweden* mean to do? and is it true that he has rejected the Peace proposed between the Czar of *Muscovy* and *Sweden*? And what have you to say why we should not think that Monarch mad?

Fourthly, If the Emperor and the King of Spain go together by the Ears in *Italy*, as it is believed they must; what Part or Share will the several Princes, the Powers following take in it, viz., the Pope, the Duke of *Parma*, the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, the *Venetians*, the States of *Genoa*, the King of *Sicily*, the Regent of *France*, the States General, and finally the King of *Great Britain*? and will they all embark on one Side or other, or will they not?

Fifthly, If we should, in *Great Britain*, embark in the War in *Italy*, and perhaps with *France*, on that Account, will it make our Stocks rise or fall?

Sixthly, Will the Interest of Money in *Great Britain* come to four per Cent., or will it not?

Seventhly, Will the Penal Laws and Test be taken off, for the Ease of the Protestant Dissenters this Session of Parliament, or will it not? And if not this Session, is it likely ever to be done?

Look you, *Mist*, if you desire to establish your Reputation

by your Answers of these things, do not quibble and shuffle with me, as the Manner of News Writers is; but answer me boldly, clearly and directly, like a Man of Sense, and not a Man whose Notions are all *Mists*, like his Name, and only fit to be punn'd upon; and if you discharge well this Point, *Je suis homme de parole*, I am a Man of Honour, and will use you handsomely; if not, expect your Due from

Sir ANDREW POLITICK, Kt.

To the Right Worshipful Sir Andrew Politick, Kt., *in answer to his Letter.*

M. J., And't please your Worship.—Not Knowing your Person, but being in great Apprehensions of your Displeasure from your terrible Name, (for Politicians and't please your Worship, are most frightful Things, as Times go,) but above all, in Hopes of meriting the Honour of being in your good Graces, according to the merry Stipulations of your Letter, we send your good Worship the following bold, clear, direct Answer.

First, Sir, as to the King of *Spain, Whether the Spaniards with eighty-five thousand men would really stand a Battle against Prince* Eugene *with thirty thousand* Germans, *supposing them to meet fairly in the Field?* We wish your Worship had told us your own opinion in two Things, which would have made way for our Answer to be more direct, (1.) Whether you think Prince *Eugene* would be so rash as to meet eighty-five thousand *Spaniards* fairly in the Field, and give them Battle with no more than thirty thousand *Germans?* And (2) Whether when you mention Prince Eugene and thirty thousand Germans, you did not mean, as the flattering General *Lambert* said to *Oliver Cromwell*, when he told him, that he was equal at the Head of thirty thousand Men, to Sixty thousand Cavaliers: *How do you make that out?* says *Old Noll. Why*, says he, *I reckon your Highness as good as thirty thousand Men at any time. Say you so*, says the old Rebel, *but then you reckon without your Host. I know myself better than you know me.* In a Word, Sir *Andrew*, it is true that the *Spaniards* have been a discouraged, suppressed, beggar'd, unpaid, naked-legged, bare-headed, unofficered, undisciplined Parcel of Wretches; I mean their Soldiers, and consequently good for nothing in the Field; but before they were so, they were as brave, as sprightly, as daring, as forward, as patient of Hardships, as

impenetrable in their Battalions, as firm in their Lines, as well officered, as well disciplined, and in a Word, as good Soldiers as any Troops in the World, and have performed as great Actions; witness *Sertorius, Scipio, Pompey,* and all the *Roman* Generals that served in their Wars in Spain; witness *Charles V.* and the great Battle of Pavia; witness *Henry IV.*, of *France,* and the Sieges of *Paris* and *Roan,* and the Retreat of the Duke of *Parma;* witness the Duke of *Alva,* and the Battle of Mons, and innumerable Accounts, of which History is full. Now, good your Worship, be pleas'd to answer your self this Question; If *Philip* the Fifth take such Measures as shall restore the *Spanish* Soldiery to the Foot of Discipline they were on before? And then we can prove to your Worship, that the *Spaniards* always beat the *Germans* Man for Man, wherever they met them; and this we think is a direct Answer to your Question. If your Notion lies upon the mighty name of Prince *Eugene,* his Fortune, his Conduct, his Courage, we have no more to say to that, but we refer your Worship to old *Lambert* and *Oliver Cromwell.*

Your Worship's next Query is just the same, *mutatis mutandis,* for the like Case at Sea, between Sixty *Spanish* Men of War, with thirty Frigates and Gallies, against forty *English* and *Dutch* Men of War: To which we answer in the same Terms, viz., What the *English* and *Dutch* are we know, and what the *Spaniards* were we know, but what the Spaniards may be now, we cannot so well say, seeing we are told, that their Ships are all built after the *English* and *French* Molds; that their Seamen, most of their inferior officers, and many of their Captains, are *Irish, British, Dutch* and *French;* that they have above Seven thousand *French* Seamen on board, and near fifteen hundred *Irish* and *Scots;* and that the *Spanish* Seamen are not only encouraged, but improved by them; we say, when all these things are duly weighed, (though we wish the *British* and *Dutch* Fleets the Victory whenever they engage) yet, if they must fight sixty *Spanish* Men of War of the Line, and thirty Frigates and Gallies, we would heartily wish them to have more than forty Men of War on our Side, or else we wish ourselves out of the Action; and so we leave the Question with your Worship to consider better upon it.

Your Wisdom's next Question is, *What the Emperor will*

do? Whether he will submit to the Mediation and Interposition of the King of Great Britain, *or carry on a Bloody War in* Italy *and* Hungary *together?* We thank your Worship for the kindness of not obliging us to tell you what will be the issue, if he does; and above all, for the Justice your good Worship is pleased to do us, in telling us we are no Conjurers; but we cannot conceive how the Concession granted us of being no Conjurers, can consist with our telling you what the Emperor intends to do. However, in a Word, Sir, we are of opinion the Emperor will not submit to the Mediation of *Great Britain* and *France*; and our Reason is, because we think the Court at *Vienna* are too elate with the Victories in *Hungary*, to think anything of a Spanish Army can stand before them: We might return, by asking your Worship to rummage your History, and tell us when the Emperors of *Germany*, we mean in these last years, have submitted to any such Thing as Mediation; witness the Treaties of *Munster* and *Westphalia*; witness the Treaties of *Aix-la-Chapelle*, the Treaty of *Reswyck*, and of *Utrecht*. Our opinion therefore is, that the Emperor will not fail to push the War in both Places; and we cannot but add, that we believe in *Italy* he will have the worst of it; what may happen in Hungary we will not determine.

Your Worship enquires wisely, *If the Emperor and the King of* Spain, *go together by the Ears in* Italy, *as it is believed they must, what Part or Share will the several Princes and Powers following take in it, viz., the Pope, the Duke of* Parma, *the Great Duke of* Tuscany, *the Venetians, the States of* Genoa, *the King of* Sicily, *the Regent of* France, *the States General, and finally the King of* Great Britain? *And will they all imbark on one Side or other, or will they not?* It is strange your Worship should expect an Answer directly, clearly and boldly, of People, who you say are no Conjurers; but we shall answer as well as we can. As to the Princes of Italy, particularly those you name, they will certainly take Part against the Emperor, if they find the King of *Spain* able to support them, or able to keep the Emperor's hands full, so as not to fall upon them; and this we argue from the Sufferings which they complain of, from the Tyranny and Voracious Avarice of the *Germans*, and from the Terror they are under of what

they expect, if the Emperor, who already suspects them, gets them all into his Power.

As to *France*, we think whatever the Regent may pretend, the Interest of the House of Bourbon is yet so far united, though there may be some Jealousies and Factions among them, that the *French* Court will not stand still and see the King of *Spain* oppressed by the Emperor: also the *French*, who still regret their being driven out of *Italy*, will slip no Opportunity of Getting a Footing there again, if they can. As to the Question *Whether* Great Britain *and the States will embark on one side or other?* our direct Answer is, *We hope not.*

We forsee your Worship will say, that this is not an Answer in the terms of your Question; that perhaps it may be answering *directly*, but it is not *boldly* and *clearly*. To this we say, we hope your Worship will not have us answer, and answer, till we answer ourselves into *Newgate;* but we will venture so far upon the Justice of the Government as to believe they will not resent our speaking with good Manners and good Meaning. In this last, we believe his Majesty will perform every Stipulation made with the Emperor, or in his Behalf, and would willingly, by a Treaty, prevent the King of Spain's ill Measures; but that those Treaties oblige his Majesty to engage, as a Principal, in a War with *Spain*, if the Emperor does not agree with King *Philip*, that we think does not appear; as an Auxiliary indeed we think it does; but acting as an Auxiliary does not imply a Rupture. If your Worship is not of our Opinion, we cannot help it.

By your next Question, which is about Falling of Stocks if a War should happen: *And't please your Worship*, we think, as your Worship thought of us, that you are no Conjurer, any more than your humble Servants; and we need not answer that Question, by asking your Wisdom another Question, viz. Which is most natural to the raising the Stocks of a Nation, Peace or War? Which most likely to advance the Rates of their Funds, that which is likely to contract more Debts, or that which is likely to pay them off that are contracted already? Which is most likely to sink the Value of Things, that which makes them safe, or that which makes them hazardous? Which is most likely to make our Credit rise, that which makes us Rich, or that which keeps us Poor?

Your Worship's fifth Enquiry is, *Whether the Interest of*

money will fall to 4 per cent., *or not?* our answer is plain: this Session we believe it will not; and if a War proceed, not the next, and while a War, not at all; but if Peace was established, and appeared lasting, we believe it would, and must be the necessary Consequence of there being such immense Sums of Money in such few Hands.

Sixthly, you enquire, *Will the Penal Laws and Test be taken off, for the Ease of the Protestant Dissenters, this Session of Parliament?* We Answer No, No, No, not this Session, for the Dissenters are too wise to ask it; perhaps not at all; for their Friends who have so often promised them, either have not Zeal enough, or Interest enough, to push it for them.

Seventhly, the last Question was the third in your Worship's List, about the King of *Sweden. What does he mean to do? And is it true, that he has rejected the Peace proposed between the Czar of* Muscovy, *and himself? And what have you to say why we should not think that Monarch mad?* We think the King of *Sweden's* Designs are very manifest, viz. to break the Confederacy, if he can. To this Purpose he has long been aiming at a separate Negociation with the Czar of Muscovy; and let the Czar send what Assurances he pleases to the Allies of the North, that he will not enter into any Treaty with them; nay, should his Resident swear till the Seven Stars come to be Fourteen, we shall never believe, but such a Negociation has been on Foot; and if the King of *Sweden* would have consented to have given up *Revel*, he might have put an End to the War on that Side. Again, we think, as to what the King of *Sweden* means to do; no Question but he means, if he could have ended with the Czar peaceably, he would have dealt with the rest at Arms End. We believe also, that if the Treaty with the Czar is broken off, it is done by the King of *Sweden*, because he will not give up *Revel* to the *Muscovites*. Whether the King of *Sweden* be mad or not, that will better be answer'd when we see the Armour on every side put off.

Thus, Sir, we have answered all your Worship's Questions; Whether we shall have given Satisfaction or not, we cannot answer for that; or whether your Worship will determine us qualified for the Post we are in, we know not; but we beseech you not to expect such long Answers every time, for your Worship cannot be ignorant that some People may ask more

Questions in an Hour, than others can Answer in Seven years. We are

And't please your Worship

Your Worship's most humble, &c.,

Journal.

*Quaker Rebuke to Edmond Day.**

M. J., Feb. 15.—Friend Mist,—I desire thee in thy Paper, which thou callest a Journal, and publishest every seventh day of the week, to insert the following Rebuke to Edmond Day; who, from a place which the profane call an University, hath uttered bitter words in Malice against thee, who verily hast not deserv'd evil of any man.

Edmond, it grieveth me to see, that tho' thy name is Day, thou art dark as night; thou art a Day overcast with clouds, and the Light within thee lieth hid, as in a dark Lanthorn. I pray thee, Edmond, be not thou angry at the advice which a green apron'd Sister sendeth for thy Neddification; but as the Reproof one of our Broad-brim'd Brothers gave unto Thomas Bradbury, a Dealer in many words, was kindly accepted, so be thou thankful, Edmond, unto me, who desires to do thee good.† Yea Edmond, I am griev'd, and groan within myself, to see thy human learning produce no better fruits in thee: I will speak unto thee a few plain words, and tell thee that thou writest more like one of the people called Porters, than he whom thou causelessly brandest with that appellation. Thou supposest he is a Freeman; I wish that thou wert a Freeman also; yea, a man free from railing and slandering: mine ears cannot bear thy words; and Scoundrel, Stupidity, and other such like expressions, greatly offend me. Dost thou call this chopping Logick, Edmond? Is this the language taught at thy College? Verily, I cannot believe thee to be what they call a Scholar, for the Letter thou hast wrote savours of the kitchen, where I suppose thou art call'd by the prophane—the College scrape-Trencher. Thou say'st, Edmond, and therein thou speakest the truth, that our friend Mist is somewhat unhappy in the choice of his words: I agree, Edmond, unto this thy saying; for instead of yea and nay,

* *Vide* Mist's Miscellany Letters, vol. i., p. 25.

† Referring to our Author's tract, "A Friendly Epistle," &c. &c., 1715.

he very unhappily useth yes and no; and in the room of thee and thine, he putteth you and yours; but so doest thou, also, Edmond. Reform then thyself, before thou blamest thy neighbours, else thou shalt hear farther from

Thy Friend and Sister, *Weeping Winifred.*

M. J., March 8.—*A Floating Island.*—Two or three remarkable Pieces of News will entertain our readers this week from abroad, tho' they do not relate to politicks. The first is brought from Gibraltar in Spain, whence they tell us, that a Master of a Bark, which came in there from the coast of Barbary, reports, and all his ship's Crew confirm it, that they encounter'd at sea a strange thing, perhaps not to be parallel'd in the world, viz. a large Island which floated in the Sea. This Island, by the description the sailors give of it, (*if they did not see double,*) must be several leagues in circumference; it had in it mountains, valleys, woods, and plains; and that which is very particular in it is, that they heard hideous noises in it of the roaring of wild and ravenous beasts, such as Lions, Panthers, Tygers, Wolves, and the like, who made a most horrible and frightful roaring and howling, which they suppose to be occasioned by the sense they had of the danger they were in. The ship's crew, who give this relation, tell the people at Gibraltar that being at an anchor, they were most horribly frighted, seeing this Island come on upon them with the flux of the sea; and that they were obliged to weigh their anchor immediately, and put themselves under sail to get clear of it. The best account they can give of this is, that it must be some Promontory of land, which standing far into the sea had been broken off by an Earthquake, and was thus separated; but how they can account for its motion in the sea is very difficult, as it would be, without doubt, to prove that it floated in the sea, which we must confess seems something more than unnatural. The people at Gibraltar were so possess'd of the truth of this story, that they fitted out two vessels immediately, with many people, whose curiosity led them out to see the thing, and who went out at the Streight's mouth in quest of them, but could find nothing of it, nor indeed can it yet obtain upon the belief of the world, that such a thing could be, at least that it could be as they described it, unless the land, which as they suppose must by the force of some Earthquake be broken from the

mainland, and the Earth being still in motion underneath, might possibly lift it up, where the water was shallow, but must, when it came into deeper water, sink, and be lost in the sea.

*Burridge the Blasphemer.**

M. J., March 15.—*Mr. Mist,*—The World does you more honour than most men are capable of deserving; for to you they come for Justice, both in behalf of God and *Man:* whether it be not more the accident of your Paper than the merit of your writing it, you know best. To you, Mr. *Mist,* we complain in the strongest Terms, when injured by one another, and in your Publication of our Grievances, we smother all farther Resentments; so much is it put in your Power to give vent to Men's Passions, that you may be said to prevent even Battle and Bloodshed; and would you but temper the Scandal which is now and then sent you *on one Hand,* and leave out the little nasty Ribaldry that you now and then let pass, (I suppose without observation) *on the other Hand;* and which, by the way, you promised to do, in one of your Papers; you might be capable of doing much more Service to mankind than you are aware of. Wise men, Mr. *Mist,* will never write what modest People must blush to read. *Accept that by the Way.*

But I am carrying you a great deal higher, Mr. *Mist,* than perhaps your Thoughts ever yet led you; I shall list you a Voluntier in the Service of *Him that made you,* and this without any Enthusiastic Cant, or elevated Fanatical Raptures; but in plain *English,* and downright Terms, I call upon you to vindicate the Honour and Majesty of Heaven, not against that despicable Author of the late blasphemous Expressions, which that Wretch, you know, has been Scourged for, but against the Partiality of Men in the Cause of their Maker; and I demand your attention.

You know that one B——, the Writer of the *Whig Journal,* has been sentenced for horrid *Blasphemy,* such as no Christian Ears can be pleased with repeating the very words of; which my Hand trembles at, and my Thoughts dare not dictate. I shall not reflect on the Court, or on Public Justice, whatever

* This eccentric individual had great talents; but his mind was continually oscillating, from religious enthusiasm to atheism,—to and fro.—*Ed.*

I may on the Persons sentencing the Wretch. Our Laws, without question, are severe on such Crimes as these; but if it lies in the Breast of a Bench to sentence as they see fit, let them answer it to the Sovereign Justice, for sentencing a Wretch *only to be whipp'd* for a Crime which, in any other Protestant Country, he would have been burnt alive for; and even in *Scotland*, he would not have failed of the Gallows for; I leave it at their Door, I say, let them answer for it.

But even this is not my Complaint neither, the sentence is past, the detestable Criminal has been lashed, and, I am told, the Hangman *did his Duty;* perhaps he is the only Person *that has done so;* nor do I wish the Man, abstracted from his Offence, any Evil; but I have yet some Observations to recommend to the World, by you, Mr. *Mist*, in regard to the Injury publickly done to the Honour and Majesty of our Maker on this Man's Account.

First, Has not publick Justice the same Week, and very remarkably, nay, *very justly too*, sentenced a poor deceived hardened Youth, and perhaps distracted, (*if obstinacy in false Principles may be called a degree of Distraction*) I say, has not publick Justice sentenced this Creature to the Gallows, for saying he'd Kill the King? and shall a horrid Wretch be but lashed half-a-mile for the same execrable Words against that God that made us? Is Treason against a temporal Prince punished with immediate Torments and Death, and Treason against the Unutterable Glory only punished with a Month's Imprisonment, and the Criminal at Liberty to repeat the Crime? Nay, to go farther, is *misprision of Treason* here punished with Forfeiture of Liberty and Estate, and Blasphemy against God to be punished with a fine of twenty Shillings? How many Criminals have we on record at the *Old Baily*, who have justly received much greater Punishment than this for speaking indecently of the Person and Government of King *George?* Would these men have us think so dishonourably of his Majesty, as to suppose that the King believes treasonable words against himself require more Punishment than they would against that Power whose Majesty he represents?

But neither is this the chief Part of the Offence, or the Cause of my Complaint; but I must add, that in all the Courts of Justice that I have ever seen, it is an Alleviation of

the Guilt of an Offender, and a Plea for the mercy of the Bench, to say, *It is the first Offence*, and that the Party *never* was guilty *before*. On the other Hand, we have it frequent in our Sessions Papers, that even where the Evidence has not been so clear as in other Cases, yet no Body speaking to the Person's Reputation, and he being an *old offender*, the Jury brought him in Guilty. Pray inform yourself, Mr. *Mist*, if many a Person has not found the Gallows has certainly been his Lot, only by the Difference between a *young* and *an old offender?* Now, in this case, you must needs know, Mr. *Mist*, that this man was a notorious *old offender;* for that besides innumerable Blasphemies which have not been charged upon him in a judicial way,—I say, besides those, you know that he stands convicted once before for Blasphemy, and is upon Record for it at the *Old Baily*, that he was pillory'd &c., for it; and in all offences that ever I heard of yet, the Repetition of the Crime is an Aggravation of it; but here, Mr. *Mist*, what shall we say,

Peccandi tollit sensum peccare.

But I must come yet farther than this, leaving the Bench of Justices to their own Reflections; behold, we have even this Wretch's Case made a *Party Cause*. Surely the Authors of the *Flying-Post* and *St. James's Post*, who pretend to be religious Persons, (one of them, I hear, is a Dissenter, and comes from a Country where many a less guilty Blasphemer has been hanged;) I say, surely they must owe the Whigs a Shame, in espousing the Cause of such a detestable Criminal, or they must be writing the keenest Satire upon the Bench of Justices at *Hickes's-Hall* that ever was suffered to be written, in extenuating the Crime of the Guilty Person, and giving such scandalous Reasons for the Smallness of his Punishment; and, that I may do them no Injustice, take the very words published in the *Flying-Post*, and repeated in the *St. James's Post*, for the Whig Writers are always Echoes to one another:—

"Yesterday Mr. *Richard B*——, not the Author, but the "Corrector of the Press to the *Weekly Journal*, or the *British* "*Gazetteer*, was tried at *Hickes's-Hall* for some blasphemous "Expressions, too shocking to be named, and convicted thereof; "but it appeared that he was excessive drunk when he uttered "those Expressions, and had a great many to testify for him, "that when sober he was a modest Person, and of a quite

"different Behaviour: which the Court considering, they gave "a very favourable sentence, viz., that he should be whipt from "the New Church in the *Strand* to *Charing-Cross*, pay a Fine "of 20*s*., and be imprisoned for a Month."

Here first, Mr. *Mist*, you see they own this Man is Corrector, (*though it is Matter of Fact too, that he was the real Author*,) of this *Whig Paper*, called *The Journal;* but to take it in their own way, I offer this short Remark; if the *Whig Writers* are under such Correctors as deserve the Correction of the Gallows, what Correction must they stand in need of themselves? Secondly, see the Justice of these People, both to God and Man, when the Criminal happens to be *of their Party;* let his Crime be what it will, they are not ashamed to espouse him; and though it be Blasphemy against God himself, they will extenuate it all they can, rather than expose their Agent. Had they cast off the Man, and heartily exposed him, they had vindicated the Whigs effectually from favouring of Villains; and the Honest Men among the Whigs will give them no Thanks for making their Cause be thus a Patronage to horrid Blasphemers, and particularly for that Part which calls a known, open, and notorious Drunkard and Blasphemer a *sober Man.*

Thirdly, I beseech you, Mr. *Mist*, mark the Impudence of this Advertisement that extenuates the Blasphemy by that which should aggravate it, viz., his *Drunkenness.* Now you know in our Law, if a Man be charged with Murther, it is an Aggravation of it, and adds to the Crime, to say he was drunk; and it fastens the Punishment upon him with the more Force; and shall that be pleaded in abatement, where God himself is the Plaintiff, which pleads for Punishment when the Crime is to Man? If he was drunk, ought not his Punishment to be the greater? Shall an Addition of Guilt lessen the Sentence? Or shall Drunkards then claim the Privilege to Blaspheme? Horrid Insolence! Mr. *Mist*, is not this an affront to God, even by those in whose Hands He has entrusted Power to avenge his injured Majesty? With what Front can Men who call themselves Protestants act thus? are they not daily calling for Fire from Heaven upon Men that blaspheme the House of *Hanover*, not allowing their Drink to be the least Excuse for them; *and as they are*

zealous for King George, *I allow they ought to do so:* But, I say, with what Front can they allow Drunkenness to lessen and extenuate the same offence (*only without Comparison greater in Degree*) in Men who blaspheme King *George's* Maker? I'll detain you no longer, *Mist*, do your Duty, vindicate the injured Honour of God, and remark, for the present that the Whig News-Writers are the sole Patrons of Blasphemers. When a *Tory News-Writer* does the same, I will desire you to do him the like Justice.

Yours, G.

Voice. *Where go they who dare jest with Hell?*
Echo. *Hell!*

M. J., March 15.—*Paragraphs.*—Hugh, alias John Coleman, alias Davis, alias Hugh Roberts, who was arraigned last Sessions of Polygamy, and is reported to have married no less than fourteen Cook-Maids, died in Newgate on Tuesday last.

The Commissioners for the finishing of the Cathedral of St. Paul, sate and agreed, that the Top should be railed with Bannisters of Stone, with Flower-Pots; and at the west end should be placed the Statue of St. Paul, cut in Stone; and in other places, the four Evangelists, and the twelve Apostles.

Quaker Satire on Literary Popularity.

M. J., March 29.—Mr. Mist,—Thou art really honoured beyond thy merit, nay, beyond thy capacity, or any man's capacity of meriting from thy fellow-creatures; for thou art made the oracle of the town. All the wits, the criticks, the busie statesmen, and party politicians, after they have scolded and rallied in Coffee-houses and Clubs, resolve their debates into what *Mist's Journal* shall say of the matter.

Defoe writ his Reviews, and stated the affairs of the Nation for many years; and, in the infancy of things, men were pleased with his trifling Labours well enough; after him the *Tatlers, Spectators*, &c., of Sir Dick amused us for a while, and several bright things were said, which pleas'd and entertain'd us; but as soon as we knew the cheat, and who supported the contemptible creature, we all said a man might well pass for a Wit, whose character stood on the shoulders of about eight-and-twenty of the most polite heads, and brightest men of the town; and, finding that the pretended author had neither in-

vention, learning, judgment, or genius of his own, and was only recommended by his face, being a good pun upon his name, we grew sick of the nauseous wretch, and he became buried alive, as one worthy to be forgotten, and of whom the age was asham'd that he was ever remembered.

But thou, Mist, hast found a new method to recommend thyself, whether thou has real merit or not; nor indeed is thy merit the question, for thou art made agreeable by being useful. It is not our enquiry whether thou, *Mist*, art a WIT, a Man of Letters, a polite, accomplished person, a Gentleman, or anything else; but thou art, by the occasion of thy writings, I say, thou art become a useful person, because by thy means the brightest thoughts of men are handed into the world upon the most critical occasions.

Thou art certainly a cunning Fellow too, for thou hast found the way of telling thy Tale so nicely, that neither can the Friends of the Government be offended with thee, or the Enemies of it blame thee; indeed, Friend, I acknowledge I have try'd thee many Ways, I have sent thee Treason against the Government, I have sent thee things extremely Whiggish, and thou hast warily buried the first, and wisely buried the last; and I see plainly thou art resolved to act between the extreams with Safety, for which I shall be the last that shall blame thee.

M. J., March 29.—*A Correspondent.*—Among other letters, we have lately received two from Mr. Paul Fogg—we should say two treasonable Papers; we hope, if he expects we should publish them, he will first come, and set his name to them: which, if he thinks fit to do in the cause of Murther and Assassination of Kings, he may hear farther; but we cannot but wonder to what purpose any man should send Letters to be put into a public Paper, when he must needs think whoever should print them could expect nothing but to be tried for *High Treason*, and sent to the Gallows. However, we are bound to thank our Cozen Fogg for his good will, and take our leave of him in the terms of an old Parliament Satyr, which may serve to answer him, and those our loving Friends who desire we should hang for them, viz.:—

Mist, at this time, having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

Crinolina in 1718.—One day last week, a Gentlewoman unluckily stooping to buckle her shoe at a Linen Draper's shop, her Hoop-Petticoat, of a more than ordinary circumference, flew up, and an arch little chimney-sweeper, passing by at that instant, immediately conveyed himself underneath the machine, and with a loud voice cry'd out *Sweep! Sweep!* The Gentlewoman being affrighted, leap'd back—the boy struggling to get out, threw madam in the dirt, and with much ado at last the D——l got away, and left the Lady in no small confusion.

A Foppish Letter.

Bath, March 26, 1718.

M. J., March 29.—Dear Mist,—Thou art one of the most comical Dogs, stap my Vitals! that ever set Pen to Paper; *Tom Brown* was but a Fool to thee. Sister *Joan* used to sit moaping all the Day, eating of Chalk and Cinders, till thy Journal was first taken in by the Family; and that has perfectly cured her of the Green Sickness, and all that, you Toad. Ah! you little Whelp, you little think how much we love you: But prithee, dear Rogue, how came you, among all your News, never to take any Notice of the Change of Fashions? Are not they as proper for your Journal as Changes at Court? Split me! you Dog, it would recommend your Journal to the *Beau Monde* and ingratiate you with all the *Belles* about Town. Let me beg thee then, thou dear Wag, instead of a Heap of Cramp Names of Foreigners, (which I am forced to spell before I can pronounce, and am constantly jeered about by the Ladies at the Tea Table,) to insert a polite History of Hoop-Petticoats, Top-Knots, Head-Dresses, Furbelows, Snuff Boxes, Cravats, Perriwigs, Ruffles, and all that. If you please to gratify me in this Request I'll call upon you next time I come to *London*, and you shall take a short Walk with me to my Uncle's Seat in *Yorkshire*. Sunburn me! you Rogue, it is but a hundred and fourscore Miles off; and I'll make you so drunk in one Week, that you shall not find your Way home again in six Months. I am in haste, *Mist*, to drink the Waters, and must visit my Lady *Brainsick's* Parrot, and my Lady *Killchairman's* Monkey, that was taken dangerously

ill last Night: So, dear Nat, pardon this impertinent Scribble of

Your most devoted,
Obedient humble Servant,
And sincere Friend,
Sir FOPPLING TITTLE-TATTLE.

Against Printing Indecent Books.

M. J. April 5.—Mr. Mist,—Your Employment is a Pun upon your Name, for while you appear an Author of a Weekly Paper, a Cloud of Writers is concealed in you, and our Sight so dazzled, that we not only know not which are your Lucubrations, or which those of your Friends, which are of your own writing, and which are written by other Hands; but indeed we know nothing of you, no, not so much as whether you can write your own Name.

But let this be as it will, I am resolved to try this Time, not your Wit, but your Virtue; not your Genius, but your Integrity; not whether you are a wise Man, but whether you are an honest Man, or no; and so, Mist, may your Character stand or fall with the World, as you behave well or ill upon this Occasion.

You made a voluntary Offer, in one of your Papers, to propagate and encourage the sending of Letters to you which were written upon good Principles, and which tended to the Encouragement of Virtue, the exposing Vice and Immorality; for the civilizing the Age, improving the Manners of Men, and preventing the vitiating the Morals of our People, whether young or old: And I must say in your Praise, Mist, it was very handsomely done, and becoming a Man who speaks in Publick, and who is sensible of the capacity he is thereby placed in, of doing more Good or Evil than other Men.

I call this Promise voluntary, because at least I, *speaking for myself*, do not know that any one presses you to make it; and also, because hoping for your own sake that it was voluntary, I am also willing in your favour to believe so.

Now if you are an honest Man, if you would have the best Character, and be valued by the best Men, know, *O Man of Publick Things!* that an Advantage is put into your Hands to perform the best Promise you ever made, and the most to your Advantage of any Promise you ever can make; for by your Hands,

I say yours, however mean, however involuntary, shall a mortal Stab be given to the Vices and Crimes of a debauched Age, and you shall have more Opportunity to overthrow the Scandalous Liberty taken in this pretendedly Christian Nation, than all the Pretenders to Reformation ever have done, or can do.

And all this shall be done, if other and abler Heads will assist, without any canting Expressions, or straining of Words, without any pharisaical Gingle, or the odious Hypocrisie of a pretending Sanctity; but by gentlemanly, generous Reprehension of Crime, in a manner suited to good Sense, which shall make Men of Honour in Love with the Reproof, and make Men of Crime look odious to themselves; shall make impudence itself learn to blush, and the most harden'd Offender say, *I am asham'd.*

This is no Place for Circumlocutions and long Preambles, I come to the Point, and I'll give you a Specimen, in which, perhaps an Age the most pretending to Modesty, and the most openly condemning the past Ages, is now, JUST NOW, (*for the Crime is just now in its Introduction,*) running into the highest Extream of the worst Part of verbal Lewdness, which, for want of a more extensive Word, I call *printed Bestiality.*

We have, with much Justice, long ago exploded the Latin bawdy Authors, Tibullus, Propertius and others, as not fit to be seen among Christians. Rochester's Poems, however castrated, and stript of the odious Nudities in which they at first appeared, have not been valued. The inimitable brightness of his Wit has not been able to preserve them from being thought worthy, by wise Men, to be lost, rather than be remember'd; being blacken'd and eclips'd by the Lewdness of their Stile, so as not to be made fit for Modesty to read or hear. Jeffrey Chaucer is forgotten upon the same Account; and tho' that Author is excused, by the unpoliteness of the Age he lived in, yet his Works are diligently buried, by most Readers, on that very Principle, that they are not fit for modest Persons to read.

I might fill my Letters with an Historical Account of the Modesty of the Times since that, in suppressing other lewd Books, and beastly Writings, and it were just here to give some Praise to the Taste of the Town too, who from the end of King Charles the Second's Reign, had left off to relish the bawdy Wit of Men of Books, which had gained so much upon the Age before them.

But, O Mist! we are now running headlong, not into the same vile debauch'd Taste of King Charles the Second's Reign, but into as much worse as Thought can conceive. Whither will the lewd Writers, and lewder Booksellers, of this Day lead the People, and what numerous odious Things will our Children find in the Libraries of their Fathers? What shall History say of the present Time, but what shall horridly expose us to Posterity? O Whigs! O Reformers! O the Lovers of the Protestant Succession, rouse up yourselves! Shall debauching the Nation begin at the Restoration of the Whigs? Shall the Reign of King George stand mark'd in History for the tolerating of these Crimes? Shall this stand recorded, in the Annals of Britain, for the Bawdy Age? Arise Britannia! and reproach thy ungrateful Sons, the Clergy who preach Faction more than Reformation, and proclaim War against one another, not against Vice.

Hast thou heard, O Mist, thou Writer of strange Things! I say, hast thou ever heard among the Roll of Sodom, crimes of the Sin of CURLICISM? Know then, this is the Sodomy of the Pen; 'tis writing beastly Stories, and then propagating them by Print, and filling the Families, and the Studies of our Youth, with Books which no Christian Government that I have read of, ever permitted. The Cry of the Sins of Sodom reach'd up to Heaven, yet they had not printed Bestiality among them, that we read of; but we have outdone Gomorrah, and all the Cities of Europe may be Challeng'd to match us in this Particular.

There is indeed but one Bookseller eminent among us for this Abomination; and from him, the Crime takes the just Denomination of *Curlicism:* The Fellow is a contemptible Wretch a thousand Ways; he is odious in his Person, scandalous in his Fame, he is mark'd by Nature, for he has a bawdy Countenance, and a debauch'd Mein, his Tongue is an Echo of all the beastly Language his Shop is fill'd with, and Filthiness drivels in the very Tone of his Voice.

But what is the Meaning, that this Manufacturer of Sodomy is permitted, in a civiliz'd Nation, to go unpunished; and that the abominable Catalogue is unsuppress'd, in a Country where Religion is talk'd of, (little more, God knows,) whose Government is form'd by wholesome Laws, where

Kings obstruct not the Execution of the Law, where Justice may, if duly prompted, take hold of him? I say, *Mist*, what can be the Reason such a Criminal goes unpunish'd? How can our Stamp Office take 12 pence a piece for the Advertisement of his infamous Books, publishing the continual Encrease of lewd, abominable Pieces of Bawdy, such as none can read, even in Miniature, (for such is an Advertisement to a Book)? How can these refrain informing the Government what Mines are laid to blow up Morality, even from its very Foundation, and to sap the Basis of all good Manners, nay, and in the End, of Religion itself?

Where Sleep the Watchmen of Israel, that not one Divine of the Church of England, not one Teacher among the Dissenters, has touch'd this Crying Cause? O Bangor! O Bradbury! how much better had the Kingdom of Christ been establish'd, had you attack'd the Agents of Hell, that propagate the Kingdom of the Devil, instead of snarling about who are, or who are not, vested with effectual Power to act this Way, or that Way, in the Church, or in the State? How much more like *Preachers of Righteousness* had ye appear'd, if, as far as became you, ye had labour'd to establish our Youth in Virtue and Piety, and so suppressed the spreading abominable Vices by the Agency of the Printing Press.

In a Word, *Mist*, record it for Posterity to wonder at, that in four Years past, of the Blessed Days we live in, and wherein Justice and Liberty are flourishing and established, more beastly unsufferable Books have been published by this one Offender, than in thirty years before by all the Nation; and not a Man, Clergyman or other, has yet thought it worth his while to demand Justice of the Government against the Crime of it, or so much as to caution the Age against the Mischief of it.

Publish this, *Mist*, as you value your promise, and remember you'll be honoured with having put the first Hand to correct a Crime which begins to make us Scandalous to our Neighbours, and in Time, if not prevented, will make us detestable among all the Christian Nations of Europe.

Your Friend H.

Against the Authors of Indecent Books.

M. J., April 12, 1719.—Mist, I find thou art fond of being made popular, and of doing things to be talk'd of, whether Good or Evil. I advise you to remember the Story of the Tinker in Devonshire, who was hanged for Rebellion, and went out of the World with this Satisfaction, viz., that he had done something to be talked of, after he was dead: If you think yourself famous for Defamation, you may be talk'd of after you are dead indeed, but it will be to your Infamy, not for your Reputation.

I suppose, for your Excuse, that you received the Letter you published in your last, about Bawdy Books, from some third Hand, and pray observe, Mist, this is the most charitable Thing I can suppose of you. Now two things I take Notice of in this:—

First, if you did so, and would not be esteemed a Party to these Scandalous Things, then do Justice, and publish what is to be said on the other Hand; so shall you pass for a Man of Impartiality, and unconcerned in the malicious Part; and I persuade myself you will do this also: for if I have any guess at your Character, I do not take you to be a Man of Malice, or of much ill Nature.

Secondly, this may be an Excuse for you,—by which you may justify your Usage of other Men,—and indeed by this only. And pray how could you omit to think of it, that this is really a full Justification of the Person you fell upon in your last for publishing Bawdy Books? For I do not find that you pretend the Bookseller you speak of there is the Author of those Books, any more than you would have me suppose you to be the Author of that Letter. Now pray, Mr. *Vehicle*, as you call your Neighbours, why must so much stress be laid upon the poor Bookseller, whose Trade it is to publish Books of all kinds, and not one Word said upon the scandalous Authors, Writers, and Compilers of those Books? The Bookseller is no more concern'd than to sell the Books, as Books, and perhaps may never so much as read them; nor is it his business to read the Books he publishes, or to make himself a Judge of them. It was an original, and very apt Name for a Bookseller, that was given by a Lady of incomparable Wit,

viz., A TITLE-PAGE MAN. If a Book be Bawdy or Blasphemy, pray what is that to the Bookseller; he is a Tradesman, his Shop is like that of a Butcher's Shamble, where you may buy wholesome Food or Carrion; or like that of an Apothecary, where he equally deals in Physick or in Poison.

Could you, or your Author, for I choose to place it there, have bestowed all the Flourish and Rhetorick, for the Language is well enough, had it been well pointed: I say, could he have fix'd it on the Authors, I acknowledge it had been all just, and rather short of what they deserve, than otherwise; but all this upon one Man, singled out from the rest, as if he had coin'd it all in his own Mint, the Brain, which I suppose he does not pretend to, I say, in this your Author is unjust, and seems partial, and piqued against the Man only, which will spoil all that is good or commendable in the whole Thing.

Again, as to the Thing itself, I grant you most readily that the Subject is odious, and ought not to be printed or exposed to View; but why had not you prompted Justice to pursue the Authors of it, and why did you not brand the whole Trade, and charge all the *Title-Page-Men* of the Town, with handing forward the wicked Manufacture, as one Man? Had you attack'd the Authors of them, then all good Men would have justify'd you, and I wish a due course was taken to discover them, and then we could easily forgive the Bookseller, and suppress the Practice.

On the other hand, *Mist*, are there not some other Practices of Authors, as injurious and as scandalous as this? What think you of all the feigned Stories, the Romances, the Secret Histories, and the Accounts given of Kings' Courts and Persons, in which we have been made to take the Characters and Histories of Persons of the best Quality from the *Inventions of Men*, nay, and sometimes of Women too, who have by that means vented all manner of Forgery, Slander, and Falsehood? What think you of the Morality of raising Scandals in Print, and injuriously treating the good Name of Persons, whom Men mislike, by the Defect of their Parties? Why did not Defoe's Scandal Clubs,—Horneck's High German Doctors,—the Conducts and Lives of particular Men,—in which such injurious Things have been publish'd, as Men of Honour

have been obliged to declare themselves unconcerned in; I say, why did not those deserve Censure, as well as the other? Are not these as much a Reproach to publick Justice, as a Bawdy Book, supposing them to be of the worst Kind you can name?

Upon the whole, *Mist*, all you can have to say to the Person your Letter falls upon, is to bid him name the Authors; and if he does so, at that one Step, all the Scandal removes from the Bookseller, and lies upon the Person who wrote it; then it will be no more *Curlicism*, but *Any-thing-else-ism*, and I doubt not but this may be done, if you have Authority to demand it. As for the Man you have fallen upon, I assure you I know nothing of him, how far he is, or is not, Guilty, neither is this done in Favour to him, but in respect to common Justice, and to yourself..

If I might advise you, *Mist*, it would be, in short, thus; attack Vice, in behalf of Men of Virtue, as much as they can desire you, and you will have the Praise of it; but never attack even a Crime to gratify private Malice, which is itself a Crime: for this is but to make yourself Enemies, which no wise Man is desirous of doing, and no honest Man can be pleas'd with.

Your Old Friend, G.

P.S. Perhaps you may be cautious of affronting the Booksellers, because you live by them; but this is not spoken in Malice to them; and if it were, 'tis mine, not yours. I think the Booksellers may be compar'd, in one Sense, to T——men, they may be very honest Men, tho' they make a great Stink, and everybody cries Foh! at them, yet everybody deals with them. There is only one Thing to be wish'd, viz., that all Booksellers who sell stinking Books, such as Blasphemous, Bawdy, Lying, Treasonable Books, should like the T——men be obliged to open Shop only by Night, and then I doubt there would be very few Booksellers to deal with by Daylight.

Political Parties Governed by Self-Interest.

M. J., April 26.—Mr. Mist.—Observing your Paper to be more universally received, than any other in this, or perhaps, in any former Age, I conclude this to be the Reason of it, viz., that it is an agreeable Miscellany of Subjects, out of which

every Person may pick something wherewith to entertain himself. The Tories read you, because they take you to be their Friend. The Whigs read you, because they believe you to be a more just Mirror than they can expect from the Flattery and Forgeries of their own Party. Nay, all People read you, because you have something to please all Tastes, in the several Letters sent to you:—Some Historical, some Philosophical, some Moral, some Monitory, some Serious, some Humorous, &c.; and now, if you please, we will have a touch at Politicks; in which I will endeavour to evince the Error, the Delusion, or rather the Infatuation, to which our present and former Misfortunes have been owing; and this is the distinction of Whig and Tory, in Persons bigotted to the imagined Principles, of such who at several Times have been at the Helm of Affairs.

From the Privilege of my Birth and Education, I have had frequent opportunities of conversing with People of the first condition, for some Years before the Death of King Charles the II., to this present Time, and have observed, that not one, (worthy to be thought a Statesman,) has really been either Whig or Tory, or govern'd in the least by the Principles of such, according to the common acceptation of them; or indeed, that they had any other Principles than those of Interest, Ambition, and Revenge. I have observed also, that when the celebrated Authors of the Age have espoused Parties,—for the sake of the ready Pence, or future Preferment,—and thereby, brought in great Numbers to fill up their Cry; those subtle Foxes, at the Head of Affairs, have much pleas'd and diverted themselves with the implicit Faith of their Bubbles. But, Mr. Mist, pray remember this, that I presume not to reflect on any of our present Ministers, (tho' I except not one Statesman but them,) perhaps Heaven formed them of a different Matter from all the rest of Mankind. Perhaps they are particularly inspir'd with Principles of Honour beyond all their Predecessors. Perhaps they have recover'd that Publick Spirit, long since banish'd the Nation;—or perhaps, whatever you please, which may protect me against *Scandalum Magnatum*; for I would be thought to have more Prudence than to risque that, except I could more benefit the Nation thereby, than That could injure me.

But to make good my above Allegation, I will shew, that both Whig and Tory Statesmen can *Be, Turn,* and *Return,* and

put on what Faces they please, which they find consistent with their own Interest, exclusive of all concerns for the rest of the Nation.

Did not *Shaftesbury*, after he had been a Commonwealth's-man, become one of the greatest Abettors of Arbitrary Power? Did he not advise the shutting up the Exchequer, and the War with the Dutch? And when the Duke of York removed him from being Chancellor, did he not turn, with the greatest violence, against the Court Interest? Brought in the Bill of Exclusion, and from the greatest Debauchee in the Nation, persuade People to believe him the most stanch Prop of the Protestant Religion? Did not (before the Revolution) those Persons who appear'd the most firmly attach'd to King James's Interest, and were indeed obliged so to be, if the Debt of their whole Beings to him was any Obligation, as soon as they found his Protection not sufficient to support them, immediately shift all their feign'd Principles? Did not my Lord G——n himself, and many others, who had complied with King James in all his Measures, upon the same Account immediately wheel about,—become stanch Whigs,—and grow Jealous of the least Incroachments (tho' but suspected) from the Crown? Nay, have not the Whigs, who always distinguished themselves by a constant Opinion that the Navy alone, was the only Bulwark of the Nation, and would scarcely comply with a sufficient Guard for the King's Person, insisting that a Force beyond that, and necessary Garrisons, tended to an immediate Arbitrary Power: I say, have not these very Persons,—who maintained these Opinions, even in Time of War,—(sometime within these hundred Years,) established a standing Army, when we were at Peace with all the World? Have not many in the House of Commons opposed the Court Interest, in the most violent Manner, only for a remove into the House of Lords,—next become Statesmen,—and then acted counter to all their feigned Principles before? Nor have our Monarchs been mistaken in their Choice of them, as Knowing that they who would Sacrifice the Nation to their own Interest, would readily join with the Crown to strengthen that Interest.

Have not some,—even in this King's Reign,—who were thought by all the World the most firm to his Majesty's Interest,—given Occasion, (for not having all their expectations

answer'd,) for a Belief, that they are not really the same Persons they were imagined to be?

Have not the Tories almost universally declar'd, That had his Majesty, on his Accession to the Throne, distinguish'd them by his Favours,—they had then distinguish'd themselves by their Loyalty; and, doubtless, had come into the same Measures the Whigs have done, for his Majesty's Satisfaction? But it has been the constant Method of discarded Statesmen, to become wondrous zealous for the True Interest of the Crown, and the Liberty and Property of the Subject, and to expose the Self-Interest-Transactions of those in Place; when, in Truth, the only Motive to this Zeal was, their being deprivd of Power to act in the same manner themselves.

The inference I make from the whole is this, that since all Statesmen, (except the before excepted,) who have appeared the Heads of Parties, have not been themselves either Whig or Tory, or have had any Thing but their own Interest in View:—Since they have used all who have filled up the Cry for them, only as Instruments, Implements, Tools, and Properties,—and have been always ready to Sacrifice them to a new Turn of Advantage; would the People of the Nation but open their Eyes to see this, (and 'tis all Oracle itself,) they would no longer continue the Tools and Properties of such Men. There would no longer be Whig or Tory amongst us, as there is not in reality amongst them. We should unite in the Interest of the Nation, and be as zealous for it as they are for their private Interest. We should vote all one way for Members of Parliament, and judge, with the same Thoughts, their Transactions. There would be no *pro* and *con* whether a standing Army tended to the Safety or Danger of the Constitution; no Disputes whether we were at War or Peace with all the World; and as there can be but *one way* of Safety,—which the Reverse of it can never give,—so every Person, (all Prejudice first banished,) would accord in that *one way;* which thence, becoming the general Voice of the Nation, we may depend upon it, that his Majesty's great Wisdom will incline him to come into the same Measures with the greatest Satisfaction, as the surest Method for the supporting his own Royal Dignity, and his People's Welfare.

I am, Yours, &c.

On the Clemency of the Czar.

M. J., May 10.—Mr. Journal,—Many People divert themselves in writing to you, I hope to profit as much, tho' perhaps may not be so pleasant. Tragedy has its Beauties, and perhaps is more capable to instruct than Comedy; though it may not make so many People laugh. I take your Paper, Mr. Journal, to be a little what they call Tory, the Whigs have no notion of you, but what tends to your Disadvantage; perhaps I may like you never the worse, or the better, for that.

My Subject is something new; the Scene is laid in a country a great Way off, extended for about a thousand Leagues North and South, from the White to the Caspian Sea, lying on the West Side of China, and the South West of Grand Tartary. The Inhabitants call themselves Christians, *God Save us!* their Monarch is neither a King nor an Emperor, some call him by a queer sort of a name, like that which the Roman Emperors were called by after Julius Cæsar; but, in your Journal, you may call him e'en what you please.

This Monarch with a hard Name, and an Izard in it, we have been told has travell'd into most of the polite Courts of Christendom to see their Manners, learn their Customs, Habits, and Languages, to study Science, correct the Rudeness of his Behaviour, the Roughness and Barbarity of his Customs and Country; and, in a Word, to improve himself in all manner of useful Knowledge; and this, in order to extend the Pattern of Example to his whole Nation, to make them, if possible, a polite People. How far he has answered our Expectations, you shall hear presently.

It is not to be expressed how much the Prince gained upon the World, by this extraordinary and inimitable Testimony of his Genius, and the Gust he had for Knowledge. All People admired him; the greatest Princes caressed him,—moved to cultivate a Friendship with him,—and to outdo one another in Civilities to him; shewing him the Improvement of their Countries, their Buildings, Riches, Fleets, Armies; and, in a Word, did their utmost to assist him in his Search after Knowledge.

This, with a victorious Fortune, has rendered him formi-

dable to the Northern and Eastern Parts of the World, at least for a little while. During the Time of his stay here, he shewed Dispositions to the greatest Softness, and to a Courtesy mixed too with much Humility. He appeared in all Places with an Air of Gallantry; he caressed the Ladies,—danced at the Balls,—and in every Thing, affected to appear as a polite Prince.

Having made himself entirely Master of every valuable Thing in these Parts of the World,—except Humanity,—it was not doubted but that the Nation which he governed would have been effectually reformed by his Authority and Example.

When we look at home, the Whigs, (*so we call some of our distracted people here!*) caressed the Barbarian in the most extraordinary and haughty Manner; his Magnificence, his Virtue, his Prudence, have been extolled in an extravagant Degree; nay, they will have him be a Whig in Alliance, and so they will suffer no Opposition to him, no Objection to his Conduct, no Disparagement of his Judgment, no Reflection upon his Temper; the Generosity of his Humour, the Brightness of his Parts, the Greatness of his Soul, are mighty Things in their Esteem.

Now I shall fall in with them in their own Way, and recommend to you one particular in this Prince, which the Whigs, it seems, have forgot, or else they would, without doubt, have brought it in amongst the Panegyricks; and this is, the wonderful Clemency of his Disposition,—his Inclination to Mercy,—and to shew Pity, to those who fall into the Hands of his Justice;—with what Reluctance he inflicts Punishments, even upon the worst of Offenders,—and how moderate he is in the kinds of Punishment he inflicts, when Justice obliges him to punish.

There was it seems, (*as History relates*) some time ago, a Conspiracy amongst some of his Nobles, and Persons of prime Rank in his Kingdom; I do not hear that they had conspir'd anything either against his Life, or his Government, but something relating to the future Establishment of Things with relation to his Posterity and Successors.

But let that be as we find it, the Consequence is this, that in the first Place, his own Sister is found concern'd in it; her he has caused to be condemn'd to perpetual Imprisonment.

In the next Place, among the rest of the Clergy who are Parties, one is an Archbishop; this Prelate, the Monarch being unwilling to be severe upon, because of his Cloth, and the Dignity he bore in the Church, (for which his Majesty professes a most profound Veneration,) was only broken upon the Wheel. Among the military men concern'd, one it seems was of the Degree of a General; him, in regard to the Soldiery, he gave the Honour of being impaled alive, which is in English, to be spitted, as they do a Pig. As to one of his Pages, who it seems was only a Messenger between the Parties concern'd, he was used as a Domestick, and his Life was spared; he had indeed, a few Marks put upon him, to know him by, viz., his Nose and Ears were cut off, and his Tongue cut out, and then,—his Master not being willing to part with him, or to turn him out of his Service,—he was sent to the Gallies for Life.

The meaner Persons were used indeed with less Favour, for many of them were hang'd, and sent out of the World without Mercy; but, the following Respect that this Monarch shew'd, was to the fair Sex, and is very well Worth recording to Posterity: For a certain Princess of the prime Rank in his Dominions, and famed among the Quality for her Wit and Beauty,—having been found concerned a little out of the Way of her Sex, viz., in Politicks,—it was necessary to shew some Resentment against her; but in respect to the Ladies, she was only sentenced to the *Potoque*,—a Tartarian Word, which our Women may not understand,—but as I have seen it explain'd in the French Tongue, the Manner is thus:—the Lady, for Modesty's sake, is first stripped stark naked, by Persons appointed, not females we may suppose, Sir, then she is extended upon a Frame of Wood, made for the Purpose, and two Executioners are ordered to give her 400 Lashes with small Switches, upon her naked Body, which it seems they do without Respect to the Tenderness of Parts, or the Danger of the Consequence, till the Body is all over torn and mangled in a terrible Manner. After so much Mercy shewn to her, this was added, that her Life was spared, and she was only sent to Prison, during the Continuance of it.

This Account of Things is not given to expose the Character of this glorious Monarch in the least, but to recommend him

to the Whigs, who are already so enamoured of him; and particularly to the Favour of the Fair Sex, some of whom, as I have heard, being lately inclined to go thither, and live under his Government.

Mr. Journal, Your Servant, ABED.

M. J., May 31.—*Spanish Finance.*—They tell us a pleasant Story from Madrid, of Cardinal Alberoni and the King of Spain, which our printed papers give a wrong account of, (viz.) that the Cardinal meeting the King in the garden of the Escurial, told his Majesty, he had very bad news to tell him; at which the King, seeming a little surprized, the Cardinal pull'd out a little Silk purse with a Doubloon and two Pistoles in it, and told the King, there was the whole Treasure his Exchequer could produce: That he had been examining the state of the Finances, and found, that having delivered to the respective Paymasters money sufficient for His Majesty's Armies and Navies, and remitted to Genoa and other places, sufficient for the service of the current year, he had no more money left. The King, smiling, embraced the Cardinal, and told him, he would fear no Events while he had such a Treasurer.

Keeping the King's Birthday.—On Wednesday night, a great Mob gathered about a Bonfire made before the Duke of Newcastle's House in Lincolns Inn Fields, and flung the Faggots about the Fields, and at the windows; whereupon several Gentlemen and the Duke's servants came out with drawn swords, and wounded several of the Mob; a poor woman had her eye struck out with a Fire-stick.

On a Steel Concave.

M. J., June 7.—Mr. *Mist,*—I was wonderfully pleased with a Letter I found in one of your Journals, concerning a Steel Concave of forty-three Inches Diameter, brought over from some foreign Parts; by which the Sun Beams are so contracted, that the Reflection, *to use their own Words,* is sixty Times hotter than any Furnace; and which, by the Heat, vitrifies all visible Matter in Nature.

I was extremely glad to see an Advertisement of such a Nature in your Paper, as well for my own Improvement, as

for the Publick Advantage; and I must hint to you, *by the bye*, that it would give both you and your Paper a Reputation, which you have never yet had, or perhaps been sensible of the Advantage of having, if instead of filling your sheets up (your Pardon for my Freedom,) with Party Impertinences, or with Puns, Jests, Doggrel Rhimes, and Scandal; on the contrary, Things of the Sublimest Nature, suited to the Genius of the learned World might find a Place with you.

Men of Learning would then become your Readers, and would in a reciprocal Acknowledgement, give you back Returns equally diverting and improving, for the Use of those who before obliged them. Believe me, Sir, there is sufficient Scope for All your Friends, and your Paper would be most usefully employed in propagating valuable Knowledge in the World.

Natural and experimental Philosophy, History, Antiquity, all would pay you Tribute; you would never be exhausted, and consequently your Readers would never be cloyed or tired.

I return to the Letter; every Part of it charm'd me, (except as hereunder excepted) I was lifted a Thousand Degrees higher in my Imagination than before, particularly in joining my Thoughts with that Author's, considering what might be the Effect of an Instrument, as he says, a Hundred Times, or as I say, a Thousand Times, larger; nay, in a Word, I begin to conceive that it might almost come into the Power of Man even to commence the General Conflagration, could he, as *Archimedes* said of removing the Globe, get a Place to stand in, that he might not burn his Instrument.

But after all these refined Speculations had passed, I was strangely stumbled at your Author's suggestion of the Sun's being 30,000 miles distant from the Earth: Is it possible a Man capable of such Thoughts as are mentioned in that Letter, should be so ignorant, as not to know, or so forgetful as not to remember, that were the Sun, that Immense and Amazing Globe of Fire, *as Mr. Whiston calls it*, no farther off this Earth than 30,000 miles, there would be no need of a Steel Concave to vitrify its Substance, but it would have been burnt into Diamonds or harder, before *Adam* had been half an Hour old?

Has this Gentleman known the Dimensions of the Sun,

gathered mathematically from its Distance from, and its Proportions of Gravitation to, the Planets? Does he know that it is reckon'd to be 900,000 Times greater in Magnitude than the Earth, and that its Heat is 11,000 Times as intense as the greatest Heat that is on the Earth? Does he consider, that if it had been at the Distance of but 30,000 Miles, the very Eruptions or Volcano's of Flame, which like Effluvia frequently are observed to burst out from it on all sides, (as our burning Mountains on Earth have sometimes done,) and do frequently extend much farther from the Body of the Sun than 30,000 Miles, would long ago have destroyed the whole System, and would particularly have had all the operation upon the Earth, which he *well enough* supposed would happen, if the System, being dissolved or unhinged, the Earth should drop into the body of the Sun; in which, *by the way*, it would be no more than one single Coal thrown into the Furnace of a Glass-house.

Let the Author of that Letter know, that it would be very Acceptable to the learned Part of Mankind, that he would explain himself upon this Notion of the Sun's Distance from the Earth, and whether he has any rational Objection to offer against the Conclusions of our present Philosophy, viz. that the Distance of the Sun is from the Earth, or to speak more properly the Earth from the Sun, is no less than eighty one Millions of Miles, each Mile containing and reckoned according to our English Statute Measure 5280 Feet.

I doubt not, if he be a person of learning equal to the curious Experiments he seems to be employing his Thoughts upon, he will have Modesty enough to correct the Mistake above, and the Men of like enquiring Genius may join with him in the pleasant Search after these higher Discoveries of Nature which are yet behind.

Your humble Servant, G.

On the same, the Final Conflagration, and General Resurrection.

To the Author of the Letter concerning the Steel Concave.

M. J., June 21.—Sir,—The acknowledgement you make, in a Letter published in the last Journal, of your Mistake about the Distance of the Earth from the Sun; the Centre of the

whole System is, (excepting the needless Compliment upon my Remark,) what I expected, because 'tis natural to Men of Sense to be also Men of ingenuous Modesty.

But besides this, I observe that you are pleased to make an Objection concerning the Operation of the Intense Heat of the General Conflagration upon the glorified Bodies spoken of in the Scripture, and naturally conceived of in the Notion of the Resurrection.

I must take Leave to express some Wonder, that you could suggest this as a Difficulty, when what you had just before hinted, is an explicit System of the Resurrection itself, and of the Consistency of the Ideas we are directed to entertain of it.

First, You observe well, that a Separation of Elements is supposed in the Operations even of your new Experiment of the Steel Concave, and consequently the same must be supposed at the general Conflagration, or, if we may so call it, Vitrification of the Earth, which, without Question, is really so.

This every Experiment in Philosophy will confirm; wherein we see, that indeed a Separation of Elements is the utmost Operation of Heat; for nothing the creating *Fiat* made into Matter can be annihilated, no not by the most intense Heat; and therefore Mr. *Burnet*, in his *Theory of the Earth*, very happily confutes that mistaken Notion that the Earth shall be destroyed or Annihilated by the general Conflagration; and proves both by Scripture and Philosophy, that nothing shall be lost or destroyed, *but the Form only*. It is most true that the Elements shall melt, that is, *Separate* by *fervent Heat*, but not perish; and it is most natural to conceive of this, seeing the Text is plain, that there shall be a *New Heaven* and a *New Earth* after the Conflagration; or, to put it in Familiar Terms, the Form of Old Things being pass'd away, or indeed destroyed by Fire, the Substance purged and refined by Fire, *everything shall become New*, and shall receive a Face and Form different from what it had before.

Now, because in these Arguings *imperfectly attempted*, Men often lose their first Principles, and their bewildered Reason turns crazy; it would be well, if all men, when they enter upon these Things, would resolve to *push through them*, and then they would arrive at a clear Vision; for it is a Mistake and a Scandal upon the Excellence of natural Knowledge, to

say, that these Things lead into Scepticism, and destroy Religion. A little Philosophy may make a Man an Atheist; but a great deal makes him a Christian.

The true Study of Nature, like a strong Potion given a distempered Body, at first throws the Spirits into Convulsions, and strange unaccountable Ravings; but the Operation being perfect, fails not to restore all the Courses, thorowly enlighten'd, and more perfect than before.

In the operations of Heat (which we call Fire) we see the Mercury, the Volatile Salts, &c. fly away, leaving the Humid to suffer the Pangs of the Transmigration; whither those Volatiles go, when they retreat,—what operation the most intense Heat has upon them, and whether they are not capable of Life, even in that Heat or Fire, being a Part of Flame themselves,—is not so easy to describe, as to conceive; but the Case is much more intelligible in the Argument for the Resurrection.

For if Bodies are to be glorified in the Resurrection, how can we chuse but suppose, that the Matter of them is sublimated in that Operation? And that So, as that material Heat cannot operate upon it afterwards; as we see even now, it has not any Operation upon spirituous Substances, any more than to separate them from the visible Matter, viz., the gross Parts with which they seemed before to be incorporated.

Thus, Sir, I think the Doctrine of the Resurrection, cleared evidently from any Difficulties which the Philosophy of the Conflagration might throw in its Way; and, we have no need to fly to another Argument, which perhaps cannot be so rationally deduced, or so unexceptionably proved, though more frequently made use of, viz., that the Resurrection shall be finished before the Conflagration shall begin, as there is, however, great Reason to believe; which part I'll leave just where I find it, not at all needful in the present Case.

Your humble Servant, &c.

M. J., June 28.—*Kelly v. Ryan.*—Some days ago one Kelly, an Attorney came to the Sun Ale-House in Long Acre, and asking if Mr. Ryan (a Comedian at the New Play-House) was in the House? Was answer'd, No. Whereupon he swore Mr. Ryan was above Stairs, and that he would go up

and Kill him; he accordingly ran up Stairs, and finding Mr. Ryan at Supper, drew his sword and made several passes at him, which Mr. Ryan parried with a plate till he got to his own sword, which lay in the window, and then gave Kelly a wound on the left side, of which he instantly died. The Coroner's Inquest having sat on the body, have given in their verdict *se defendendo*. Mr. Ryan absconds till the Sessions, when he will surrender himself and take his Tryal.

Notice to Correspondents.—We have published lately some warm Notions concerning the intense Heat of the Sun, its Magnitude, distance from the Earth, &c., which we have reason to believe have had strange influence on the Brains of our Readers; for this week we have receiv'd a great number of Letters from Correspondents, who seem to be but in an ill state of health. One gentleman, who has had the misfortune to turn Lover, and seems to be far gone in that distemper, sends a Collection of his Dying Groans to hand forward to his Mistress. Another, who calls himself a Physician, writes a Letter concerning the Case of Mrs. Clark, who was said to be Lunatick; in this he undertakes to set Matters in a proper Light, and bids us do our Office; but really the Gentleman talks so extravagantly, that we can't but think his own case bad enough to be looked after. Another person, who writes his name at the bottom of the Letter, is desirous, he says, to carry on some operations in Hermetic Philosophy, but being incapacitated thereto, is willing to communicate his knowledge to any person, that is rightly qualify'd for the performance of the Work. Another likewise, by his writing, seems to be in a condition to be ty'd down; he raves, and bellows, and talks much of Mr. Curll. We can't tell what these People have in their Heads, but we think fit to let this last gentleman know, that if he will apply in his proper person, we shall undertake his cure ourselves; and as for the rest, we shall appoint Special Messengers on Monday morning for their safe conduct to the Structure in Moorfields.*

Imaginary Destruction of the Isle of St. Vincent.

M. J., July 5.—We have a piece of public News this time of such consequence, and so necessary for all our readers to

* Bethlehem Hospital, then in Moorfields.—*Ed.*

be fully acquainted with, that our friends who have written several Letters to us, which otherwise deserve publishing, must excuse us for this week.

This relates to the entire Desolation of the Island of St. Vincent, in the West Indies, by the immediate hand of Nature, directed by Providence, and in a manner astonishing to all the World, the like of which never happened since the Creation; or, at least, since the destruction of the Earth by Water in the general Deluge.

Our accounts of this come from so many several hands, and several places, that it would be impossible to bring the letters all separately into this Journal; and, when we had done so, or attempted to do so, would have the story confus'd, and the World not perfectly inform'd. We have therefore thought it better to give the substance of this amazing Accident in one collection, making together as full and as distinct account of the whole, as we believe is possible to come at by any intelligence whatsoever; and at the close of this account we shall give some probable guesses at the natural cause of so terrible an operation. The relation is as follows, viz.:—

An Account of the Island of St. Vincent in the West Indies, and of its entire Destruction on the 26th of March last, with some rational suggestions concerning the Causes and manner of it.

The Island of St. Vincent is the most populous of any possess'd by the Caribians, its latitude is 16 degrees north from the Line. Those who have seen the Island *Ferro* or *Fietre*, one of the Canaries, affirm, that this is much of the same figure. It may be about eight Leagues in length, and six in breadth. There are in it several high Mountains, and very fruitful plains, if they were Cultivated. The *Caribians* have many fair Villages, where they live pleasantly, and without any disturbance; and tho' they have a Jealousy of Strangers, yet do they not deny them the Bread of the Country, which is Cossava, Water, Fruits, and other Provisions growing in their Country, if they want them, taking in exchange wedges, hooks, and other implements of Iron, which they much esteem.

On the 24th March, a French Sloop arrived at Martinico that passed by the Island of St. Vincent the 22nd, and, as the Master reported, he bought some Fish of some of the Savages

who inhabited there, and who came off to him in three Canoes. He says that all was safe, and in very good condition there, for anything he perceived, only that some of his Seamen report since the disaster, that one of the Indians told them, they had been terribly frighted with Earthquakes for some time, and with flashes of Fire like Lightning, which did not come out of the Clouds as usual, but out of the Earth; and, that they had felt these Earthquakes for a month past, to their very great Amazement.

On the 27th, in the Morning, the Air was darkened in a dreadful manner; which darkness by all accounts seems to have extended over all the Colonies and Islands which were within 100 miles of the place; but was perceived to be more or less dark as those Islands were farther or nearer from the Place.

But that which is most remarkable of all, is, that at some of the Islands, and at Martinico in particular, a dreadful Flash of Lightning, as they call'd it, was seen on the 26th about Eleven o'clock at Night. This flash, which they call Lightning, we shall account for, in the following part of this relation.

It is to be observ'd in the next Place, that as there were several Ships, or other Vessels at sea, in several ports among the Islands, some of these had a more terrible sight of this thing than others; particularly they write that in one Sloop which is come into Martinico, the Men are so terrify'd still, and were so Amazed at what they saw and heard, that they appear perfectly stupify'd, and give little or no Account: others are come into other ports so horribly frighted, that they scarce retain their Senses; others give confus'd Accounts, and so, more or less distinct, as they were nearer or farther from the Place; the sum of what may be gather'd from them all, is this:—

That they saw in the Night that terrible flash of Fire, and after that they heard innumerable Clashes of Thunder,—some say it was Thunder they heard,—others that it was Cannon,—only that the noise was a thousand times as loud as Thunder, or Cannon, considering that it appear'd to be at a great distance from them.

That the next Morning when the Day began to break, the air look'd dismally, (viz.) all overhead was a deep impenetrable darkness; but below, all round the edge of the horizon, it look'd

as if the Heavens were all on Fire. As the day came on, still the darkness encreas'd, till it was far darker than it had been in any part of the Night before; and, as they thought, the Cloud descended upon them. The darkness still encreas'd after this, (viz.) in the afternoon they were surpriz'd with the falling of something upon them as thick as smoke, but fine as dust, and yet solid as sand; this fell thicker and faster as they were nearer or farther off,—some Ships had it nine inches, others a foot thick,—upon their Decks; the Island of Martinico is covered with it at about 7 to 9 inches thick; at Barbadoes it is frightful, even to St. Cristophers it exceeded four inches; it is fallen over the whole extent of the Isle of Hispaniola, and there is no doubt but it has been seen on the Continent of New Spain, about the point of Guiana, or the mouth of the Oronoco, all which will perhaps be accounted for in some measure in the following Narrative.

This continued falling for two or three Days and Nights successively; and it was impossible for any Man to find out or so much as guess at the meaning of it, or of any natural Cause to produce it, till the whole came to discover itself; but all people stood amaz'd at the Cause, and several Letters were sent to England of it from Barbadoes in particular; as of a strange Miraculous Shower of Sand, of which we gave an account in our Journal of the 20th past. The first News that was given of the whole thing, was by some Vessels that were under sail, in the Night of the 26th, belonging to Martinico, by which we had the following particulars; that on the said 26th, about Midnight, the whole Island of St. Vincent rose up into the Air, with a most dreadful eruption of Fire from underneath the Earth, and an inconceivable Noise in the Air at its rising up; that it was not only blown up, but blown out of the very sea, with a dreadful force, as it were torn up by the Roots, or blown up from the Foundations of the Earth.

That the Terror was inexpressible, and cannot be represented by Words; that the noise of the bursting of the Earth at first, is not possible to be described; that the force of the Blow or Blast was such, and the whole body of the Island was rais'd so furiously, that the Earth was entirely separated into small particles like Dust; and as it rose to an immense Height, so it spread itself to an incredible Distance, and fell light and

gradually, like a small but thick Mist. This part, we suppose, must be occasion'd by the force of the Blow, effectually separating the parts, otherwise they would have fallen with a Violence of motion, proportioned to the weight of the whole, the particles pressing one another; whereas now every Grain was loose and independent in the Air, and fell no faster than it was press'd by its own Weight, as in a Shower of Snow or Rain.

The more solid parts of this Land, which were lifted up by this Blast, and suppos'd to be of Stone, Slate or Clay, or such solid Matter as would not dissipate or separate in the Air, like the rest, being lifted to an immense height, and then plunging, by a mighty Force, received by their own weight, into the sea, must of necessity make a Noise, or Blow, equal to that of the loudest Cannon, and perhaps to Thunder itself; and these we think to be the several Reports, or Blows, which were heard even to St. Christopher's Island, (which is a vast distance from that of St. Vincent,) and of which the people in these Islands, as well as in the Ships, heard about a thousand or twelve hundred distinct Blows or Reports, and supposed it to be the Noise of Guns.

As soon as it was understood, by the Inhabitants in other Islands, what it was, *that is to say*, that it was an Irruption of the Earth at the Island of St. Vincent, or thereabouts; Sloops, Barks, and other small Vessels came from all parts to see how it was,—to enquire into the Damage suffer'd,—and to get an Account of the particulars; but how astonish'd must these Enquirers be, when meeting from all parts upon the same errand, they may be suppos'd to go Cruising about to find the Island:—some examining their Books, to cast up the Length they had sailed,—some blaming their own Negligence for not keeping a right reckoning;—some their Men, for mistaking their Distance,—others taking Observations to know the Latitude they were in; at last, all concluding, as it really was, to their great Confusion, that the said Island was *no more*;—that there appeared no Remains,—except three little Rocks,—no—not any Tokens—that such an Island had been there; but that, on the contrary, in the place of it, the Sea was excessive deep, and no Bottom to be found, at two hundred Fathom.

As this is an Event so wonderful as no History can give us

an Account of the like, so it cannot be unpleasant to our Readers to consider briefly some natural Causes which may be assign'd for it.

An Earthquake it cannot be,—tho' that is the first Thing which offers to our view. Had the Island sunk into the Water it had been well enough accounted for in that Way; nor are we without Examples in History, when Earthquakes have rais'd Islands, where they had not been seen before, as particularly in the Archipelago; and, sunk Islands which have been, so that they have been seen no more, as is said of the Great Island Atlantis, from which some fancy the Atlantick Ocean received its name.

But for an Island to be blown up into the Air, as if it were undermin'd and blown up by Gun-powder, like a Bastion in a Town besieged; and, for the force to be such, as to blow up the solid Earth into the third Region, as we may say,—to such a stupendous prodigious height, as to have it go up an Island, and come down in Sand;—to go up in Bulk, and come down in Atoms;—to go up Perpendicular, and be spread about to 100 miles distance;—this is unaccountable, but by some Force superior to that of ten Millions of Barrels of Gun-powder.

Some, we hear, by casting up the Dimensions of the Island, to reduce it to cubical inches, are pretending to tell us what weight of Earth this Blast has rais'd up, and consequently would tell us what force it was that must raise it; but this is a perfectly needless Enquiry, and many Ways impracticable also.

But it may not be an unfruitful Search if we endeavour to enquire, and offer some probable Essay at the manner, how such a wonderful Thing as this is in Nature, has been, or may be, perform'd. There seems to be only two several ways for us to conceive of the possibility of such a Thing, we mean by the ordinary course of Nature, and concurrence of Causes.

What infinite Power, who made the World, may be supposed to do, we have nothing to say to; nor is it to our purpose in this Case to enquire into it.

Infinite Power might as easily Blow this whole Earth up, and dissipate every part of it into the first Atoms, from which it may be supposed to have been made; as he could, by the Power of his Word, form this beautiful Figure from the unshap'd Chaos; but this, we say, is out of the present Question.

Our Enquiry is into natural and probable Causes, which might produce such a terrible Irruption in Nature as this has been, the like whereof was never heard of before.

First, a Concurrence or Conjunction of sulphurous and nitrous particles in the subterranean Caverns of the Earth; of which some might happen to be under this Island, of a vast extent, according to the quantity of which particles the Force would be: and there's no question but that these Particles taking Air, by some Chasme or Vent, given to them by some accident of an Earthquake, or otherwise, might be able to perform this terrible Operation.

As to the nature of an Earthquake, it is needless to enter into Enquiries here, of a Thing so well known, or to prove, that this might open the Hollows and vast Caverns, in the Bowels of the Earth, at a great Depth, perhaps many hundred fathoms under the bottom of the Sea; for as an Earthquake effects a Dislocation of the parts, it is most natural to suppose it might so open those Subterranean Hollows, so as to bring Air to those Particles which were before big with that contracted Fire, which when dilated, would blow up all above them.

The second method in Nature, by which this may be suppos'd to be performed, might be Subterranean Fires; which, having kindled themselves in the Body of the Earth, do in several places, extend themselves to a prodigious Space; and often discover to us, more or less,—as their magnitude or distance from the Surface of the Earth may be,—sometimes by warming the Springs of water which flow near them, (from whence our hot Baths, and warm Springs of water are produced,) other times by Volcano's, or burning Mountains, as Mount Gibell or Ætna in Sicily, Mount Vesuvius near Naples, and Strombolo, Mount Heckela in Iseland,—and the like.

Supposing then, by the shocks of an Earthquake, near the Cavities where these Treasures of Fire are reserv'd, the Earth may be open'd so as that the Sea might come pouring into the vast Body of Fire,—which we may imagine to be kindled there, —and which may have burnt several hundred years; this, having no Vent, would not fail to blow up, not such an Island as St. Vincent only, but an Island 40 times as big, in proportion to the extent of the Fire below; and, to the quantity of Water which might come in, and this we believe is the only way we

can Account for the dreadful Eruptions which sometimes happen in those burning Mountains mentioned above, and of which we have not room to enlarge here.

The Experiment of this may be made familiar, by the throwing a Pail of Water hastily into a Furnace,—suppose such as a Brewer's Furnace,—which will immediately burst out again, with a violence proportioned to the quantity of Water; and, if it were possible, at the same time, to shut the Door of the Furnace, the Force of it would blow up all above it. This also may be illustrated, with great exactness to our Imagination, by reflecting on a very sad Accident which happened not many years ago in London, and which most People have heard of, viz., at the Foundary at Windmill-Hill, by Moorfields, where the Metal for the casting of a great Gun, running into a Mould ill prepared, and which had receiv'd some Water, tho' by the relation of all concerned in it, and that were alive, that Water, by the Cavity of the Mould, could not be equal to a Gallon; yet it blew up the whole Work, and blew the melted Metal up, as light as if it had been the lightest Earth, throwing it about the whole Place, separated in small parts like Drops, so that it overwhelmed, as with a Shower of Molten Brass, those that were near, and almost all who were in the Place were either kill'd, or terribly hurt with it.

We have not room to say any more of this Affair, in this Paper: we shall only add, that as by either of these two Ways, this terrible Event, of blowing up the Island of St. Vincent, may be supposed possible in Nature;—so we do believe that all the Philosophers in the world cannot find a third.

On Incredulity.

M. J., July 19.—Mr. Mist,—There are a sort of credulous People in the World who believe every Thing; and there is a sort of incredulous People on the other hand who believe nothing; I think it is our Lot in this Nation to be troubled with the latter.

I met with a Whig t'other Day, one of these latter sort of People,—I could fasten nothing upon him; he would not believe the Span'sh Fleet was sailed from Barcelona; he would not believe they had any Army on board, or that they intended to land anywhere in the Emperor's Dominions in Italy:

Again, he would not believe the Regent of France was turned Whig; or, that the Dutch would make the triple Alliance quadruple.

I knew not what to make of him; I asked him what his Reason was for this suspicious Temper? He told me, he began to think the Time was come, when David's hasty words were to be taken in a literal Sense, viz., *That all Men were Liars.*

I asked him if he believed what was published by Authority; where he might see that the Peace with the Turks, and the quadruple Alliance were Things that were as good as finish'd? He said, he paid so much Deference to Authority, that he would certainly believe both—after they were done.

I quoted the *Flying Post,* and asked him if he believed that? He told me, with a Sneer, I had clenched it now, by asking him if he believed a Paper that no Body believed.

I asked him, if he would believe if he saw the Regent's Hand and Seal? He said yes, he would believe he had signed and sealed; but he would never believe he would perform.

Inquiring for a Reason of this, O! says he, I never believe Frenchmen, they were always our very hearty Enemies.

What must we do, Mr. Mist, with these Unbelievers? and what shall we say to them, who, let us say what we will, believe nothing? I desire your Answer speedily; for there is more Jest in this Letter than you are aware of.

Your humble Servant.

To this Letter Mr. Mist replies, that 'twas very well the writer said there was some Jest in his Letter, because otherwise that Case had been very doubtful. As for the incredulous Part of the World he speaks of, Mist says, they that believe no Body, no Body should believe them, and then Mankind would be even with them, and they would signify very little in the World.

Evils of Disloyalty.

M. J., July 19.—Mr. Mist,—You are a Tory; that you have published. But still I take you to be Master of Common Sense. Pray then what's your Opinion of what we call *talking* Treason? Is it a Thing of consequence, of Service to your Party, and is it any Advantage to them, any manner of

Way, or is it not? I ask you this, because two Questions occur to me in Consequence of your Answer.

If you say *it is* some Advantage, and the Consequences are considerably to the Tory Interest, I would then enter into an Inquiry where the Advantage lies, for I protest I cannot find it out.

If you say *it is not*, then I must add, that I am sure it is very much to the Disadvantage of the Tories to have so many of their Friends fall into the Hands of Justice every Day, be lashed, pilloried, fin'd, imprison'd, and what not, for Words that are no Advantage either to them or to their Party.

Now I confess, Mr. Mist, that abstracted from all Party, nay, if I were a violent Tory or Jacobite, as thou art thyself, or as George Ridpath says thou art,* I could not approve of this way of talking Treason.

By talking Treason, I mean railing at, insulting and abusing the Person, Family, Principles and Government of the King upon the Throne; I say I could not approve of it, though I were a Tory, upon this Account, as he is a Sovereign Prince, he ought not to be treated with Indecency and Scurrility. I am a Whig, Mr. Mist, and abhor your Chevalier, as a Pretender, but I never use him scurrilously as a Man. I remember, it is recorded of Alexander the Great, that hearing a common Soldier railing at Darius King of Persia, and abusing him, calling him a Coward, a Sorcerer, a lewd, senseless Tyrant, and many more such ill Names, it is said the King reprov'd him, and told him, he hir'd him to fight against King Darius, and not to rail at him. Others turn the Story, and say it of Darius, but either way is to the same Purpose.

Now, Mr. Mist, your Friends have tried to fight King George, and they find it won't do that Way, prithee Man, tell me what Good will their ill Language do them? Nay, if I turn the Question, what hurt does it do the King? And if it will neither do them Good, nor the King any Hurt, to what Purpose do they force the Government daily to Scourge and Pillory them, to fine and imprison them; and, in a Word, to be always treating them judicially.

It is certainly no Pleasure to a just Government to be al-

* Ridpath was Author (or Editor,) of the *Flying Post*.—*Ed.*

ways punishing; but on the other Hand, no Government in the World that is able to resent, will bear the Insults of the Tongue from their own Subjects, especially after they have born the Attacks of their Hands, and have pardon'd them, as is King George's Case exactly.

A routed Party, Mr. Mist, that have stooped to accept the Clemency of the Prince, can never raise themselves again by railing. If they think they can look the Government in the Face again, let them try their Hands, and take their own Measures; but this Way of railing, and giving ill Language to the Person of the King, is what they will always lose by, and many of them will be, *as they are daily*, ruined by it, without doing themselves or Party any Good; and therefore, if you are their Friend, and dare be so plain with them, nay, if you have any Kindness for them, you will not fail to advise them to give that Part over, and keep themselves out of Trouble.

I should not expect to see this in your Journal, Mr. Mist, but that I take you to be a Man of your Word; and that, as you promised to publish impartially on both Sides, you will for once do Justice to the Party, though you do not espouse the Principle; in short, I claim it of you as the Performance of your promised Impartiality, and if you decline it, I shall say, it has so much Truth and Justice in it, that you are afraid of the Force of it, or that you are a poor Mercenary Party Man, that live by making Sport for your Party, and are afraid of speaking Truth that will disoblige them. So publish it or leave it out, as you would be thought a bold honest Man, or just the contrary.

Your servant, G. T.

M. J., July 26.—Peter the Great and his Son.—The Game the Czar of Muscovy is going to Play with his Son, seems to surprize no body; if the young Rebel has conspired against the Life of his Father,—instead of performing what he had solemnly sworn, viz. to discover the Conspiracy;—then we say, if this be so, there are few but will grant that he deserves the worst of Deaths, the Country, ingenious in Torment, can devise; but whether the method of making Plots, where they cannot be found, and Swearing men who are out of Favour, out of their Lives, to gratify those they

think to Please, may not be arriv'd at in that Country, among other Arts and Sciences in use among their Neighbours, this we know not, but leave it to time and the great Duke to inform us. However, it seems the Czarowitz confesses all they charge upon him, let it be what it will. Now it is true, we have a Proverb in England, that is not at all in his favour, viz. Confess and be hang'd; whether that be the Law in Muscovy, or not, we really know not; but let it be how it will, we are persuaded the Czar thinks he has one Son too many, and will take care to rid himself of a Traytor, as soon as he can. Perhaps it may be done before now.

Fashionable Highwaymen.—They tell us the following particulars of the robbing some Ladies, at Richmond, viz. that four Highwaymen came into the Town, and set up their Horses, going directly to the Assembly for Play, which is held there by some persons of quality. Here separating themselves, they took notice of the particular Ladies that won most money at Play, and saw how they dispos'd of it; when, immediately taking Horse, they placed themselves at two several avenues of the Town, to wait for the Ladies passing. The first Coach they stopt had 2 Ladies in it, who they say had 400 guineas, which they gently disburthen'd them of, telling the Ladies they came to be sharers in their good fortune, and hoped they would not think it hard to bestow their Winnings upon some honest Gentlemen, who wanted it more than they did. The request it seems was so well supported, that the Ladies could not find in their hearts to deny them; after which, finding them so Kind, they only borrow'd their two Gold Watches, and some Diamond Earrings, and let them go without any other Damage, to their lodgings.

A Story of Want of Charity.

M. J., Aug. 2.—Mr. Mist.—Friend or Enemy, you are the oracle of the Street; to you we appeal against the injustice of the Times of every Kind; I shall lay before you a story of the greatest consequence, so very odd and new that perhaps you have not met with the like, at least you have not had the like occasion to speak in publick.

Charity! the most excellent, and best recommended, of all the graces upon which the blessed Apostle bestows a whole chapter, and with divine Rhetorick recommends it most ear-

nestly to the Ages which were then to come. Charity, I say, which one would think should in this Age, which pretends to so much Religion, need no advocates, much less meet with violent and outrageous Enemies.

But such is the present practice of the day, that this most excellent of all Christian graces, flies to you for Succour and defence, against the inhumanity of its opposers: The matter of fact, impartially stated, is as follows;—

The Society for a Charity School belonging to the Church of St. Anne's, Aldersgate, having some time since obtained leave of the Rev. Mr. Prat to have two Charity Sermons preach'd, at the several Parish Churches of Orpington, and St. Mary Craye, in Kent (which belong to him,) for the benefit of 50 poor charity Children, (viz.) 30 boys and 20 girls: I say, having had leave of that Reverend Person above,—to whom of right it belong'd to grant such leave,—the Society accordingly went down to those Places last Sunday; and, in order to let the country see the objects which were to be recommended to their charity, took down with them the said 50 Children, cloathed and instructed at the charge of the gentlemen concerned; a sight which they humbly conceive might have moved the Hearts of any that had a sense either of the misery of the fatherless, or of the defect of Christian Knowledge among the Poor.

But alas! they were unexpectedly disappointed, by the extraordinary conduct of a certain very extraordinary Gentleman there, who calls himself a Justice of the Peace; how well he deserves his Majesty's Commission, or how well he honours the Chair of a Magistrate, I leave you to observe, and the world to judge. I dare say you will agree with me in this, that the like was never known before in this Nation, or at least not in these southern and more polite parts of it. On Sunday morning we were surprised to find that the Bells at Orpington were not rung to church, as is usual all over England; upon enquiry, we were told the Justice had forbid it; applying then to Mr. Justice, he answered in very rough Terms, that the Bells should not be rung; and refused, in short, to let the poor children have the benefit of a Collection; and not only so, but brought or sent the Constables to prevent it, as if a Riot had been to be raised,—adding very opprobrious words far below the dignity of a Magistrate, tho' it seems not below that of his Worship's

Person and character,—telling us, *That it was high Time to put a stop to such a growing Evil; and that there was an Act of Parliament against it, and that we ought to be look'd upon as Sturdy Beggars, idle Vagrants,* and the like. I forbear, Mr. Mist, to trouble you with my remarks upon these excellent words, viz., that relieving, cloathing, and instructing poor fatherless and distress'd Children, teaching them the knowledge of Religion, and their duty both to God and man, should be called a growing Evil, and that there is an Act of Parliament against it; I leave all that to you, but I go on with my story.

Besides the above, he gave a great deal of foul language not fit to name, much less to come from the mouth of a Civil Magistrate. This usage you may be sure was a great disappointment to the Society, and they were much concerned at it; however, in hopes of better treatment in the Afternoon, they took care to give his Worship as little offence as possible, and went away to St. Mary Craye; but the Justice's malice or Passion, we know not which, did not cease here; for he sent a letter to another Justice (though, as I am informed, of a different stamp,) to desire him to use us after the same manner; but this other Justice, having more Religion, and abhorring such inhumanity, freely gave us leave to make our Collection, and have our Sermon preached.

It is true, that by the Clamour of the first Justice the people were alarm'd and discourag'd, and thereby our Collection failed; the poor People declaring that they were afraid to give, and did not know what they had best do, the Orpington Gentleman, and one of the Church-wardens of St. Mary's threatening them, that if the Collection was made they should be Prosecuted at Law, and the like.

This, Mr. Mist, is an impartial relation of the Fact which shall be made out to you effectually, if there be occasion. I have not yet told you whether the Justice be a Whig or Tory, your Readers may judge that, by his Charity.

Your Friend and Servant, G. Y.

Peter the Great and his Son.

M. J., Aug. 2.—Mr. Mist,—The case of the Czarowitz has been long the subject of Table-talk all over Europe, and by this time, perhaps, his Death is so too. Tho' the ungracious Son, as some call him, has received the reward of his

brutal Parricide, others tell us, that he has been pretty hardly dealt with. One Party says, that disinherizon and confinement had been sufficient punishment, while another undertakes to know that the Czar was not secure of his Life, while he liv'd in open violation of both the duties of a Son and a Subject. Be it as it will, I hope none will be so rash as to pronounce too peremptorily till they have seen his Czarish Majesty's Account of the whole affair, which it is said will be shortly published. 'Tis true, that we of this Nation have contracted such a Freedom of Speech, that it is next to impossible to deter some Spirits from talking against, and even censuring the private Conduct of our Governors; but these People should consider, that as it argues the height of Imprudence in them, so it will justifie the Government in turning almost anything into a handle of Severity. I give your Scandal-retailers no severer names than that of men of officious Imprudence, because I'm sensible that if I were to use harsher, they would construe it rather to a desire in me to gratifie my Passion, than to reclaim them amicably.

The Czar has many precedents to justifie his Conduct by; but on the other hand, there is something so unnatural and shocking in putting a Son to death, that it is not as yet become a rul'd Case. We, above all Nations in the Universe, should be Silent,—where one half has not only sacrific'd Sons, but Fathers of their Country, to their private Hellish resentments, in a publick and shameful manner, and t'other declares its abhorrence of the Crime. Your true Whig-spawn at this day reflect with pleasure on the mild Administration that dispens'd both wet and dry Decollations plentifully; while the Tories pretend to be so far from justifying Rebellion in any person, much more a Son, that they solemnly, once a Year, deprecate the Vengeance deserv'd for shedding Royal Blood, and return thanks for the Restoration of the Royal Family.

But I foresee, that there are a Stubborn set of men that are not to be curb'd or satisfy'd at this rate, who pretend that there must be a manifest Injustice done to the late Czarowitz's Son and all his Relations, for why should the Infant be involved in the Father's Rebellion? This, say they, looks like Female Malice. But may not a sufficient reply be return'd to these Gentlemen by asking them, Why then are the Families and Relations of

those people taken in the North, and elsewhere, involv'd in their Father's or Friend's Misfortunes?* If the Czar's Second-handed wife has done this, merely to advance her own Royal Issue, I am far from justifying her. There is not a Name under the Sun, that the very Heathen have loaded with so many infamous Epithets, as that of a Step-mother; and, I should not stick to pronounce her one of the most abandoned in the whole List.

The ties that reciprocally bind Father and Son are so many, and strong withal, that one would think they should stand a hard pull before they gave way. For this reason mankind look generally with Horror on this Action; and from hence, we may account for the world's condemning the smallest difference between them; but when it goes farther, they not only expose themselves to ridicule and contempt, but to the danger of divesting themselves of Humanity. Who could honestly stand up for such a Father, or pity such a Son, where irreconcileableness and stubbornness meet? Where the Father embraces all the opportunities he can find, to distress the Son,—who in return not only repels his efforts, but labours to ruin his Interest by disturbing his Measures? Can any one imagine, that he can love any person, who hates his own Son? Or, that such a Son can esteem, obey, honour, reverence, or be grateful to any thing Human or Divine, that can dash Nature out of his Constitution? As I am a Christian man, Mr. Mist, I have compassion for that Family, though it were mine Enemy's, where so great a Misfortune happens, and heartily wish them a Deliverance. Yours, S.

The Island of St. Vincent not Destroyed.

M. J., Aug. 2.—They pretend to tell us a strange Story, viz., that the Island of St. Vincent is found again, and is turn'd into a Volcano, or burning Mountain; but we must acknowledge, we do not believe one word of it.

A Political Satire.—The Czar and his Son.

M. J., Aug. 9.—Mr. Mist,—Nothing is more wonderful than that so much simple Stuff as you every Day vex Mankind

* Referring to the English and Scotch Rebels of 1715.—*Ed.*

with, should be so well taken by so many People; for my Part, I have wonder'd they don't hire now and then a Carman or a Porter to knock your Head off, or your Brains out,—if you have any.

Pray, Goodman Politician, what have you to do with the Czar of Muscovy, and his rebellious Son? Or, who listed you in the Service of the Grandson, that you must enquire into the legality of deposing him? We know what you mean well enough, (or the man that sent you it,) by questioning the Justice of depriving the Infant for the crime of his Father.

But know, thou Man of Tory Politicks, that your appealing to this Transaction of the Czar, is a most unaccountable Weakness in you, for by it you would seem to allow that this is a Sentencè given by a whole Nation against Jacobitism; and it confirms the Justice of what has been done in England to all the World, and if you were not a meer Whig you could not have been so simple to have meddled with it.

But what is this to us, pray? Cannot you enter into the Justice of this general Maxim, that every Nation in the World ought to act according to their own Laws? Pray have you read the Fundamental of the late Treaty with the Grand Signior at Passarowitz, where the words *Uti possidetis* are made a Phrase? Though, take them by themselves, 'tis hard to know what Country Latin they are made of; the meaning is, that each Party shall keep what they possess.

Now be it known unto you, that this very Thing is what the Whigs call, the grand Establishment of Right, on which all the Nations of Europe now stand, and by which their Governments are directed, viz., *That every Nation shall be ruled by the particular Laws which are received and in use among themselves;* and if it be agreeable to the Laws of that Country that this Prince should be thus disinherited, and his Posterity with him, *they say*, What's that to you? Now I confess, Mr. Mist, Nations who are willing to submit to tyrannical Government, would never grudge to be tyrannically governed; so let the Czar and his Son go on their own way, it is no Rule for us; besides, there is another thing to be said for it.

You see the Czar of Muscovy, before he disinherited his Son, called him before him in judgment, where the cowardly

dispirited Wretch of a Son confess'd his Crime, and begg'd his Life. His Crime at that Time, at least the most of it that I have met with, was, that he only play'd Truant and ran away from School, viz., he went away out of the Kingdom, without his Father's Consent. If this be Treason in that country, what is that to us? Now having lost his Life, say the Russian Politicians, and begged Mercy, his most gracious Lord and Father, in his inimitable Clemency, mercifully gave him his Life, (just as we do Felons that beg for Transportation,) on condition of quitting his Right of Primogeniture, and Claim of Succession, which I think he ought to have begg'd for Death rather than have comply'd with; but he thought otherwise it seems.

Now pray, good Mr. Journal, what would you have done? I warrant you are for your old Threadbare Story of Hereditary Right; and that he could not give away the Right of his Son, who was born a Prince, and Heir of the Throne and Empire of Grand Russia, by a Title indefeasible, and which no human Power could divest him of, without his own Act and Deed; and so after this if the Son had been set up, you would perhaps have argued as much upon that Injustice, and the unnatural Method of a Son's sitting upon his Father's Throne; and so you would have the young Profligate restored, after he had forfeited the Crown by his own ill conduct; but you are fully answered by telling you, that by the Laws of that country, when a Son is disinherited legally, all his posterity are legally disinherited also. And the Muscovites,—the Southern Nations of whose Empire claim to be the Sons of Jacob, called the ten Tribes, who were carried away into Captivity, transported into that Part of the Country between the Euxine and the Caspian Sea, and who spread themselves afterwards gradually into Circassia, and the Countries of Cassan, Astracan, &c.,—I say, these Muscovites tell us they had the Crown transferred to them by the same Law, when their Ancestor, old Israel, obtained the Birthright by his Brother Esau's Forfeiture; which Bargain of Esau's, or rather Fraud of Jacob's, was made binding to the posterity of Esau.

I agree with thee, Mist, that this is nothing to us; but since what they do is nothing to us, so what we pretend to

call right or wrong is nothing to them; and besides speaking *t'other way*, as you intend it, I tell you, Friend, as a Friend, it does more Harm than Good.

If you had enquired a little how the young Prince came to his End, exposed the Notion of his dying for fear of Death, *as a certain Writer used to call it*; in a Word, if you had told us, or directed us to tell you, how he died, and whether he went off FAIRLY or no, you had done something, and something more I assure you than I know how to do for you.

As for the Prince himself, I must confess, as I said once formerly to you on that Subject, I think that, after some other Steps had been taken, or that had been taken with him, he ought rather to have petitioned his Father, as a further Mark of his Clemency, to have suffered the Sentence now spoken of to be pass'd, than been frighted to Death at its Appearance; and I must take him to be of a Spirit much below a Prince, to desire, or even accept of Life upon such Terms; but I will answer it all to myself with acknowledging, that I do not believe one tittle of the Story. I do not say 'tis all a Disguise, or it is wrongly represented, but I hope I am at Liberty to believe what share of it I think fit, and doubt the rest till I am farther informed.

Your Friend, H.

Disaffection to the House of Hanover.—On Tuesday Robert Harrison, tryed and convicted the last Sessions at the Old Bailey, for crying out King James for Ever, stood in the Pillory (pursuant to his Sentence) at Whitechapel, and one man throwing Dirt at him, the Mob obliged him to go down on his knees, to ask him Forgiveness, and several gave him money.

M. J., Aug. 30.—*A Diverting Story.*—They write from Edinburg, dated August 17, that some days since, one William Miller, a Quaker and Gardener, who lives near Holy-Rood House,—is reckoned worth 5000*l.* sterling,—and has his house well stored with Westphalia Hams,—three or four Sharpers came to his house, and seeing those Hams, had an earnest desire to have some of them, and for that end, to accomplish their design, contrived (when William and his family were in bed,) to get on the top of the House, tie a Rope about one of them, and let him down the chimney. He accordingly

ties five or six Hams about his girdle, and fixing some upon his shoulders, gave the signal to hoist him; but in pulling up, the rope broke, and he fell down with a Vengeance; as black as an Ethiopian Negro, and sate down in the two armed chair, at the corner of the chimney. The Quaker, hearing the noise, judged (as well he might,) that there were Thieves in the House, and called on his Maid Sarah to light a candle, which she did, and observing the Fellow loaded with Hams of Bacon, and as black as Hell, sitting in the two armed chair, she ran away crying, *The Devil! The Devil! The Devil!* William the Quaker, rising up and seeing the hellish Figure in the Chair making Mouths and Grimaces at him, dropt the Candle out of his hand; but at last, Mustering up his Courage, said, *Friend, what art thou,* for in all human appearance thou art come from the Shades below. The Thieving Rogue answered, My Name is Molack, and I am come from the Infernal Regions, Ambassador Extraordinary from my Master, the High and Mighty Prince Belzebub, with a Present of these Hams of Bacon for thee, William Miller, knowing very well that thou lovest Swine's Flesh. The Quaker, all trembling, said, I charge thee in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to be gone; for I will have nothing to do with thee in my House, and opened the Door, when the Rogue march'd away with the Booty; but in the morning William look'd strangely, when he missed his Hams of Bacon. There is no place in the world where there are more Thieves and Pick-pockets than in this place; and they exercise their Art, as well in Churches, as in Streets, so that the Regiment of Black Guards at London, (who are thought by us to be great Masters in that Science,) are mere Asses to them.

M. J., Oct. 4.—*A Seditious Parrot.*—Our Scout employed in the districts of Long Acre, Covent Garden, and Drury Hundreds, writes us an account that a Parrot in Henrietta Street, having spoken very Seditious and Scandalous Words, a neighbouring Justice of *De Peace* had consulted several of his Brethren, in what manner they should proceed against the Parrot, or his Master.

Official Inadvertence.—They write from Edinburgh, that by a Commission of Oyer and Terminer at Perth, several Bills of Indictment were drawn up and presented to the Grand Jury

there, against several that were supposed to have been in the late Rebellion, and came home from France. The Bills were all returned Ignoramus; upon which the Prisoners were discharged, and the Cryer thereat standing up, proclaimed it in Court; at the end of which, as usual, he spoke with a loud Voice, *God save the King, and the Judges;* at which a Gentleman standing by, added, *And this Jury;* the Cryer hearing it, and thinking it was a Direction to him, he likewise bawl'd out, AND THIS JURY.

On Sir Richard Steele's Fish-Pool.

M. J., Sept. 6.—Mr. Mist, I have heard such various Reports of you, that I know not what to make of you, nor indeed much care what is made of you; for if you answer my purposes, it is the same Thing to me as if I could dissect you to a Scruple. Some say you are an Oracle, and answer all Questions like one, that is, in such ambiguous Terms that none shall be, the wiser for them. Some, that you are a Conjuror, and raise more Devils in a week than can be laid in a Year. Some think you a Magician, and that you have the Evil Spirit at Command; others think he has you at Command. Some again, think you to be a Seventh-Son, that can tell any Thing but the Truth; while others believe you to be a second-sighted Highlander, who can discover every Person's Destiny but your own. But I find the wisest take you to be a meer Piece of Mechanism, wholly insensible of all the Uses you are put to; or rather a common Vehicle, into which, all are at Liberty to throw their Dirt or Diamonds; to which you (without any Sense of the Matter) are still ready to give Reception, and to convey them to the World. Which of these Conjectures is truest, I care not three Farthings, so I find a Solution to my following Queries, either from yourself, or your Correspondents, as sometimes you learnedly set forth, and by which Term, (by the Way,) we are at least to understand you can read. You may think this Preamble little to the Purpose, yet let me tell you, that within these five hundred years there have been some Preambles in Noblemen's Patents, as little to the Purpose. Be that as it will, I am at length, by a circular Motion, arriv'd to the Point I first set out at, viz., to desire your Solution to the following Queries.

Sir *Richard Steele* has I presume by this Time, acquainted the whole World that he has equipt a Ship for the preserving of Fish, &c. I was much pleas'd with that Article for his sake, —since I fear all, to this Time, has escap'd through his Net, —and hope he is upon a better Bottom than when he sold his Coat, for the compleating of the grand Elixir; however till some Doubts are Solv'd, I cannot help being an Infidel as to the Notion, that the Invention will become a Benefit to the Publick; for—

If all those Fish which have been brought in Pickle, are now brought alive, it may raise the price of Butter so excessively, that the Poor may not be able to purchase any for their Turnips; on which Account they must feed more up on Flesh, and by consequence the Price of that will be rais'd in Proportion.

It may take off much from the Duty of Salt; and puzzle, to lay another Tax in lieu thereof.

If Sturgeon, Salmon, Herrings, &c. are all brought fresh to us, will it not much lessen the Consumption of Time, sink our Traffick that Way, and also the Duties thence arising?

It may diminish our Fishing Trade, to which we stand in need of the greatest encouragement; for if our Fish be carried alive to all the Roman Catholic Countries, it will prove so luxurious a Diet, that the Pope must we fear prohibit the use of it in Lent, and on all fasting Days.

It may starve all our Thames Fishermen,—they can scarcely vend the live Fish they now take,—but if we bring Sturgeons, Mackrel, Soals, Turbets, &c. alive, how are they likewise to sell their Barbels, Roach, and Gudgions?

I am told that Sir *Richard* designs a Cargo of live Thames Salmon for a Present to the Emperor of China. If it should please his Gusto, and thence excite him to a Conquest of our Island, I'll say no more, (not being willing to meddle with Politicks,) but that we shall have brought our Fish to a fine Market.

I have many more Objections, which I will waive till another Opportunity; in the mean Time, dear Mist, for once, —in spite of the Stars and Nature,—be a Philosopher, and resolve me how this great Work is effected.

'Tis said that Air without Motion immediately corrupts, for

the prevention of which, does he extract the corrupted Air by an Air Pump? If so, how does he prevent the pressure of Air upwards by the Atmosphere from forcing so much Water to the Fish as will suffocate them? Or, does he apply another Air Pump to inject as much fresh Air as the other extracts of corrupted Air? And how does he maintain an exact Equilibrium? As also, by what conduits, to above the surface of the Water, are the several Airs convey'd?

'Tis said that the Fish, of some Climates, will no more live in others, than Spiders in Ireland; does he then, when he transports any to distant Countries, convey with them Bottles of their native Air, for the better supporting their Health?

Whether it would not advance the present declining South-Sea stock, if he should convey some Whales alive to their new Factories?

Or lastly, whether he has any other real Design by his new Invention than to catch Gudgions? If not, I fear he comes too late, for most of them are already snapt by our late Projectors.

Defoe's wise Caution to Mist.

M. J., Sept. 20.—Mr. Mist, I cannot but observe the Multitude of Enemies that are upon you every Day, on Account of your Writings; and, *being Stationed in a Place which gives me an Opportunity to hear you spoken of by those who have too much the Power of crushing and oppressing you,* I give you Notice that there are more Designs against you than perhaps you know of. In a Word, your Enemies are resolv'd, either by publick Violence or private, to carry on continual Prosecutions against you, till they tire you out; and, if they can, till they ruin you . . . . . The King or the Ministry will not fall upon you without manifest Provocation, Breach of Duty, and of the Law; and it must be your Fault if you urge them to fall upon you with these Aggravations . . . . . Your Business is to take proper Measures to secure your self, and preserve your self at the same Time the Privilege of entertaining your Friends, by keeping within the Bounds of the Law; by this you will take from all your Enemies the Occasion of being *continually complaining to the* Government against you . . . . . *I have too much Reason to be assured,* that many

Letters have been sent you on Purpose to draw you into the Publication, and then to complain against you.

Be merry and wise, Mr. Mist, you may easily disappoint them all; you may say indeed that it is your Business to speak of dangerous Things, and that it is next to impossible that you can do it and yet keep out of Danger; but I must differ from you in that; it is far from impossible, and Times are, it is true, very severe, but Prudence will carry you thro' it, if you can prevail upon yourself to speak warily, and rather lose the Advantage of some Freedoms in speaking, than lose the Freedom of speaking at all. A little shall I undertake, Mr. Mist, to give you some Cautions; and can you be content to be taught how to speak, pray listen to a few then? Speak of the King decently,—of the Ministry respectfully,—of the Ladies modestly. Speak of Religion gravely,—of the Church reverently,—of your Enemies merrily,—of guilty, great Ones ironically,—of the Crimes of Rulers emblematically, and in all Cases relate Matters of Fact Warily. Above most Things, speak cautiously of Judges and Courts of Justice,—but above all Things, have a care of Parliaments. Tell your Tales of them as of Things done without Doors, and heard at second Hand. In a Word, write a *Noli me tangere* upon their Proceedings, and even think of them with Fear and Trembling. Be persuaded, Mr. Mist, to believe, *I venture to say to you positively*, that you may publish the Worst Things which you now do publish, and yet may avoid the Displeasure of the Government; whereas, in the unwary manner you act now, you cannot expect that any Government in the World would bear with you. For Example,

What Necessity have you to affirm so many Stories as you print, which it is well known you can have no certain Account of? Is it not sufficient to say that you hear so,—in which you can give no body Offence,—but must take it wholly upon your self, and say positively it is so and so? This is one of your great Mistakes, and gives your Enemies a Handle; for Example, a Man came and told me one Day a certain Person had hanged himself; I might without doubt have justly said, that I heard such a Day that such Person had hanged himself; but I could not with the like Justice say positively, that such a Person did hang himself.

I could prescribe you many other Methods, which a wary Man will always be glad to make use of; nor shall all these Cautions injure your Paper in the least, however strictly adhered to; never fear but you may, and will, find Subjects to divert and entertain your Readers, and News to satisfy the curious, without dashing your Brains out against the Rocks and Precipices of Power and the Law.

But your Tory Friends, they say, will think you have turned Tail, and forsaken them; I answer, if they are your Friends, they can never reproach you for having abated a few Sarcasms and Satyrical Reflections, for the sake of preventing your Enemies from falling upon you. As they count him a Fool who, to break a Jest will lose a Friend; so they must count you worse than mad, that to make your Friends laugh, will be always making yourself mourn. . . . . Avoid unhappy turns of Disaffection, oblique Reproaches upon the Person and Administration of the King,—insinuations of Jacobitism,—personal Scandal,—and the like;—and I am persuaded you may write on, without Molestation, to the End of the Chapter. Upon the whole, Mr. Mist, it is certainly your Wisdom, and Interest, to observe such Measures as may keep you out of continual Broils, and preserve your Writings to your Friends; and this is the End of my Letter to you. Act as you please. I am

Your Friend,

Sir TIMOTHY CAUTION.

To this good Counsel, grave and wise,
Mist for himself, and Friends, replies;
They thank his Worship, and his Will
At latter Lammas they'll fulfil.

Defoe places Mist on his List of Fools.

M. J., Sept. 29.—Mist, you Fool you, I wrote you a long Letter last Week about Prudentials. . . . . .

To this you have given me a very slight, I was going to say a very saucy Answer, viz.

My Worship's Will
At latter Lammas you'll fulfil.

Now I verily believe, that though you had no more Manners than to give me such an Answer, you will have more Sense than to neglect my Advice, or else I shall put you down in a

long List of Fools, which I keep by me to record the particular Qualifications of my Acquaintance; in which having left a Space on the top for a Master Fool, I think to give you that Post of Honour, as the Fool of Fools; for what but such a one would act against himself in such a Case, and in such a Manner as this is?

There are blind Fools, and ignorant Fools, and dull Fools, and cunning Fools, and a World of Sorts more, which are too many to reckon up; but of all the rest, your wise Fools, are the most incorrigible, undocible, and indeed unsufferable.

But know then, thou Man of Obstinacy, that if thou wilt go on, and talk in the Stile of the Unwary; if thou wilt, (open and unguarded,) speak even lawful Truths in unlawful Words, thou wilt fall unpitied by thy Friends, and be most intolerably laught at, and triumphed over by thine Enemies. And give me leave to add, that another, qualified with more Prudence, shall take up the Cudgels, who by preserving himself, and yet carrying on his Design, shall give Occasion to look back and say, "What a Fool was Mist that he could not do thus!"

Your Old Friend,
Sir TIM. CAUTION.

Mr. Mist Abused.

M. J., Oct. 11.—As Mr. Mist, in publishing the Letters and Stories which gentlemen send to be put into the Journal, has been as careful as he could possibly be, not to hand forward the Piques and Quarrels of private persons, desiring not to be the Tool or Instrument of any Man's Malice; so he has been always ready to make just acknowledgments where he has been led, however involuntarily, into any mistake, or has published any thing injurious to the reputation or interest of another.

But the extraordinary method which has been taken with him this week, in the case of a Letter published in the last Journal, concerning the indecent behaviour of some Ladies at Church; has been such, that we think him oblig'd to give us leave in his behalf to give the World the following History of this affair.

On Sabbath day last, before, as may be imagin'd, this passion at the said Publication was abated, comes a very fine well accouter'd Person to Mr. Mist's House, to enquire for

him, and finding that he was not at home, goes to a Tavern to stay for him; Mr. Mist, as soon as he comes home from Church, hearing where the Gentleman was, went directly to him, naked and unarm'd, with neither Sword nor Cane, much less with Pocket Pistols, or any secret and concealed Weapons, as the Assassinator it seems was furnish'd with.

After some Discourse at the Tavern in a wild manner, which gave Mr. Mist some notion of this man's having some passions about him, capable of prompting him to be mischievous; Mr. Mist told him civilly if he had done any injury it was without any design, that he had not made the Story, that he had received it in a Letter by the Post, but however he would ask the Ladies pardon, and make them any Reparation he could; the Assassinator, *for he can claim no other Title,* demands then of Mr. Mist to let him see the Letter from which the Story was taken; to which he answer'd he would not be compell'd to anything, but if such a thing was desired in a civil manner, Mr. Mist was willing to do him all the favour he could. Accordingly he took the Stranger home with him to his house, and shew'd him the Letter, still letting him know, in the civillest manner imaginable, that he was sorry if any injury was done the Ladies, and was ready to make any reparation he could.

Having thus, as he thought, satisfy'd the Person, and indeed said as much as he thinks ought to have satisfy'd any Honest man, the Person asks Mr. Mist to go back with him to the Tavern again, and Mr. Mist,—tho' he perceiv'd his faltering tongue betrayed some Villany in his Designs, and was a little backward to have any more to do with him,—yet as he never declined his just Defence, and scorned to be afraid to go into a room with a single Man, he went with him, though,—which he reflects on with great regret,—not taking any weapons to have done himself Justice withal.

In their return to the Tavern, this Person sees a Gentleman in the street, (whether planted there on purpose or not, he leaves the world to judge upon this Incident,) as if he had met this gentleman accidentally, asks him to take a Glass with him, then turns to Mr. Mist, and tells the Gentleman he had thus pick'd up, that *this was Mr. Mist;* so Mr. Mist was now engaged in the Tavern, naked and unarmed, with two men armed with Swords, Canes, and Pistols.

As soon as they were come into a Room, this Person changed his tone of speaking, shut the door, and began in a threatning and insolent manner to play the Bully, rather than to act even in his resentment as a Man ought to act.

Mr. Mist told him plainly, that he was one that never refused to give any man Satisfaction, if it was desired; that they had surpriz'd him in an unarm'd Posture, and without his Sword, but hop'd they did not pretend, if they were Gentlemen, to use him ill, because they had him at such an advantage; especially seeing they pretended to be satisfied with what he had said to them of his being no ways concerned in the Original of the Story, and his shewing them the Letter he had received; and, that he was ready to give them any farther proof of his sincerity in that particular.

During these Passages he had called for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and drawing up a Scandalous writing of Submissions and Acknowledgment, demands of Mr. Mist to copy it, and to engage to put it into the next Journal; and,—as if he stood over him with Power to enforce his Demand,—with many Oaths, required that not one Word should be left out.

Mr. Mist had all the reason in the world to believe himself in the hands of an Assassin, without any Weapons in his hand to defend himself, and the Servants of the House so far from being within call, that even when one of the Sparks fired his Pistol, they never came into the Room, but pretended they did not hear it, which he has good reason to believe cannot be true.

I say, Mr. Mist finding himself in such hands, thought it was better to temporize and yield to the Publication of whatever he demanded, and so to get out of their hands, knowing by the laws of this Nation, as well as by the rules of Honour, no man is obliged to perform what is extorted from him by illegal violence; notwithstanding which the Man was far from abating his Insults, and threatened if he did not comply with what he had promised, he should again be visited by them, and that there were several others that did design to call him to Account for it in the same manner.

This being the History of the Fact, Mr. Mist cannot think himself any way obliged to perform any Promise or Engagement (for publishing an Acknowledgment,) extorted from him

in such a manner as this, and therefore rejects it with detestation; and he appeals to all indifferent Men, who either have a sense of Justice or taste of what the rules of Honour, which every gentleman is guided by, requires of him. On the contrary, he lets the Assassinator know, that his action was not only villanous, but cowardly and base, and what neither can be justify'd as a Man, or as a Christian; and he must add that it seems to give every Man reason to believe the persons censured in the Letter he published were really guilty.

Having said thus much, Mr. Mist cannot in justice to himself forbear to tell him very plainly, that if he thinks it his purpose to make any more such attempts upon him, as this has been, he shall always be ready for him; and that he will not fail to be provided for him, as for a Villain and an Assassinator; for he thinks 'tis every honest Man's duty to be prepared for such Enemies.

He concludes with this short Expostulation with him; how ungenerous, how cowardly, how base is it to surprize a man naked and defenceless, insult him with Cane, Sword, and Pistols! How unlike an Englishman such things are! To the honour of the Nation it must be said, that revenge, murther and assassination is not an English custom, 'tis not the Crime of the Nation, 'tis not usual with Englishmen; in Spain or Italy indeed 'tis another Case, but in England it has never prevail'd. But to carry this a little nearer the persons, we desire to observe too, that in the passion this Gentleman was in, he and his Friend also took great care to repeat over and over, that *they were Whigs*. Whether they would have us suppose their being Whigs from the civility, the honour, and generosity of this action, that we know not; but so much Charity we must retain for our Neighbours, that we firmly believe, that even the Whigs themselves will universally disown and condemn it.

Uproar in a Theatre.—Last Friday night, as the Play was acting, called *the Fair Quaker of Deal*, at the Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, three Gentlemen demanded to go behind the Scenes; but there being an Order of the House made to the contrary, they were denied Admittance; upon which they went into the Pit, and with Apples, &c., pelted the Players in a shameful manner, after which they got upon the Stage, and

drew their Swords and broke down the Sconces, Lamps, &c. which put the House in an Uproar, and 'twas an Hour before the Gentlemen could be brought to a civil Behaviour.

Cruel Highway Robbery.—In Essex we hear only of a Physician at Chelmsford, who going to administer to a sick Patient, carried with him a bottle of Cordial and two Doses, viz. for a Purge and a Vomit. He was set on by Thieves, who robb'd him of the sum of eighteen pence, and, because he had no more money, oblig'd him there present, as a Punishment, to take the two Doses and Cordial himself; and the Physician being of a weak Constitution, his Physick operated all the way home in a violent manner.

Scraps of News.

M. J., Oct. 25.—Monday being the anniversary of his Majesty's Coronation, the Beadles of the respective Parishes within the City, by an Order from the Lord Mayor, went from one House to another to warn all the inhabitants to Keep their Servants and Apprentices within doors, to prevent any Tumult or Riot, as has formerly been committed; by which means there was no disturbance.

We hear that Mr. Cassells, one of the Five persons who have been Prisoners in Newgate for above these twenty years, hath offered a Proposal to stop the Dagenham Breach; which 'tis thought will be accepted, and sufficient Security given for his forthcoming, and in case he effects the same, will be a means for him to obtain a Pardon.

We hear that a *Shoemaker* near Covent Garden, now Hammer'd up to a Justice of Peace, lately pick'd a *Quarrel* with a *Glazier* thereabouts for whistling the *Cobler's* Tune; which he call'd *Bristling* up to him, therefore *Wax'd* hot, and bound him over, threatening to *Pare* him to the quick, and bring him to the *Strapade;* which threats were *Awl* he could do, for at *Last* they had a Hearing, the *End* of which was, that Goodman *Two Shoes,* not being *Workman* enough to make up *One Shoe* of just Complaint, the *Glazier* was discharged out of his *Stocks, sow* goes free, as he did, without being any more Pinch'd, in spight of Crispin and Crispianus to *Boot.*

We hear that the Pacquet Boat coming from France some time ago, was by the strong easterly winds driven to the west-

ward, and at last, with great difficulty got to Southampton; but the Gentlemen Passengers on board, amongst whom Mr. Hiccocks, a Master in Chancery, Mr. Cary, &c. suffered extreamly, having lived three days without Provisions, and if they had not landed at that time, they must have been starved to Death.

W. E. P., Nov. 6.—We have an Account of so many Robberies committed on the Highway, in parts adjacent to the City, within these two weeks, that we think it would look like something of Repitition, and consequently ridiculous in us, to repeat them; but this is certain that three coaches were robb'd together homeward bound on Hounslow Heath some day at the close of last week, four more on Epping Forest on Monday last, besides some that were attack'd the day before on the Kentish side; so that in short it is very dangerous stirring abroad.

On Saturday last, Records were searched, in relation to the Household and Liveries worn by the Servants of the children of the former Princes of Wales, and it being found that the Liveries were always Yellow, with a thick Lace, the same is to be given to the Servants of their Highnesses, the three young Princesses, and not a Scarlet, as has been reported.

On Monday night last a Gentleman having taken Coach was set down in Silver Street, near Golden Square, but the Coachman, not contented with his fare, endeavoured to bully him out of t'other Sixpence; for which end he pursued him such a tedious way, that in the interim the Horses (who were not used to the Town,) went away with the Coach towards Marrowbone, where the next morning one of the Horses was found drowned in a Pond, and the other so maimed that he will be of no more use to his master.

Bull Fight at Mary-le-Bone.

W. E. P., Nov. 18.—On Monday last *Seignior Grimace,* the Spanish Posture-master, *as he is like to be call'd,* appeared at the Bear Garden at Marybone to represent his Bull Feast to the Spectators. The Blusters, this true *Don Quixote* had made of his great Performance, had drawn in a great crowd of people, and some of good quality, to see his great and Bloody Fight, wherein one man was to encounter with three Bulls, the fiercest that could be had. But when he came to shew his

agility, his Performances was so much short of his promised Atchievement, that the company were rather provoked than diverted; and had not the Spanish Don made the best of his way, it was thought the mob would have gone near to have Demolish'd him for a Cheat.

One can scarce forbear, in our Reflections upon this Spaniard,—this Seignior *Don Broggadocia*,—and his undertaking to fight three Bulls; I say, one can scarce forbear comparing it a little with the King of Spain's engaging in a War with the three most powerful Princes in Europe, and we cannot but think that the Performances will be much alike.

Confession of Error—War with Spain.

W. E. P., Nov. 29.—To the Undertakers of the Whitehall Evening Post. Sirs,—The liberty you give to inserting Letters in your Paper relating to the affair of Spain, whether they are receiv'd from other hands, or are the product of your Author's invention, is very agreeable to many of your Readers; and I believe is generally so to all those who have right notions of the Public Affairs of Europe, and the true Interest of Great Britain; especially while those Letters are written with good sense and good meaning, and appear, as they hitherto seem, to be calculated for the giving right ideas and just conceptions of the nature, reason, and necessity of the approaching War with Spain.

But why does not your Author, who, if we guess at him right, is well enough qualified for such an undertaking, enter into the part of the necessity and justice of that War, which is apparent from our Trading circumstances, and from the situation and extent of our commerce? How can he refrain entring into some of those many arguments which naturally result from the Hazard of your Trade in the suppos'd view of the growing power of Spain?

If I mistake not your Author, I have heard him say he would be glad of an opportunity to retrieve the good opinion of his Friends, which he lost by being drawn into former Follies. Tell him, now is the Time for him to let the World see, that whatever he might be formerly biass'd to say in a Case which he could not defend, like a Counsel pleading for his fee, and obliged to make the best of a bad Cause; yet that now he

speaks from Inclination, and has a Cause that must go along with his Judgment, as well as with the duty of an Author.

Tell him, it is expected from him, he should shew the World that there is a necessity for Great Britain to exert herself in timely preventing the growing Exorbitance of the Spanish Power, or to give up from this moment all her Pretences to the Trade either of the Mediterranean or Mexican Seas. That 'tis a scandalous mistake for him, or any one else, to say that this war is undertaken to aggrandize the House of Austria, and to make the Emperor the Terror of Europe: But that it is undertaken to prevent Spain making herself the Terror of Great Britain, by ruining our Trade, overthrowing our Colonies, and destroying the liberty of that Commerce, by which our Manufactures are extended abroad, and consequently are supported at Home. That 'tis Nonsense to talk of this War from Religious Amusements, that it is carried on between Popish Powers, who we ought to let fight with one another as long as they please, and look on with pleasure to see them dash themselves to pieces one against another, that the Protestant Powers may see their Enemies weaken'd, and their own strength reserv'd to pull them all down at last, and bury them in the Ruines of the *Whore of Babylon*, &c.

When Europe is engaged in a Religious War, and the question is only stated between Protestants and Papists, these Things will be seasonable enough, and we shall hear him with pleasure upon those Heads. But tell him he knows well enough this is a War of civil Interest, not Religious: This is a War in which the Question is, How the Right of Princes, the Intercourse of Nations, and the Peace, Prosperity, and Trade of the World shall be preserv'd; how the ambition of voracious and unreasonable Men, vested with Power, and Gasping for more than their share, shall be restrain'd; and the just Bounds and Limits of Great ones be on all sides preserv'd.

Tell him that it is a Malicious mistake to say, that Great Britain is *an Auxiliary* in this War; we are really Principals; our Concern in it is infinitely more than that of the Emperor, or of the Princes of Italy: It is not of a thousandth part of the consequence to the House of Austria who possesses the Kingdom of Sicily, the Harbour of Cagliari, the Vare of Messina, or the Gulph of Naples, *as it is to us*. The Emperor would be

Emperor, and a most potent powerful Prince, though he had not a Foot of Ground in Italy, and was so when he had very little there; but the Case differs quite with us, and this I say your Author knows.

He knows that as Spain was 40 years ago a supine, an indolent, an unmanaged Government, their King enjoy'd the Advantages of his possessing Naples and Sicily without much of our Concern; but the Spaniards now are quite another Nation than Spain then could be said to be. That if the present King sets up for a Superiority of his Marine Power, and resolves to have a stated Force of 80 Men-of-War of the Line of Battle in his Fleets, and if Spain resolves to improve all the Advantages that such a Superiority at Sea will give them, I say, he knows; *for every man of Common Sense must know*, that Sicily, in such a hand, would be like a Chain drawn cross the Mouth of the Levant Seas, which without their leave no Ship could pass; or like the Castle of Elseneur in the Sound, that locks up the Trade of the Baltick, and makes the most powerful Nations of Europe pay Tribute to the weakest of Europe's monarchs, the King of Denmark.

Here is a Field for him to give his most Extended Thoughts their due Length: It is impossible to answer what may be said on this Subject, or to confute the Reasons which naturally occur to prove, that Great Britain cannot acquiesce in letting Spain possess Sicily, without giving up her Trade to Turkey, and to the Gulph of Venice, on which the consumption of her Manufactures so much depends; her Trade to Zant for Currants, to Gallipoli for Oyl, to Messina and Naples for Silk, and in a Word, without effectually ruining her Italian Trade, viz., her Trade to Genoa, Leghorn, &c., as also indeed her whole Commerce of the Mediterranean.

Are all these Arguments asleep with him, that he says nothing to these Things? Send him then to our West Indian Islands, and bid him tell us from thence, how long we shall be able to protect our Settlements there, and carry on our Navigation and Commerce with our own People at Jamaica, Barbadoes, &c., if the Naval strength of Spain be suffer'd to grow to such an immoderate and monstrous Pitch, as it is known the ambition of the Spanish Ministry now aim at.

Let us see your Author exert himself now in so just a Cause

as this, and tell him he shall be forgiven all his former wrong steps; and honest men will begin to receive him again, and restore him to their good opinion, as a man return'd to himself, and inclined to make us (to use his own words) *L'Amende honorable* for what is past.

Your Friend, &c. SPANISH.

Scraps of News.

W. E. P.—Yesterday at Charing Cross, and this day at the Royal Exchange, Mr. Bisse, the Clergyman, pursuant to his late sentence, stood in the Pillory, *for treasonable and seditious Preaching*, &c. Justice and Clemency, the fundamental Pillars of all Government, and the especial support of this, were equally exercis'd on this Occasion, Orders having been given to seize such Persons as should misuse the Offender on one hand, and to prevent the Insulting of Justice on the other. We have an account that the Mob behaved themselves very insolently to-day during the time Mr. Bisse stood in the Pillory at the Exchange, and especially at his coming out, and we cannot say he behaved with over much Modesty himself.

W. E. P., Dec. 13.—A poor man, a Taylor at Rochdale, offering his son to the Font to be baptiz'd, the Minister (viz.) one Mr. Kippax, (who officiated in the absence of Mr. Whitehead, the Curate) asking the child's name, as is usual in like cases, the Father answer'd *Ormond.* The Minister, a little surpriz'd, put it off, as if he had not heard him rightly: But the Father repeating it, the Minister refus'd to baptize the child by that Name, but prevail'd with the Father to call it Henry; which was done: At which it seems some of the Neighbours are very angry.

W. E. P., Dec. 16.—Letters from Blanes advise, that they have taken a great monstrous Fish there, not unlike a whale: It came on Shore on the Coast between the Port and Spalatro, being 75 foot in length, and 16 foot in circumference; that the skin was as hairy and as thick as the skin of a Bullock, and that the Leather-Dressers had dress'd some of it to make Shoes of.

N.B. *We do not recommend this Story for any more Credit than our Readers please to bestow on it.*

We hear there is a Proposal on Foot for Preventing the fre-

quent Disasters which happen, and which are likely still to happen (*the* crazy condition of the City consider'd) by the Sinking of Foundations, falling of Houses, &c., which said Proposal will be laid before Parliament for the determining Properties in such a manner, that either the Landlord or Tenant shall be oblig'd to repair their Houses, when required upon a sufficient Survey, to be appointed by the City; and in default, if any Disaster happen, whereby any Lives shall be lost, the whole shall be forfeited for ever to the City of London.

By Letters from Zant of the 26th November, we have an account, that on the 21st the Great Magazine of Powder in the Citadel of Corfu was blown up by Lightning. It was very happy for the Venetians that the Peace with the Turks was made before this Accident happen'd, for the whole Fortress and Town is, as to its Fortifications, entirely ruined, the very Rock which it stood upon being torn up as it were by the Roots: The loss is inestimable; all the public Buildings, with the Palace, are destroy'd. Captain General Pisani, who fought so often and so bravely with the Turkish Fleet, is kill'd and all his Family: 1500 Soldiers are buried in the Ruines, besides those that are maim'd and hurt, and a multitude of the Inhabitants are kill'd and wounded. Some of the Stones of the Works, being lifted up into the air and thrown towards the Sea, fell like Bombs shot out of a Mortar-Piece among the Shipping, and 3 or 4 Vessels are entirely dash'd in Pieces with them, and others very much hurt. In a word, the Desolation is inexpressible.

Against Religious Persecution.

To the AUTHOR *of the Whitehall Evening Post.*

W. E. P., Dec. 30.—Sir,—In writing Papers of Public Intelligence there seems to me to be a particular View, which every man of right Principles keeps before him, and by which he guides his steps in all he writes, *and this is, in short,* not only to give intelligence, but that all his Intelligence be calculated for the public Good.

It is on this Foundation that Governments think themselves oblig'd to resent, and even to punish the telling public News in a Manner injurious to the general Tranquillity, and with evident testimonies of Disaffection.

It being then the duty of every Writer, to improve Public Transactions to the General Advantage, how can you excuse yourself that you have not all this while mentioned the Affair just now depending in Parliament, concerning *the Dissenters*, and taking off the Bonds and Fetters which they have so long complain'd of in the Occasional and Schism Bills?

And first of all, how can you avoid taking notice, how generous a part *the Church* act in this, and how they adhere to that happy Declaration so often made by her Clergy, (viz.) That *Persecution is contrary to the Doctrine of the Church of England.*

How can you avoid observing, that the Acts, which are now in a view of being repeal'd, were the effect of Party strife, obtain'd by the Warmth and inveterate Rage of Politicians, heaving and thrusting against one another; yielded to on one side by the necessity of the Circumstances at that time very particularly unhappy; and imposed on the other side, by an ungenerous laying hold of that Advantage and of those Circumstances: And therefore not expected on one side, or designed on the other, to be made perpetual?

How can you but observe, that in all Ages as those Parties have prevail'd, who have stood upon the Foundation of just Principles, and who have espoused the Laws, the Constitution, and true Interest of Britain, both in Church and State; lawful Liberty has been espoused, and Persecution, Coercion, and all sorts of Violence has been discourag'd and suppress'd in matters of Religion; and that therefore those two Bills could never be pass'd till an unhappy Juncture, a Crisis of Affairs came upon us, of which the best we can do and desire to do, is to rejoyce that those days are over, and forget what was done in them?

The severity of those Laws is indeed complain'd of by the Dissenters, but the Injury of them has appear'd in a very particular manner to the Interest and Government of his present Majesty; who, in the height of the late Rebellion, found a Part of the most zealous and forward of his Subjects fettered by the Laws from exerting their Principles of Loyalty to their Sovereign, and forbidden to fight for him, even against Rebels and Usurpers.

Hard fate of the present Government, above all Govern-

ments, that a Man could not draw his Sword against the King's Enemies without involving himself in a Crime; and the Rebel and the Dissenter might meet together in the same Prison, one for fighting against the King, and the other for fighting for him; one for not taking the Oaths, and the other for not taking the Sacrament; and both may be ruined as Criminals, one for real Disloyalty, and the other for unqualified Zeal and officious Loyalty.

In this strange Circumstance were the Protestants in the North of Ireland during the late Rebellion in Scotland; who,—altho' there were not Gentlemen enough of King George's Friends to head the Militia against the threatned Insurrections of the Jacobites and Papists,—were yet fain to fly to a Vote of Parliament to protect them against the Prosecutions of the Law, for a Volunteer attempt to secure the Country for King George.

What else makes the Jacobites so universally against the repealing these Acts, but because they cannot but be pleas'd to have near a Half of their Enemies bound up from opposing them; and the Sword taken out of the hands of those who, they well know, are upon all Occasions most ready to use it against them? And how is the reverse of this a powerful Argument to all the Friends of King George to fortify his Interest by giving all his Friends leave to serve his Majesty when his Occasions call for them?

I do not so much insist upon the Rights of the Dissenters, their Claim to the Advantages and Honours of their Country's Service in common with their Fellow subjects: These things have been so often handled; and, if I guess right, sometimes by your own hand: They have also been so well and so publickly argued, that I think you need not say any more to those Points. 'Tis not the Right the Dissenters have to the Honour of their Countries Service, but the Right their Country has to their Service, that I prompt you to insist upon; and I think, that as we know well that they were certainly our Country's Enemies who first prompted the laying these Obligations and these Bonds upon the Dissenters, so they must always pass with me for our Country's Friends that assist to take them off.

I observe there was, some while ago, a very great pretended Clamour and Discontent against a Standing Army being kept

up, and this Popular Argument was often made use of in that Case, (viz.) That his Majesty was sufficiently guarded by the Affections of his People. I confess, had the Sacramental Test been taken off, I should have been more apt to have voted in that Affair against the Army than I was: But who could talk of the Safety of the King in the Affections of his People, when their hands were Ty'd up from showing those Affections? What are the Hearts of Subjects, when they have no Hands?

Are the Dissenters so inconsiderable a Body of People, that they can be no way needful? or are they so formidable that the King should fear them? The first *cannot be*, because 'tis no lessening King George to say his Majesty may have an Occasion for all his People; and the other *cannot be*, because no Princes can have reason to fear their Friends. It is the Peculiar of the Dissenters, that they are, to a Man, for the Interest of the present Government, as well for the manner of the King, as the Scripture calls it, (*Sam.* . . . . . ,) as the person of the King. There is not one Jacobite to be found among them, or ever was, that I have heard of.

Nor are they so by Inclination only, but by Interest; *'Tis safer to trust those whose Interest binds them to be honest*, than those *whose Principle binds them*, because *there are always in the World more Knaves than Fools*. If the Dissenters had any other Interest than what concurs with the present Administration, their Enemies might use some Arguments to have them distrusted, on Pretence that they were *Knaves:* But if their *Safety* is wrapt up in the present Establishment; if they are undone whenever this Government is overwhelmed, and by the consequence of any Revolution must be ruined; if they fall when this Government falls, and stand in the stability of King George's throne; then call them KNAVES as much as ye please, unless ye can say they are FOOLS, or Lunaticks, they must be for King George, and that *for ever*.

How hard is the lot of a King of Great Britain above other Kings, if he should not be at liberty to be *for them* that are *for him*;—that his Majesty should be obliged by the Fatality of the Constitution to call Evil Good, and Good Evil; to count his Friends his Enemies; to employ those that hate him, and reject those that dare dye for him.

And altho', it is true, that the present Debates of this matter

do not extend to the entire Deliverance of the Dissenters; yet do all the same Arguments move strongly in their behalf, for so much Liberty as is intended for them, let it be what it will; leaving it to their Behaviour on one hand, and to the wisdom of the Nation on the other, to enlarge that Liberty, and set them more entirely Free, when they shall think fit.

It cannot be but Time, and a long series of Loyalty to the Government, and of peaceable Principles to their Neighbours, will one Time or other, convince even the very Enemies of the Dissenters that they are not the People they have been represented; and that however by the necessity of Conscience, and the power of meer Scruples, they may be obliged to separate in communion from the Church, yet that they do not separate either in Charity or Affection; and are so far from being desirous to pull down or overthrow the Church, *as has been suggested*, that they on all Occasions must be, even by the Nature of things, always ready to uphold it; of which their conduct in King James's time is a Proof, and their own divided Circumstances from one another is an unanswerable Argument to confirm it; and, of this last Part, perhaps, I may take occasion to give you one Trouble more of this Nature, in the meantime, pray do me Justice in giving the world as much of this Letter as you think is to the purpose.

Your Humble Servant,

December 30. MEETING HOUSE.

Appeal for Insolvent Debtors.

M. J., Jan. 3, 1719. . . . How strange is the circulation of humane Affairs in this particular Case, and how just are the Revolutions of Providence in its Government of the Things of this World! How many hard-hearted Creditors have I blamed for their unmerciful Treatment of their unhappy Debtors, who are at this Time become Suppliants for the same Mercy which they have denied to others.

I could give Instances of wonderful Turns in Affairs of this kind in the World. A was a Shopkeeper in London, and broke in debt to B a Merchant; A oftentimes entreated him (B) to accept a Surrender upon Oath of all his Effects, even to the Clothes on his Back. Friends interceded, arguments innumerable were used with B, but all in vain; at length, one

freer than ordinary told him, he would do well to consider the Uncertainty of human Things, that he was a Trader as well as the other, and that he knew not what he might meet with in the World. B replies with disdain that he thanks God he is above the World, he fears nothing; and, Sir, for A, he shall pay his Debt or rot in a Gaol. A, reduced to extremity, *did so*, viz, perished miserably, for mere want and distress, in Prison; and his Family endured inexpressible Hardships in the World as the Consequence of it. In some years, one of A's Sons coming into business grew rich; and B, with all his Pride and Cruelty, fails, and owes A's Son a great Sum of Money; and, *O! the Wonders of Sovereign Retribution!* I am the Man, Mr. Mist, that in behalf of B, (inexorable B!) have been soliciting and imploring A's Son, (miserable expired A!) who rotted in Gaol at B's Suit, to have Mercy upon B.

Let our Prisons be examined, and how many Instances of the Revolutions in Trade may we see there? Nay, have we not seen even Members of former Parliaments, (I say former Parliaments,) to whom earnest Applications and Supplications of unhappy Shelterers and Prisoners have been made in vain, reduced to the same Refuges, and even to the same Circumstances which they have refused to deliver others from? No Post, no Posture in human Affairs is above the reach of Disasters; and the greatest Masters of Wealth have been seen to fall into the extremest Poverty. It is not many years ago since I saw an Example of a Citizen,—in this famous Money-getting, Stock-jobbing Town,—appear with an Equipage equal to a Prince, boast of three hundred thousand Pounds in his Pocket, have the Price of Stocks at his Command, and a Regiment of Brokers at his Heels, have all the Homage of Exchange Alley paid him, and all that would get Money by him listened to his Voice,—as to BUY and SELL,—like an Oracle; and—within the space of Five Years—I saw the same Man led into a Judge's Chamber in the Arms of his few Friends, faint, and not able to uphold his Grief, weeping like a Child, in order to be discharged by the Act of Parliament, at one Penny per Pound Composition, and not able to pay that, his Debts being near One Hundred Thousand Pounds.

Such is the changing Disposition of the trading World; and would Men consider of it, a Tradesman, of all Men in the

World, should never be cruel to a Debtor; for if not to himself, (and he may think himself secure,) yet it is ten for one but every Act of Cruelty shall, at one Time or other, be paid back with Interest to some of his Posterity.

And let the most flourishing Tradesman enquire, (supposing him of a trading Race,) and tell me, where a Family of Traders can be found without one Insolvent among them; let him consider *how sure he is,* that if none of his Father's Children have been Bankrupts, none of his own shall be so: *How sure he is* that none of his Family shall beg for the same Mercy that he denies. This alone, well weighed, would soften the hearts of Creditors, and move them to consider well before they set their Hands to the Fate of Families, send Fathers to that worst of Graves a Prison, and Orphans a begging; lest their own Posterity beg and be denied,—lest their own children be reproached with the Inhumanity of their Parents, and left to perish. . . . . .

A certain Tradesman in this Town had his Debtor, *for but a small Sum,* in Prison, and upon Application for Mercy to the Man, he consults his Wife; she flies out in a Rage at the Debtor,—he was a Villain, a Rogue, a Cheat, he deserved to be hanged more than a Highwayman, it was picking Folk's Pockets, &c., and,—"My Dear," says she, "Get your Money, Make him pay you, or let him lie where he is till he does; I would not bate him a Farthing."

"Why, Madam," says one that pleaded hard for the Miserable Man, "do you esteem every Man that breaks, to be a Thief and a Villain, and to deserve the Gallows?" The Lady's Passion suffering her not to think, she answers YES!—not reflecting that the Gentleman would most rationally answer with an unhappy Question:—"*Why, Madam, Did not your Father break, and is not your Brother broke, and if Mercy had not been shewn to your Father, where had you been? and how had you been married to this Gentleman?*" The rash exasperated Creature, though silenced by the just Reproach, yet continued her Rage against the Debtor, who lies still under the Weight of his Disasters. . . . . .

I cannot doubt, Mr. Mist, but if these Things are faithfully and impartially stated, and laid before our Representatives in Parliament, they will be moved with Compassion, and will

consider of some Ways to relieve the Distresses of so many thousand Families as are at this time sinking under the Calamities of Debt. . . . . .

Yours, &c., INSOLVENT.

General Conflagration of the Moral World.

M. J., Jan. 10.—Mr. Mist, I think there are none of our Philosophers who do not agree, that as the World was once deluged by *Water,* so it is to suffer its final Convulsion by *Fire:* nor is it a very improper Observation of some Philosophers, that even the Nature of the Earth itself is like a *Fire-ball,* all combustible; and, that as the Situation of the Antediluvian World, like an Egg-shell, adapted it to an Irruption, or *Breaking-in,*—so ingulphing the Surface (Earth) in the (Abyss) Water,—and thereby making what we call a Deluge; so a General Conflagration may be introduced by the excessive Increase of those Subterranean Fires, which we know are already found in the most combustible Part of the Soil; and thus the Volcanoes or burning Mountains, of which the World is at this Time fuller than ever, extending their Fires to a Conjunction with one another, may soon set this Fire-ball (Earth) into one General Blaze, called Conflagration.

From whence, to take all the learned Whimsies as we go, the judicious Burnet says, that Italy, Sicily, &c. being in its Substance more sulphurous and combustible than any other Parts, and there being more burning Mountains there than in any Particular Spot of Ground in the World, the Conflagration will be very likely to begin there; which gave the Hint to the Arch Wag, who said to the Pope, that if his Holiness was convinced of his being the *Whore of Babylon,* he was very much a Fool to take up his Residence at Rome, where being first burnt, he might give Occasion to all the Enthusiasts of the Times to triumph over him, and say, the Prophecies of him were fulfilled.

But to bring their Doctrine to a true Explanation,—and to the present Design in particular. As they all allow the General Conflagration to be many Ages in its Operation, and it being a Natural Effect, it shall operate upon Natural Causes;—pray satisfy me whether the Inflammations in the *Minds* of Men may not be some part of that Fire? *If so,* and you consider

rightly the Temper that rages among the Inhabitants of this Land, my Question is, in short, Whether you may not give the Alarm, and assure your Readers the General Conflagration is begun here, and it will not be long before, *Philosophically speaking*, all the World may be in a Flame?

And do not mistake me, *Mr. Mist*, I do not mean allegorically of the Fire of War; I have no such Politicks in my Thoughts about these Things; but I speak of the furious raging Fire of Strife, Envy, Malice, and universal Divisions among us, which fill the World with a Madness equal even to the Fire of Hell. Certainly no Flame like this to burn up the whole Globe; no Temper like this to take Fire, when the great Command shall summons the Earth to burn, and the Elements of Fire to lay hold of it.

But if you will not allow material Fire to have any Share in the inflaming *Men's Minds* in the World, then—for the sake of all Enquirers present and to come,—inform me, Oh Mist! of what Nature is the Flame? How come Men to Commence Devils? Whence are the mildest Tempers turned into Furies? And from what Original is it, that, as if we were already in Hell, or could fancy ourselves there in reality, we see Men, like Devils, tearing the very Souls of one another out of their Bodies, spitting Poison and unquenchable Fire out of their Mouths at one another, raging with implacable Envy, irreconcileable Malice, and invincible Hatred at one another? I say could we fancy ourselves in Hell, could we realize the Temper of the damned Spirits there to our Imaginations, thus it is without doubt; and not in a worse degree than some that are to be found among the Men of this Age; and from whence then doth it come?

Inform me, I say, what combustible Matter is it in the Souls of Men that is thus adapted to take Fire, and what Flame is it that has thus taken hold of that Matter? And when your Hand is in, let us know whether this intestine Flame is ever to be quenched, or whether it is to burn on, and become a General Conflagration of Men, as the other is to be a General Conflagration of Matter? for to be brief, this is my Notion of the Thing.

If it is quenchable, show us how to throw Water upon it,—what Engine will reach it,—and when, and in what manner it

is likely to be put out; though I tell you plainly I think it impossible: and that, as it was Kindled from Hell, so it will burn to the Devil, and only at last disembogue itself in the bottomless Pit.

Good Night.

W. E. P., Jan. 10.—They write from Carthagena that Father Manuel D'Alexo, *a Trinitaire,* who religiously employs himself to beg Charity to Redeem Christian Slaves from the Turks, and goes over himself to see the money laid out, is arriv'd there from Algier, from whence he has brought with him 275 Christian Slaves, which he has releas'd there by paying their Ransom. This admirable example in an old Fryar we think deserves to be made publick.

Satire against Spanish Boasting.

W. E. P., Jan. 17.—Sir, You have spent some of your Thoughts upon the subject of the Spanish War; and your Wisdom, *and't shall please you,* or *whether't shall please you or no,* has spent your Verdict more to our satisfaction upon the serious part of it than upon that which we think deserves to be esteem'd ludicrous and ridiculous. How is it possible you can be serious upon such a wild Subject as this of the Spaniards making War with all the World? Is there no Satyr due to such Madness as ought to make half the World laugh?

I have heard of a Spanish Knight, call'd *Don Quixote,* and his Adventure of the Windmill, and I have been told by my Grandfather's Nurse,—an old Woman well read in *Mother Shipton,*—that Don *Ferdinand Francisco de Braggadocio* was a Spaniard, and that Don *Henrico de Rhodomontado* was his Cousin German, twice remov'd; I also observe, that in the French Nation, those Provinces which border most upon Spain, are most addicted to Bluster in their Temper; and therefore, that when a mad Hectoring Frenchman braggs and makes a noise, draws his sword at the Moonshine, and falls a cutting and slashing of a Post, we call him a *Gascoyn,* (which, it seems, is one of the Provinces of France, the people of which, as History tells, are descended from the Spaniards) and that from

them the blustering temper of the World, which shews itself that way, is called Gasconade: all which observations are of some use to Enquirers in the present Case.

I remember about the year 1674, a Relation of mine, who serv'd in Flanders in an English Regiment commanded by the brave Earl of *Ossory*, told me a story of a Frenchman and a Spaniard, that fell out in a Cabaret or Tavern in Brussels: They were both, it seems, men of Quality and men of Honour, and had considerable posts in the army; but the Spaniard, not content to give the Frenchman ill language upon himself personally, reflected upon his whole Nation, and calling them Poltroons and Cowards, challeng'd him to meet him the next Morning, and that he (the Spaniard) would bring but five Gentlemen with him, and that he would fight him (the Frenchman) and twenty of the best Frenchmen he would find to come with him. The French Gentleman, as modest as brave, told him 'twas not an offer fit for any Gentleman to accept; but told him he would meet him man for man, with twenty French Gentlemen, or as many as he would agree to bring with him, upon condition he would do him the Honour to let him be the first Man himself.

Accordingly they met near the Canal, and fought twenty on a side; but fought single, Man to Man, on Horseback, one at a time, the two Principals being the first couple, in which the French Gentleman Kill'd the Spaniard at the first charge, and the next four French men Kill'd the next four Spaniards upon the spot; after which the rest thought it convenient to agree, and let the engagement go on no farther.

If I should liken this mad Challenge to the present undertaking of the Spaniards against the new Allies, one to four; when any one of the first three of those four is an overmatch for the Spaniards, single-handed; I think the *Gascognade* of it would be much the same; and should they engage, I believe, the success would be much the same.

It is true, it is not for any of us to determine the fate of War, or to boast *before we put the Armour off;* but I refer it with all the modesty and temper possible, to the sedatest, most considerate, and judicious person alive,—perfectly unbyass'd, not prepossess'd or prejudic'd one way or other,—and let him speak impartially. Is it anything but Madness in Spain to

enter into such a War? And did ever any Nation in th World act in a manner so preposterous and improbable before

Allow Spain to be recover'd from the Lethargy of its las hundred Years Circumstances, by the conduct of Cardina Alberoni; grant that the Finances of Spain may be as entirel as you please restor'd, by the prudent management of Monsieu *Orrey;* allow their Revenue to be clear from all Anticipation and Assignations, and to amount to seven millions sterling *pe annum,* (which is a million and a half more than they them selves boast of,) allow their military conduct to be restored and the Troops of Spain to be as good now as they were in the time of Philip the Second, nay as good now as they wer contemptible ten years ago.

Yet what is Spain, and what the power of Spain to th united Powers of Europe? What is Spain, surrounded wit the Armies of France, the Navy of England, the Victoriou Troops of the Emperor, and the innumerable Discouragement of losing the King of Sicily, losing the King of Sweden, losing the States of Holland, and *which is worse than all,* losing their Fleet?

What, I say, is Spain! that she should entertain Thought of herself suitable to such an Attempt? Certainly 'tis what no one of the Allies would undertake, were the Tables turn'd upon them, no not the strongest of them. The Emperor would not pretend to it; France herself has given sufficient Testimonies that she would not Adventure it, by her declining the War, tho' she might have acted in conjunction with Spain, and the King of Sicily, as she ought no doubt at first have done.

England, or Great Britain herself, (as bold as we dare talk,) would not have undertaken it, I dare say, tho' at present in the most powerful Circumstance that ever this Nation was: Nay, were all those Powers to joyn against us that now joyn against Spain, and we could not by any ways make Peace, without stooping to the propos'd Accommodation, we would certainly submit to the conditions, and no longer stand out to the hazard of our Peace, Commerce, and future Safety, as is the Case in Spain.

But for Spain to stand out, upon the meer Foundation of her own Strength, and that but in a new kind of Infancy; nothing but a State Lunacy, an Infatuation beyond what was

ever seen before, (the holding out of *Jerusalem* against the *Romans* excepted,) can be the Foundation of it.

Let the best Friend of Spain in all Cardinal Alberoni's new Club, *as they call it*, (where they sing his New Song twice a week:) I say, let the best Friend of Spain cast up the Strength which is now leagu'd against King Philip, and cast up the highest Pretensions on the Cardinal's side, and see how they will Stand.

The Kingdom of France, always esteem'd, till broken in upon by the late, (*to them terrible*,) War, the most powerful Nation in Europe, is not only now an Enemy, but (provoked by the late treacherous conspiracy,) an exasperated Enemy,—a particularly animated Enemy to Spain,—and resolv'd to attack her by Land with all her Forces; those Forces that so long sustain'd a War almost against whole Christendom.

The Emperor, victorious over the Infidels, and possess'd of the best Army, and the best Generals, now in being in the World; having no other Enemy to divert him, is fully at leisure to employ the whole power of the House of Austria against this one Enemy, and heartily inclin'd to do it.

The King of Sicily, provok'd to the last degree by being injuriously attack'd,—and engag'd by Interest to replace himself on a Throne, to which, till he can win it by the Sword, he has none but a nominal right,—is the hearty and implacable Enemy of Spain.

The King of Great Britain, resolv'd to establish Peace in the World, is his declar'd Enemy; not from any personal animosity, but as he (the King of Spain), is at present the only disturber of the general Tranquillity.

To oppose these, what is the Power, and who are the Allies of Spain? And upon what Foundation is the War on their part to be carry'd on? As to the Power of Spain, if it was to be spoken of in a Discourse relating to a War against any single Prince, it might be said Spain was a Powerful Nation, in some respects; tho', perhaps, even in any of the Powers now engag'd, *Sicily excepted*, her safety consists more in her remote situation, than in her Arms. But suppose she had all the Strength she pretends to, (viz.) 100,000 men on Land, and 50 Men of War at Sea,—one of which may be as true as the other, What is her Power compar'd to that of her Enemies in

this War? Is not France ALONE able to present an equal number of Troops on her Frontiers? Is not England ALONE able, *I say it without Boasting*, to blow all her 50 Men of War out of the Sea? Is not the Emperor able to bring another 100,000 men against Spain, if he could but come at her by Land, and is not England able to clear the Seas for their Transportation?

What then is Spain adoing? And what can Cardinal Alberoni propose to himself? Who are the Allies of King Philip in this War? For no question he that has so many Enemies must have *some Friends* in the World to assist him. Why truly all their Confederates that I meet with yet, in the strictest Enquiry, are as follows, (viz.)

The mighty Prince de Cellamare, with a deep but ill-layd Plot, a Reserve of Faussauniers to disturb the Peace, and the hope (*since lost*) of making a Diversion in France.

The late potent Duke of Ormond, and his extraordinary Interest, Conduct, and Politicks.

The Pope,—when he is out of the Clutches of the Imperialists.

If Spain has any more Allies,—especially now the King of Sweden is dead,—I would be glad to know who they are. Now if these are all the Dependencies of Spain, as I believe everybody will grant they are, I would have the best Friend the King of Spain has among us in this Island tell me, if anything not demented, not bereav'd of common Sense, as well as of common Prudence, can say of the Spaniards entring into this War, that it is one Jot less ridiculous than Don *Quixot's* fighting with the Windmill? And I question not but it will have an End justly proportion'd to its Beginning.

Yours, &c.

Story of a Puritan Chaplain.

M. J., Jan. 31.—Mr. Mist,—Since you think fit to give religious Questions a place sometimes in your Paper, and incline, as they say, to give an Honest Answer to them, which in this *Masquerading Age*, is sometimes difficult to obtain, especially in Religion, things *of that kind* seeming many ways in a kind of Disguise; I take leave to claim some share in your favour, and by your help to expose, (in order to reform them,) two ill

practices, which are, partly by want of due Reverence to Religion, and partly by Hypocritical pretences to it, crept in among us; and these are, first an Atheistical Contempt of Religion, by omitting to acknowledge our Maker (who is our General Provider) in saying Grace before our Meat; Secondly, a Pharisaical tedious long Grace, equal to the Prayers of those People who made them at the corner of a Street, *to be seen of Men.*

The first of these, good Men justly blame; and Reason joins to argue, that as we all acknowledge who it is that gives us our Meat, 'tis but just we should pull off our Hats, and *ask Him leave to eat it,* for it is no more. The last of these Practices good Men despise, seeing the Nature of the Thing dictates, that it is neither reasonable to Man, nor required by Heaven, that this should be a time of a long Prayer. In a word, as the one is Prophane, and the other, generally speaking, Hypocritical, I think they are both worthy our just Reproof. Pray what think you?

But to make this Case as well plain, as agreeable to your Readers, that therefore it may be of the more Force with them, I desire you will add to it this brief Trifle, which I believe you will find to the purpose, and suitably adapted both to the Case, and to the improvement of it.

In the late time of the Rebellion in these Nations, there was a certain Noble Person, a true Loyalist, and eminent Soldier, as well as a Sufferer in the cause of the King; who, tho' he was a Cavalier, and that without exception, in all the other part of his Behaviour, yet had a Chaplain, who,—notwithstanding he was as vehement in the cause of Loyalty to his Sovereign as the Earl his Master was,—yet at the same Time, in his Religion, a little inclined to what was then called a *Puritan.* However, for the instruction of our Separatists, you may take this with you, that he was one of those Puritans, who, though he did not like so well as he should do, the Ceremonies of the Church, yet he abhorred making a Schism in the Church; and though he declined some part of her service, yet he had too much love to the Christian Unity to separate from her in Communion.

Among the rest of this man's singularities, (for some it seems he had,) this was one, the being much for Extempore

Prayers; he took many occasions to show it, and among the rest this in particular, viz., the making long Graces before and after Meat, and though his Lord, who had a great Value for his old Chaplain, (the man being in himself a man of real worth,) had often hinted his dislike, yet he could not break him of it.

It happened in the consequence of that unnatural War, and the frequent Marchings of the Army, and of the King in person with them, that his Majesty—being on an Expedition of moment,—did his Lordship the honour to dine one day, upon a March, at his House in the north of England,—having few attendants,—and particularly no Chaplain with him; by which means the Chaplain of the Family was of course to be called in to say Grace.

My Lord, knowing it was to no purpose to speak to his Chaplain, and knowing his Majesty's disposition to bear such things, when duly apprized of them, resolved to take it that way,—told his Majesty the Case, and gave him a just Character of his Chaplain, his Piety, his sound Principles as to the Church, and particularly his Loyalty to his Majesty: *But,* adds my Lord, *I fear he will tire your Majesty with a long Grace. Well, well!* says the King, *we will bear with that, if he does not spoil the Dinner.* At the proper time the Chaplain was called in,—being a comely ancient Clergyman, in his Cassock only and Surcingle, (not his Gown,—) he comes up to the Table, made his Reverence to the King with great humility, and after that to his Lord, and to all the Company; and then, lifting up his Hands and his Eyes, with a Face full of Seriousness and Devotion, and no appearance of Fanaticism, *I assure you,* said only these Words, *Give us this Day our daily Bread!* and making his low Bows to the King, and to the Company, as at first, retired.

The King smiling, and turning to the Master of the Feast; *My Lord,* said his Majesty, *is this your Puritan? Yes, Sir,* says his Lordship, *but he has agreeably surprised me. You have pre-engaged him,* says the King. *I assure your Majesty,* says my Lord, *I never once spoke to him, directly nor indirectly, since I had notice of your Majesty's being to do me this Honour.*

After Dinner, the old Minister was called in again; and

coming up with the same Gravity, and paying his Reverence to the King, as before, putting himself into the same Posture of Devotion, with his Hands and Eyes lifted up, he says aloud, —*Hallowed be thy Name!*—makes his Bows, and withdrew.

The King was surprized, and speaking to all his Attendants, most of them being Noblemen and great Officers in the Army; *I profess*, said his Majesty, *I never knew anything more to the purpose in my Life;* and ordered ten broad Pieces of Gold to be given to the Minister.

Pray, Mr. Mist, seeing this ancient Disciple was called a *Puritan*, be so much concerned for Truth, as to enquire diligently among the Separatists of this Age, let them be of what Denomination they will, and let me know if you can find any such Puritans among them; and let them, or any of their Defenders, tell you, if they can, whether with all their Extempore tedious Performances, they can form a better Grace, either before or after Meat, than what this Excellent Man singled out for their Pattern?

Yours, &c.

Confession of a Thief.

M. J., Feb. 7.—We are told that one of the Criminals convicted last Sessions, confess'd, among other Robberies, that he had taken from a Gentleman, then in Court, a certain number of Guineas; the Gentleman owned that he had lost so much Money, but did believe he could be wronged by no body but his own Servants; however, the Prisoner still insisting that he had committed the Fact, the Gentleman desired him to give an account of the manner and circumstances of the Robbery, which to oblige him he did, as follows, viz., that one Night, while the Servants were in a hurry upon some Occasion, the Thief gets into the House, and hides himself in a Closet adjoining to the Gentleman's Bedchamber, after which the Gentleman calls a maid Servant into the Room, and bid her go up to her own Chamber, and he would follow presently; away went the Maid, and up gets the Gentleman, and goes up Stairs; the Thief immediately came into the Chamber out of the Closet; seizes upon the Gentleman's Breeches, and takes out the Money, and as soon as he had done went out of the House the same Way he came in. The Thief was so ingenuous in his Confes-

sion that the Gentleman was not very pressing with him to answer any more Questions.

Note, we thought it proper to mention no other Circumstances, to prevent Family Broils.

Individual Foibles National Benefits.

M. J., Feb. 7.—Mr. Mist,—You have sometimes given yourself Leave to admit Letters in praise of good Men and good Things: I hope you will continue disposed to gratify your Friends that Way still, though My Subject may a little surprize you. I have a great Mind to bestow some Panegyricks upon the Times; and first of all, I think it would not be amiss to write something in Praise of that modern Virtue which Men call *Faction.*

Without doubt, it is one of those Mistakes which by long Practice is become like mere Nature to us, and is not practised among us at the Choice of our People, on one Side or on the other, but by Necessity, being the Consequence of either our Climate, our Constitution, or our Government: And on any of these Accounts, Mr. *Mist,* you must allow, it ceases any longer to become a Vice, whatever it was before; for certainly you will not suggest, that there is any such thing as a necessary Vice in the World, much less in the State. I shall illustrate my new Doctrine by some parallel Cases.

There are many other Things in the World, which being esteemed Vices in former Ages, are absolutely necessary Branches of the publick Prosperity. Let us examine the Branches a little. Hard Drinking, for Example, seems to be grown necessary in its Degrees, to maintain the Appropriations upon the Duties on Wine, and keep the Funds from Deficiency, that the publick Credit, which is essential to the very Government, may not suffer; and I do not know, but that, if you should leave off drinking Wine, your old Friend, the *Flying Post,* might charge you with being in a Plot against King *George,* and conspiring to sink the publick Credit, by lessening the Funds; therefore have a care, *Mist,* of such an impolitick Sobriety.

Thus Pride, in the next Place, is, I think, metamorphosed into a national Virtue, by the change of our Circumstances. She was once, indeed, exploded for a common Strumpet, em-

ployed in debauching the People; but this was in our Fathers' Days, who knew no better, and railed at those who came next them; but we, *you know*, are grown wiser, Mr. *Mist*, than our Fathers; and being resolved to entertain this Lady, and her Sister VANITY, which we were most deeply in Love with, have brought our modern Wisdom,—*which has, by the Way, more Policy than Wisdom in it*,—to a different Taste of Things, and to determine, that a necessary Degree of *Pride*, and a large Share of *Vanity*, are Virtues absolutely necessary to the Commonwealth, for the consumption of our Manufactures, and for the Employment of the Poor.

I appeal to the most religious Quaker-like Precisian in *Britain*, whether, should rigid sumptuary Laws pass the House, and the Pride shewn in Dress, Ornament, Gaity, and Richness of Clothes, (I mean extravagant overgrown Dress,) should be suppressed; whether it would not immediately deprive two Millions of our People of their Bread, send the Manufacturers a begging, and starve, I say, most unmercifully starve, the Poor?

For Example, Mr. *Mist*, (for I love to speak to the Reader's Understanding,) I will suppose a Law was to be made, and strictly to be put in Execution, (for else Laws, you know, are good for nothing,) to prohibit the wearing of Perriwigs, *Things in the primitive Days of Virtue never heard of*, and far from what we call necessary to Life: Suppose another Law to prohibit the wearing of Laces, whether made of Gold, Silk, or Thread;—another to prohibit the wearing of Silver or Gold in Buttons, Loops, Edgings, or any other Thing;—another prohibiting the Use of Plate in our Houses, or Jewels of any kind on our Necks, Hands, or Breasts;—and, last of all, an Act prohibiting the wearing of Silk, either in Stockings, Cloathes, Furniture for Houses, or anything whatever.

It must be owned, Mr. *Mist*, that the Use of all these Things have been introduced by our dear Friend *Pride* and her Sister *Vanity*; I believe you will not dispute that with me: And that, in former Days, they have been exclaimed against by our Philosophers, and preached against by our reformed Clergy, as the Handmaids of Vice, and Encouragers of Luxury, the Destroyers of our Morals, and the Ruin of our Youth.

Now I will appeal to your friend Mr. *Ridpath*, whether a Man would not be justly charged with a Design to excite Mutiny or Rebellion, if he should pretend to have these things entirely reformed? And whether it would not really be a most wicked and inhuman Thing to deprive 20,000 Noddle-Thatchers of their Livelihood, a Trade which they have served their Times, or are now serving their Times to learn? Whether it would not be an unchristian Thing, to destroy at once the Manufacture of Bone-Lace, &c., in this Kingdom, which, as the Dealers in it told the Prince lately, employed above a hundred thousand poor People in the Country; and who, in such Cases, would be left to Beg and Starve? And so of all the rest.

Is not then the Case altered, Mr. *Mist?* and are not all those dreadful Vices, which were formerly so openly condemned by the sober Part of Mankind, become new Virtues, and absolutely necessary to the Commonwealth? *Answer me this, if you can!*

Wherefore let us learn to turn our Tales: Preach no more to me, *Ye Pulpit Reformers*, to the Praise of threadbare destructive Sobriety; 'tis the Drunkard and the Beau that raise your Duties, establish your Funds, maintain your Credit, make the Money flow into the Exchequer, and make the Government terrible; it is the Extravagance of Dress, and the Improvement of the Virtue of *Vanity*, that employ your Poor, furnish your Shops, increase Trade, consume your Manufacture and Maintain your People; and when ever these Necessary Excesses are fully stopped, the Nation will be ruined: Millions of People will be turned out of their Employments, and consequently turn ravenous, and devour us. How ridiculously then do those People talk, who complain of the Vice of this Age! and what a Pack of empty ill-judging People are those we call Agents for Reformation of Manners! when, it is plain, to reform us would be to ruin us; for, to reform in Part, will do no good at all, and, to reform in the whole, Would destroy our Trade.

Blessed be thou, O Vice! says Trade, to the new Modes of Dressing: How I do thrive by thy Assistance! But for thee, my City of *London* would fall of itself; all the Props and Scaffolding that now support her crazy Houses, would not

keep her up! But for thee, all our Shopkeepers must turn Bankrupts, our Apprentices turn Beggars, and our sober virtuous Milliner Ladies turn W——s. Without thee, O glorious Vanity! how could our Government stand! The Manufacturers would Mutiny, our Weavers rebel, and the Rabble go distracted, and who should be found to reduce them to Reason? And indeed, what Reason could we propose to them why they should sit still and starve,—be patient without Bread,—and bid go about their Business,—when their Business, viz., their Employments, were taken away from them?

Hail, *Virtuous Pride! Regular Vanity!* and *Necessary Luxury!* How are we obliged to your Excellencies for our Commerce, for the Improvement of Arts, for the Encouragement of Industry, for the preserving the Poor from Want, and supplying the Rich with their Wealth! In publick, or in private, we cannot subsist without you; at home or abroad you are our Supporters, nay, I had almost said, our only Supporters.

Let every branch of our Foreign Commerce be examined; which of them is it that receives not their vital Support from your Assistance? Who but your mighty Selves are the Life and the Soul of our Importation? For, what considerable Things do our Fleets bring home from any Part of the World, but on your Account? Necessaries are the Product of our Land, but Superfluities are the Offspring of Trade.

It is by you that our *East India* Company makes prodigious Sales; by your Aid their Stocks advance 200 per Cent. more than they are worth. It is by you that our *Turkey* Ships come home rich in Silks; our *Italian* Ships in Wine and Oil; our *Spanish* in Silver and Pearl; and our *French* in Perfumes.

Food and Raiment are the Sons of *Britain;* Gayety and Taudry are the Bastards of Foreigners; but alas! Mr. *Mist,*—how have the Daughters of Pride been legitimated into the Family! How have Vanity and Luxury become Domesticks; and we cannot, without Difficulty, determine which are the most necessary to the common Household of the Nation. Our very Prosperity becomes Dependant upon Crime. Without our Excesses, Commerce would die, Navigation be ruined, the concourse of Strangers among us cease, our Flux of wealth

decline, and the formidable Figure we now make in the World decay.

In a word, the Nation would grow poor for want of Pride, and weak for want of Vice: Heavens! what Times are we come into! that the Manufactures of Hell grow the Staple of our Trade; and we are upheld by those very Things we ought to be ashamed of.———But to return, Mr. *Mist*, to my first Proposal,—in like Manner is the publick Article of our Sense turned upside down;—and such is the Fate of Things, that as Pride and Luxury are made Virtues in our Trade, so Faction is become Physick to the State. To conclude, *Samson's* Riddle seems to be acted here in Perfection, *Meat is taken out of the Eater*, and the World wholly dressed *a la Masquerade.*

Your Friend and Servant,

Sir MALECONTENT CHAGRIN.

Miranda desires a Husband.

M. J., Feb. 21.—This being the second or third time we have been sent to by Madam Miranda, we hope at least one of her Readers will find himself obliged by this Publication.

Mr. Mist, The person that made his applications to me, proving insincere, I send this Publick Advertisement to you. I have fifteen hundred Pounds to my fortune, which is at my own disposal; and as to my Person I hope not disagreeable; and I can pronounce those irrevocable Words, *For better for worse*, with any Man I like, having nobody to controul me. Therefore, I give fair warning to all Bachelors, (for a Widower I have no notion of,) that if I could meet with a young Man, about twenty-four, of an Orthodox Principle, that has a fair reputable Character, well educated, and can give undeniable proofs of his unsully'd Virtue and Sobriety, one that is industrious, *Debonair*, good humour'd, facetious, and agreeable; with a Man that is bless'd with these excellent Endowments, I should think myself and my Fortune happily bestowed. Therefore, when your Bachelor Readers peruse this, if they are sensible they merit the above mention'd Character, let them send their Names and places of Residence to you, and upon the least intimation you give me in your Paper, I purpose to make choice of that Candidate for a Husband, which comes

nearest the Character I have drawn; and am your Constant Saturday's Reader, MIRANDA MEANWELL.

Postscript, I once more bar all Widowers from standing Candidates, or any Bachelors past Twenty Six.

Miranda's Offer replied to.

M. J., Feb. 28.—O what Difficulties do Mortal Men plunge themselves into, by rashly Adventuring upon things they understand not! This was the first reflection that occurred to Mr. Mist, when he found a vast heap of Letters appear to be put into his next Journal, in answer to a Letter he casually published in his last Paper from Mrs. *Miranda Meanwell.* Mr. Mist is a Bachelor, Madam, and though he does not presume to lay claim to you upon all the hard Conditions you have set down; and that perhaps his backwardness too may proceed from his having too mean an Opinion of himself; yet he thinks 'tis very hard that he should be obliged to hand the claims of so many of his Rivals. In short, having something fewer than 9 Dozen of Pretenders to this Lady upon the Conditions she has prescribed, he must beg her Ladyship's leave to tell her, that he thinks their taking upon them to deserve such a Character as she requires, is a strong negative upon their Merit to deserve her; and therefore, Mr. Mist would perswade the Lady to take the humble modest Lover where ever she can find him; that though he may have the greatest desire to win her, may think the least of his own Merit to deserve her. This he offers by way of Advice only.

And now he says, that out of such a Crowd of Letters, enough to fill up several Journals, being obliged to leave all of them but two; he has given her Ladyship these Letters to consider of, viz., one from a couple of old Bachelors, and another from a Person that pretends to capitulate with her about the Conditions, and if she pleases to give a categorical Answer to these two, she shall have the Character and Substance of the rest of her Claimants, summed up in a few Words in our next; in the meantime the two Letters are as follow, one directed to Mr. Mist, and the other to herself.

Madam, I am naturally extreamly compassionate and tender towards the Fair Sex, insomuch that whatever afflicts them

affects me; but I am in an extraordinary Manner concern'd on account of the Difficulties you are drove to, to get a Husband, even to the setting yourself to Sale, together with Horses, Hounds, &c. in the News Papers. Now I (professing myself a Knight-Errant, for the Relief of distressed Ladies,) hereby lay myself and Services at your feet, hoping to answer all your Conditions. As to my age, I am 24 years, seven months, three weeks, five days, 18 minutes, and 33 seconds old, at this instant of writing, for which I refer you to the Church-Book: as to my Orthodoxy, I refer you to our Parson; for my Education, to my Masters in the liberal Sciences; for my Industry and reputable Character, to my Creditors; for my *Debonair*, facetious, &c. Temper, to three merry clubs in Town; but whereas you insist upon undeniable Proofs of my unsullied Virtue, by which, I presume, you mean unquestionable Evidence who will give it upon Oath; though this may be difficult for any Man to do, bring but the like to swear to your own, (which doubtless you will think but Justice,) and I will undertake it; for you will not desire any Man to be upon the Square himself, and at the same time, (as the Vulgar have it,) buy a Pig in a Poke.

Nay, I will exceed your demands, in adding two very requisite qualifications, viz., Estate and Generosity; the first is visible to the World, and the last demonstrated by my advancing a Penny upon this to Mr. Mist, without the least Security for a valuable Consideration. A Lady of Sense also might expect a Man of Sense, but your omission of that Article may not reflect on your want thereof, since you may have too much to expect a Man of Sense would appear upon such Summons.

Now, Lady, if you will please to declare in the next Paper, that you are ready to give Proof (as above) as I am on my Part, I shall request the honour of Kissing your Hands. Madam,
Your Obedient Servant, FRANK FAITHFUL.

Mr. *Mist*, Lest the Lady *Miranda* should think herself slighted by our Sex, after so reasonable an advance on her side, and, I may say, so just an exception as that of Infidelity of her former Lover; we desire you to inform her in your next, that a Brace of Bachelors, (though to be ingenious with her, since Insincerity is what she so highly resents, they both exceed the age she mentions by some ten or a dozen Years,) I say, a Brace

of Bachelors, not very despicable, either for their Persons or Fortune, are ready to enter the Lists, to try if they can be so happy as to attain her good graces; but we must beg leave at the same Time, that she will not too nicely insist on that Romantick notion of good Humour, Industry, &c., but accept of it as generally it is found, and what is accounted such in the ordinary methods of Living; if this Caution may be well received, and she may be otherwise induced to pass by the overplus number of Years, mentioned above, we flatter ourselves we may, one or other of us, be worthy of the Honour she offers that Person she can like. Be pleased to insert this in your next; and if she will be so obliging as to let us know where and how we may handsomly discover our Circumstances and Places of Abode; we are ready to satisfy her in that Point, since she cannot but be too reasonable to imagine it could be done in a Publick Paper. Your constant, tho' unknown, Saturday's Readers,

THEOPHILUS LOVEWIT.
CHRISTOPHER CAREFUL.

The Same.

M. J., March 7.—We thought, according to our promise in the last Journal, to have given an Abstract of the Pretentions and the Pretenders to the demands of the Lady *Meanwell*, whose Letter was published the week before.

But as in our last we promised that abstract, by reason the number of Letters was too great to be inserted at large, so are we now under the same difficulty for the Abstract, as we were before for the Letters; the number being so increased, and still increasing, that Mr. Mist is afraid, at length, a whole Journal will scarce hold a List of them.

What strange work does one witty Lady, *with Fifteen Hundred D—ls* to her Portion, (as one of her Answerers calls it,) make among the Bachelor part of this Town! It was the opinion of some Men, learned in the Canon of Wooing, that of late the Women had the worst end of the Staff, or as *Traders in Love* call it, that the Market was on the Men's side; but it seems quite otherwise by what we can understand, when a young Lady, though nobody speaks a good Word for her but herself, and that she stands upon hard terms too as Wedlock

goes, we mean terms of Merit and Virtue, and yet so many Chaps to cheapen her, that the Broker can hardly give any Account of them.

We have for this reason deferred our general Account of these Gentlemen a little longer; because, as Letters from them come in every day, we are willing to stay till the Run is over, that we may give at least an Index of them altogether.

The Same.

M. J., March 14.—Mr. Mist, I have seen the two Letters published in your last Journal; and have perused part of the great Number you have given yourself the trouble to convey to me last Night. I am sorry Gentlemen who at the same time confess they are not within the Terms demanded, should give themselves the trouble of importuning, and me of denying. I desire you will give the Answers I have herewith sent you, to such of them to whom they relate; but I enjoin you to speak in your own Name, for I shall enter into no Debates on this subject with those to whom I am obliged by my Proposals to send a Negative. I understand you have many more, and some that you think worth publishing; when I see them you shall hear farther, and when this Tide of Folly is ebbed out, I shall not fail to give my Answer and Resolution, to be made as publick as my Proposal, in which I shall not fail to give my answer to yourself, Mr. Mist, as well as to the rest of the Gentlemen.

Yours, MIRANDA MEANWELL.

Mr. Mist, as above, being obliged to give Madam Meanwell's Answers in this Manner, speaking of her only in the third Person, desires the Gentlemen's pardon, if he gives the Answers in the very terms he received them; for, tho' they may think Mr. Mist their Rival, he is resolved to do them Justice in this Case. If they do not like the Answers, they must blame the Lady, and their ill Fortune.

Mr. Pope, near Paul's Wharf, says he has all the Qualifications the Lady expects; but she answers, that is too general, and he don't explain himself.

Mr. Fortune Hunter, of Oxford, is to be told, the Character he gives of himself was Agreeable enough, and would have gone a great Way; but the Lady takes it for an Affront that

he doubts her Veracity about her Fortune, and questions when she says 1500 Pounds, whether she means Pounds Sterling.

Mr. Moses Sobriety's Letter is come to hand, but as he owns he has not above half the Qualifications expected, the Lady says she can bate Nothing.

Jemmy Meanwell of Manchester's Letter is come to hand; the Lady says she has many Relations of the same name, and she does not know but he may be too near a-kin to her; besides she cannot like to live in Lancashire.

As for Jack Parchment, he is to take notice, that he does not say in his Letter he has any of the Accomplishments the Lady expects; but that he merits all the Accomplishments she expects; The Lady professes she does not understand him, and we profess we do not know how she should.

Mr. Robert Steer, a Stationer in Newgate Street, is to be told, that a Letter is received under such a Name and Direction, wherein he claims all the Qualifications; but the Lady craves leave, on his Account, to add one Article to her former Letter, (viz.) That the Gentleman she aims at must know how to Spell English.

Mr. S. W., of Ironmonger Lane, is desired to be satisfied with this Answer, that whereas he is sensible of his own Merit, the Lady says when she is sensible of it too, he may hear farther.

Mr. Poliarchus is desired to take Notice, the Lady rejects him for Courting an Anabaptist, seeing he owns by his Letter the Anabaptist Lady refused him for his being a Churchman, but he did not refuse her for being an Anabaptist.

To Mr. Samuel Orthodox,—with his four Vouchers, from the Rainbow Coffee-House in Ironmonger Lane,—we are ordered to Answer;—the Lady has put his Name down in her Prayer Book.

As to Don Ferdinando in Yorkshire, who has fell out with his Landlord, Miranda says his Case is to be pitied, and tho' the Landlord, is a meer Stranger to her, she thinks he must needs be a scurvy Fellow, and no doubt sooner or later will come to the Gallows. As for Ferdinando himself, the Lady says his Affair shall lye under Consideration.

As to Mr. Basilian Millis, to be heard of at The Three Golden Keys near Aldgate,—we have only this to say, borrowing from his own Letter, that it is a mistake Sir,—you are not next Oars.

Mr. T. D.'s Letter is received. The Lady answers,—she did not intend to say anything of the Stature of the Person she would accept of, so he need not have mentioned it; but since he has done it for her, she answers he is two inches too short for her.

Mr. K., to be heard of at Lloyd's Coffee-house, Lombard Street, Miranda bids us tell him in few words, she has heard of him,—and don't like him.

Mr. J. Cockshead's Letter is also received, from Fanchurch Street; but the Lady says, Cockshead is so near a-kin to Cockscomb, that she is afraid of him.

The Lady is very angry with Bob Harmless, of Bridgewater, who pretends to all the Qualifications, and yet, (as Miranda has been informed,) is a Stranger to every one of them; she has ordered us to tell Rob, his Assurance had almost given her the Vapours; besides, it seems he is a sort of a half Poet, which is such a Mungrel Cur as no Woman would care to be troubled with.

Mr. Tim. Lovewell's Letter is writ so passionately that, though the Lady began to like him, yet finding at last the real cause of his Passion, she ordered us to undeceive him, and desire him to read her Proposal over again, where he will find that her Fortune is not 15,000*l.* but 1500*l.*, and she knows that alters the Case mightily in such Sing-Song Lovers.

Mr. John Dowell of Totteridge in Hertfordshire, is desired to take Notice, that his Letter is received, with our Love and Service to him.

The good old Lady, who recommends her Grandson, is answered, with respect, that Mrs. Meanwell cannot think of a Man that cannot speak for himself.

Mr. Timothy Hardname is also to be told, that his Letter pleased the Lady wonderfully well, and we began to think he was to be the happy man, but for his Postscript.

As for Tom Stout, who, in the Words of an old Song, says, though he don't keep a Coach, yet being a Strong Fellow,

> She need not go a Foot,
> He can carry her About.

She answers in the words of another old Ballad:—

> She was ne'er at such a Pass
> To ride upon an Ass.

And as to a hundred and fifty more Letters, Mr. Mist answers, the Lady is so tired with them, that she is gone to Sleep; when she wakes they shall hear farther.

The Same.

M. J., March 21.—Mr. Mist makes no Question but that every body will grant to him that the Ladies Affairs are of much greater Value than those of Government, Kings, Emperors, and such Trifles; and that Matters of Love are of infinitely more consequence than Matters of State; so he hopes he need give no other Reason why he has adjourned private Things, such as long Discourses—upon the Dangers of the Nation from a foreign Invasion;—upon the great Advantages of a Protestant Wind, which blows so exactly for our safety, as if the sky itself were come into the Quadruple Alliance;—upon the forwardness of our Navy, part of which are at Sea;—and upon the raising Troops, the success of the new Levies, and the like;—and, is obliged to apply himself to that more weighty affair between Madam Miranda and her Pretenders.

The state of this Lady's Affair, it seems, stands at present thus, in few Words; having received an almost innumerable number of Letters in answer to her first Proposal of Matrimony, she dispatch'd some of them by our Hands in the last Journal, their substance being, in her Opinion, perfectly remote from the matter. That some of them may have Weight she does not deny, and therefore has order'd them to be honoured in her Name with a Publication at length; and as to those which are still omitted, she desires the Parties may take her silence for the best Answer that can be given them.

The first of these to be published, is a very ingenious good-humour'd Letter in French; the Lady commands us not to translate it, because, she says, it is not easy to make a Translation equal to the Original, or to do Justice to the Author, in the spirit, vivacity, and the beauty of the Expression; but as to the Gentleman himself, the Lady only says, that she is very sorry he is not an Englishman, which happens to be one of the Circumstances which she long ago obliged herself to.

Next to this, we were oblig'd to insert, at large, a Letter written from this Lady's former Lover, who claims to do himself, and her too, some Justice, in rectifying some Misunder-

standings that have happened between them, and which have perhaps been the Occasion of the Lady's looking abroad to please herself better; Now we cannot deny but that the Gentleman is very much in the right to recover her if he can, and herein we should do him Justice by publishing his Letter; but we are now prevented from inserting either of these Letters at this time.

*Sweden. Death of Baron Goertz.**

M. J., March 21.—Our Letters from abroad come very well stored with News this Week, and some Incidents have happened which are very particular. From Sweden, (N.B. We begin at the farther End, that we may talk our way home,) they have surprized us with the sudden Dispatch of their Judicial Proceedings in the Case of Baron Gortz, and the Count Vandernath, whom, since our last Accounts, they have try'd and condemned, and have executed the former; when we were expecting that those Gentlemen, who insisted that they did nothing without the King of Sweden's express order, would have been released.

The Baron was condemned to die, according to our Account, the 11th of February, and the first of March, old style, was brought out to Execution,—which, if it be so,—seems a little GOTHICK; he had the favour of being carryed in a Coach to the place of Execution, and appeared with an undaunted Courage, tho' decent and composed; he viewed with a serious Countenance the Crowds of People that appeared to see his Exit, and saluted such as he had knowledge of; when he came to the place, he mounted the Scaffold without the least Discomposure, having with him a Divine, and some of his Domestics; when he saluted the Magistrates, who appeared to attend the Execution, he desired leave to speak something to the people, but was denied it, and told he had nothing to do but to turn his Thoughts toward Heaven; upon which, seeing they refused him the liberty, he applied himself resolutely to the work of the place, and calling his Gentleman to him, after some few Words to him about his Funeral, he bade him pull off his Coat and Waist-coat, and putting on a white Waist-coat

* Defoe afterward enlarged this Account into a pamphlet, to which a portrait of the Baron was prefixed.—*Ed.*

and Cap, without any ceremony, but making some short ejaculations to Heaven, bad the Executioner do his office, who at one stroke severed his head from his body. The Count Vandernath, formerly a Tutor to the young Duke of Holstein, received his sentence at the same time as the Baron, which was not to be put to death, but to be imprisoned during Life.

The same Letters add, the Queen of Sweden was to be crowned the 14th of March, New Stile; but they say nothing of giving the title of King to the Hereditary Prince of Hesse Cassel; they speak something of notifying the death of the late King to several Courts. It is said the Baron Gortz proposed at his Tryal that he had done nothing without the express command of the King of Sweden; but that he depended upon the Honour and Goodness of the King his Master for his authority, not thinking of his Death; and that when he received his sentence he said to some about him, *that the Bullet that had killed the King had slain him also:* And on this occasion it is that some say he made his own Epitaph in these few words:—

Mors Regis, Fides in Regem, mors mea.

A Stock-Jobber's Confession.

M. J., March 28.—Sir,—Talking the other day with a Stock-Jobber, who had some losing Bargains of Bearskins to pay for, he told me very frankly, that he had a good clear Estate before this fall of Stocks, but that if he made good those Contracts, he should lose 37,000*l.* sterling; I asked him then, "Sir,—What will you do?" "Do?" says he; "why the Jobbers are a gang of Rogues: to cheat them is but dealing with them in their own way; I won't pay them a Farthing." "Well," quo' I, "but how will you shew yourself? You cannot be able to go about." "Yes, yes," says he. "I have a PROTECTION for that, so *I cannot be arrested.* Besides," says he, "there is not a Rogue of them all will stand trial with me upon any of their kind of Contracts." "How do you mean, Sir?" said I. "Mean?" says he. "Why, there is not one of those Bearskin Bargains will stand in Law." I argued that with him some time, and it was my opinion that he was mistaken; but he continued very positive in it; however, he dropped the discourse to run into this that followed. "Now suppose," says

he, *for the purpose only*, that they would at last have the better of me at Common Law, I having made a Bargain to deliver or accept of Stock, at such a low, or such a high rate.

"This suit at Law shall perhaps hold six months' time before it comes to a Trial, or perhaps more; it may be twice as long; if at any time during the depending of the suit, the Stock sinks low enough for me to deliver it, or rises high enough for me to accept it to my advantage, as it is great odds but it may do any way in that time; I shall tender my Stock or Money in Court, and they will be bound to accept it, and what will become of the Stock-jobber?"

This argument appeared so well supported, according to my understanding, that I concluded we Israelite Whigs had got a rare opportunity to cheat Egyptian Tories; and that we ought accordingly to make use of it. Pray what think you of this, Mr. Mist? Will it not do rarely well on our Side, every time you Tories trump your Invasions and Rebellions upon us to lower the Stocks, and sink the Public Credit? Do you not think we have found out a good way to make you bear the charges of your own Jest?

Farewell, MIST.

M. J., March 28.—*Anecdotes.*—About the beginning of this month, an Honest Yorkshire Hostler by Moor-fields, going into a Whiggish, or rather wicked Salesman's shop in Chick-Lane, to buy a Coat, and under-bidding what the Transmographer of old Coats, suits, and Cloaks, asked; his flaming zeal against High Church would have persuaded the poor Fellow that he was the Pretender; so with some little help, tying a Cord about the Waist, and throwing it over his Sign Post, there hanged him for about a quarter of an hour, when being reprieved by some mercifully disposed people before the expiration of Life, he ran home staring like a stuck Pig, and told the disaster that had befel him; his master presently had this new Hangman before a Justice of the Peace, and bound him over to answer it at the Sessions; but the Executioner dreading what might be the consequence of this no less rash than impudent attempt, last Monday night gave a Treat of Six guineas at the Three Tun Tavern in West Smithfield, and presented the man whom he had lately Hanged, in Jest (as he

said,) with a new Suit of Cloaths. But it is reported for a certainty, that the present Hangman for the County of Middlesex will bring an Action against him, for exercising his function without Authority.

Thursday being Maunday Thursday, the Lord Almoner, at the Banquetting-house at Whitehall, (according to Custom,) distributed the King's Charity to 59 poor old men, being the number of his Majesty's years, viz. Bread, Fish, and Cloaths to make each a Garment; but the Ceremony of washing their feet was omitted.

On Thursday was a great Horse Race at Epsom for 400*l.* a Side, betwixt a Horse of Mr. Frampton, and another of Mr. Green, a Quaker, Vintner, who keeps the Three Tun Tavern at Aldgate. The former won the two first Heats, and run the last Heat by himself, the other declining to run any more.

An Office for Marriages.

M. J., April 4.—The Reader will easily perceive the following Letter has been writ some time, occasioned by one in a former Paper, relating to the setting up of an Office for Marriages; we cannot but contribute our share to so good a Work, and we hope our Readers will encourage it accordingly.

Mr. Mist, I cannot but approve of the Gentleman's proposal in your last, of settling an Office for Marriages, and would willingly contribute what in me lies to encourage the design, which I believe would be particularly useful to a set of despicable creatures, called Old Maids. I am of opinion the greatest part of those that would apply to an Office upon that score, would be of that Denomination; for I conceive that Ladies of fortune, wit, beauty, &c., would have no occasion to offer themselves, seeing those Qualifications must furnish them with frequent opportunities of doing it by more honourable methods. As for those wretches who have languished out their insipid lives, perhaps without ever having an offer of a Husband; 'tis no wonder, if they, (lost to all sense of Modesty, and at their last Cast,) should (rather than sink with that heavy luggage of Virginity into their graves) despising the calumnies of a censorious World (which would be sufficiently recompensed by the valuable Prize), flock in Crowds to your office, as the Grecians of old to the Delphic Oracle. You'll not wonder I

pronounce these to be your most ardent Promoters, when I tell you I am already convinced of the truth of what I assert, by the extraordinary Effects the first mention of that Proposal wrought in one of these over-stale Virgins, to whom I have the exceeding great misfortune to be related. It happened, Mr. *Mist*,—" *Confound your Tongue*,"—pray, Sir, excuse this abrupt suspension; for at this instant of writing she has interrupted me by her Bawling, as follows,—" *Cousin, cousin, be* " *sure you press him to a serious consideration of the Proposal,* " *urge the Usefulness, the Excellence of the design, the benefit it* " *will be to the Public, and the great Obligations he will lay upon* " *some of his constant Readers*;" for you must know she had before engaged me to write to you upon this Affair. But to proceed,—I say, it happened, that as she heard that part of your last week's Paper, in a Rapture, and with an Air that express'd a Mind transported with pleasure,—up she starts;—" Oh Excellent Thought!" says she, " the most Useful Design to the public this Age has produced." Then she ran on with large Encomiums upon the Author, which possibly, says she, may be *Mist* himself; (for she has an extreme Veneration for you ever since the Birth of your Miranda, and indeed, though Whigs, we always chuse your Paper as the most fit for our Saturday's Diversion.) Then she applauded you, then your Paper, then the Design, and so on, that for three quarters of an Hour no Tongue moved but hers. For my part I stood amazed, thinking she had been seized with a fit of the Frenzy; for as most other old Maids, she is exceeding vapourish and fanciful, slow (unlike the rest of her sex) in Speech as well as motion; she never walks but with the help of a Cane to support her crazy Carcase, fancying a great Weakness in her Nerves and Joints; which occasioned me the greatest Consternation, thinking it must be some extraordinary impulse, (for you know Effects must be proportioned to their Cause,) that could in an instant transform her from a dull heavy Lump to the brisk Girl of twenty, and gave me occasion to conclude, that an old wither'd Maid of Forty Six might make as brisk a wife as a young Girl of Fifteen, at least for some time; for if the very shadow can produce such effects, what may not be expected from the substance? Unless you will allow, (which I think is reasonable Philosophy,) that Fancy and Imagination

work greater effects in a rational Creature than the most exquisite corporeal Sense, the first being an Effect of the Soul, the latter of the Body.

Therefore, I desire, in behalf of these Ladies, that you would Sound your unmarried Correspondents, and if you find them inclinable to the Proposal, you will give us Notice; and I give you my word, that there are some Six or Seven in our Neighbourhood, who would freely advance considerable Sums to forward the Design; at least they promise the Projector, whoever he be, shall run no risk of losing his time, or impoverishing himself, as has been frequently the fate of Projectors; for granting he does not meet with the desired Success, which they can hardly doubt, they will be so grateful as to pay him whatever Monies he disburses in that Business; to do which, rather than baulk the Project, they will engage themselves before he enters upon his Office.

So that your interest, Mr. *Mist*, to put the Business forward, is desired by your Constant Reader, &c.

HARRY FREEMAN.

M. J., April 11.—*News.*—Here's another bloody war broke out between a sort of Enemies not much heard of, and about a Quarrel which, God help'em, they have very little to do with, and less understand, being about a Bill which is, or is not, may be, or may not be, brought into the House of Lords about making of Peers. The Armies that are drawn out in order of battle on either side are as follows, Plebeians and Patricians, Old Whigs and New Whigs, Knights and no Knights, with several Battallions of Auxiliary Scribblers, which are drawn up in warlike order on both Sides, to carry it on, even as far as one Penny is to be got by it, which, by the way, is the chief end of the Strife.

These dreadful Combatants, more formidable by far than an Easterly Wind, are all armed with Satyrs, Invectives, Sarcasms, Retorts, Replies, false History, wrong Quotations, and the Devil and all of Ribaldry and Nonsense, prepared for the Slaughter of their Enemies; but hitherto, God be thanked, like the City Trunkmakers, they have made more noise than business.

M. J., April 11.—There being repeated Advices from several

foreign Countries of the terrible effects of the late Body of Fire that was seen in the Air, and some of them so plainly contradicting the Notions of our So So's in the doctrine of Meteors, a large Account will be given in our next something different from what has been yet said upon that Subject: and as further Accounts of the said consequences are expected from places more remote, we hope none of our Readers will complain of our delaying, that our Account may be more compleat when it comes.

Letters from James-Town in Virginia give an Account, that on the 16th of February they were alarmed there with the News of three Pirate Ships, which were seen off of the Capes; whereupon all the Merchant Ships and Sloops that were in the Road, or in our Rivers up the Bay, had immediate Notice to hale in to the Shore, for their Security, or else to prepare for their defence, if they thought themselves in a condition to fight; soon after, two Boats, who were sent out to get intelligence, came crowding in, and brought an Account that one of the Pirates was come into the Bay, being a small Sloop of Six Guns; our Governor expecting the rest would have followed, and having no sufficient Force to fight them at Sea, expected they would make some attempt to land, for the sake of Plunder; but being quickly informed that there was no more but that one Sloop, mann'd out two Sloops immediately to attack him. The Pirate boldly prepared to fight them both, having obliged all his Men to swear to fight to the last Gasp, and take no Quarter, and accordingly hoisted their black Ensign, with a Death's Head; however our Sloops attacked them vigorously, and after an obstinate fight, in which the Pirates were as good as their Words in refusing Quarter, they entered the Sloop and cut them to pieces, except the Captain and another, whom they reserved for the Gallows. This Captain proved to be the famous Teach, alias Black Beard. They brought him ashore, in chains, very much wounded, and made short work with him; for the day after, they hanged both him and his companion, and he is now set upon a Pole near the Harbour's Mouth.

On the Great Meteor.

M. J., April 18.—Mr. Mist, I sent you word some time ago, that I would give you my judgment upon the several

Accounts which have been sent you of the great Meteor, or Ball of Fire, seen in the Air, and I find you have promised it in your next.

I shall not disparage Mr. Whiston's opinion, or endeavour to lessen the esteem the World has entertained of that learned Gentleman, in this or anything else that he applies his thoughts to; if Mr. Whiston were as sound in his principles of Religion as he is in his Philosophy, he would stand fairer in the opinion of good and wise Men than I find he does; but that I have nothing to say to, nor is it any of my present Design.

His judgment of Meteors, however, I think may be liable to some Exception, and I shall direct you to a particular fresh in our Memory. We had a kind of streaming Light seen in the Heavens sometime ago, which Mr. Whiston spent many thoughts upon; People very much wondered about it; the learned called it a surprizing Phenomenon, and books were written with abundance of learned Cavil, about making much more of it than there was any Reason for, the Thing being in itself nothing but what is as frequent in the Northern Countries, as a Jack of Lent is here. In the North of Scotland, in Shetland, and so farther towards the Pole, they are seen continually every Summer in the Evening, and are not at all wondered at; they call them the *Dancers*, being occasioned by the quantity of thin Vapours exhaled, where the Sun is so continually above the Horizon as not to set for four or five months together.

On the other hand, as they raised that common Exhalation from nothing extraordinary almost to miraculous, they have sunk this uncommon Appearance as much below its due Merit; and would fain have us think it one of the most ordinary, and most easily accounted for Trifles that has been known.

That this was a Meteor,—that Meteors are a collection of Sulphurous, Nitrous, and Humid Vapours, exhaled from the Earth,—and that they fire as they ascend, or when any ascend to a certain Height,—and that then they appear to us;—all this our fathers knew before us, and their fathers before them, and our children after us will be informed of the same; but that this had something extraordinary in it, which they cannot account for, or at least take no notice of, is most certain; for example:—1. It was a much greater Collection of Combustibles

than ever was heard of, or at least in our time, in any Meteor whatsoever. 2. That it ascended to a much greater Height than is usual before it took Fire. 3. That when it took Fire, it burst with a terrible Noise, a thing which is not usual, if ever it was known to have happened before; for as the Philosophers describe Thunder to be occasioned by the compression of the Clouds, and to be no more than an imprisoned Vapour, forcibly dilating itself, and bursting out from and thro' the Cloud with a violent forcing the Air on every side, by which the Blow is made, as in the firing Gunpowder in a Mine; I say, as they describe Thunder, this could not be a Noise or a Force of the same Nature; for there was no Cloud to be seen. Nay it is not improbable but that this body of Matter, whatever it was, had been carried up to a Height which it is impossible any Cloud could be drawn up to, and in a Place where no Cloud could subsist.

Whatever circumscribed or imprisoned the Sulphurous or Nitrous particles, *if such they were*, it must be of a Nature different from what Reason can conceive of, or Words describe, the Blow given being at such an unconceivable Distance, and yet being heard hither, must be of such Force originally, that the Vibration, had it being nearer us, must have shook the whole Globe of the Earth, and have torn every moveable Thing upon the Surface of it in pieces, an hundred Thousand times ten hundred Thousand Millions of Barrels of Gunpowder must have been a Trifle to it; let any of our Artists calculate the Distance the Body of Fire must be at, which at once could illuminate a Semi-diameter of the Earth, as much superior to that of the Moon, as the Moon is superior to that of a Looking-Glass. And then calculate the Noise being heard hither as loud as a hundred pieces of Cannon, whereas the loudest Thunder that ever was known cannot be heard Thirty Miles.

What then must the Cavity be, and of what Matter composed, that contained these furious Exhalations, and of what nature and to what quantity must the Exhalations be! I believe we may challenge even Philosophy itself to account for these Things.

Now, Mr. Mist, though I am no more for terrifying ignorant People than they ought to be, or for crying out of Miracles and Judgments threatening Plagues and Scourges,

upon the appearance of Things in the Air, however uncommon, yet when there are some such visible Appearances which Nature has given no Discovery of, or Rules to judge of, when something is done in the upper part of Nature which was never done there before, and she seems to suffer some Convulsions Extraordinary, I am not for taking all supernatural Agency away, and taking as it were the Power out of God's Hand, as if He could not command a new Thing to be seen in the Heavens, when he has some new Thing to do upon the Earth; this would be an extream as irreligious as the other is said to be pernicious. Perhaps this Meteor may have no Ominous import, it may portend nothing to come, and yet perhaps it may: Therefore let me add one thing by way of Reasoning, and I desire you to remember the Suggestion; what if I should tell you it is very likely to portend an *Excessive Drought*, perhaps such a one as has not been lately known? I say, if that should follow, you may observe I hinted it to you, not by way of Prophecy, but from some rational Deductions, which I shall account for whenever you demand them.

But why, Mr. Mist, must God's Goodness and Mercy any more than his Vengeance and Justice be tied up, so that he cannot make use of such Things as these when he thinks fit, as well to warn and foretell what the World are to expect from Him if they change not their wicked courses; we see His Power uses them to chastise the World, as in this for Example, by which a Town has been Fired in Flanders, near Tournay, above 500 houses consumed, and twelve men burnt with the very Flash; an Abbey in France, near Amiens, burnt down to the ground, besides many other Accidents which they say have happened in Bohemia and in Hungary, the Particulars of which we cannot yet have a full Account of. Are those things done meerly by Chance? Had the Hand of Heaven no Influence to guide the Flash that set those Places on Fire? We may as well say we have nothing to thank Him for that our Towns or Churches, our Houses or Persons were not touched, which would be impious. Let us therefore leave that part, and not take such pains to remove these appearances out of the Disposition of Providence; for though we need not be always canting of their particular Signification, and preaching up the Events that shall follow, which it is certain we know nothing

of; yet to say that because we can give some shallow, weak and imperfect Accounts of such Things from Reason and Philosophy, (and indeed the utmost we know of them is infinitely short of what we cannot account for,) that therefore Infinite Power is not concerned in them, makes no use of them, and directs them to nothing, is to say what we have no Rule to justify, can give no proof of, but have much Reason to Contradict.

There are some who would have us Entertain Apprehensions of an Infection from the Operation of this Ball of Fire in the Air, and from the Influence of poisonous Particles dispers'd about by the Fume or Smoke that follow'd. But I think the contrary is more Rational on the Account, seeing that, as Plagues and Infections are supposed to be propagated by noxious Vapours, (which, tho' I do not grant; yet I will not concern myself to deny,) yet those noxious Vapours would rather be destroy'd by this extraordinary Blast of Fire, than generated by it; and if it be true that Thunder clears the Air, and is esteem'd wholesome, which may in part be true, such a Rupture of Fire as this, must necessarily lick up all the humid, stagnated, corrupt, and Infecting Particles of what kind soever that come in its way.

What the Power of the Sun in an exceeding great Drought, if such should follow, may exhale from the Earth, and how those Exhalations may condense and stagnate, or corrupt, I will not say; or how far such an unseasonable Heat may affect human bodies, is not my present task; but as to a Plague following this great Blaze of Fire in the Air as a natural consequence, I think it is not a Rational Conjecture: Let us keep the middle way, Mr. Mist, and neither esteem such Things altogether miraculous and supernatural, nor yet entirely take them out of the Hands of Him that governs Nature, as if He had nothing at all to do with them. I forbear some other Observations, because I would not tire your Readers; but hope you will think this Account useful to make public for the Benefit of Mankind in General. Your Friend and Servant,

Thunder-Bolt.

P.S. If some of the Accounts which I have met with from abroad, as well as from several parts of Britain are true, this immense Globe of Fire, in its swift Passage, cast out several

bodies of Fire from its self, some one way, some another; all which burst in their Motion, as a Bomb bursts when its Fuze is expended; and as these broke upon any Town or Buildings or Persons, they did the Execution that He who directed them no doubt appointed to be done, such as burning of Towns, Abbeys, People, &c."

A Fight at Sea.

M. J., April 18.—Our Letters bring an Account more particular than formerly of a Fight between an English Letter of Mark Ship, carrying 36 Guns, called the Panther Galley, and a Spanish Frigate or Privateer. It seems, by this Account, that the Spanish Cruiser had lain a long time in Leghorn, not caring to venture out to sea, because of some English Men of War that waited an Opportunity to attack her; however, having long waited, and at last a fresh Gale springing up at South East, which was very fair for her, she weighed in the Night, and got to sea, having the start of the Men of War so much, that though they did put out to sea, and crowd after her, yet they could make nothing of it, and gave her over. While however she thought she was past all Danger from the Men of War, she found herself chased by the Galley; upon this she made an easy Sail all that Night, and the next morning the Panther attacked her, when a Bloody Fight followed. The Panther had most Guns, but the Spaniard's Guns were larger and they had more Men. After Six hours hard fight they parted; the Panther, her Captain being killed, stood off, and the weather being quite calm, they lay by as if they would engage again. Towards night, the Wind springing up fair to the Spaniard, they attacked the Galley again; and, after a Fight of half an hour, entered and took her. Her Lading was very rich, having a great many Bales of Silk on board; some say to the value of Sixty Thousand Pistoles, besides other rich Goods.

The same Letters give us an Account, that Madam de Maintenon, the famous Mistress (some say Wife) of the late King Lewis XIVth, died at St. Cyr, an Abbey, to which she was in her Life, as well as now at her Death, a great Benefactress. She was Eighty four years of Age, yet retained the vigour of her Spirit, and Extraordinary Majesty and Comeliness in her face, the Reserve of her early Beauty. She left no very

great Estate, having, as was said, so well secured herself in the King of France's favour, by her extraordinary Genius and Capacity, that she feared no sudden Fall, or any Misfortune to reduce her. She retained a Pension of 50,000 livres a Year which the Court paid her to the last, and that she lived on being about 40,000 Pounds a Year Sterling. She left most of her Estate to pious Uses, only she gave about ten Thousand Pistoles Fortune to her Niece. Her Title descends to the House of Noailles, which is at present one of the richest Families in France.

Last Thursday Se'nnight a Fire happened at an Inn at Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, occasioned (as it is said) by a Rat taking a lighted Candle out of the Candlestick in the Stable, whilst the Hostler was busy, and running with the same into the Hay, which burnt with that Vehemency, that all the Horses and Goods, and the whole Inn was burnt to the ground.

False News, and its Correction.

M. J., April 18.—On Monday last died Mr. Cibber, an Actor at the Theatre in Drury Lane; he was notorious for his late Comedy called the *Nonjuror,* which was calculated to triumph over the Misfortunes of those unhappy Gentlemen, who lately fell under the Displeasure of the Government, for their attempt in favour of the Chevalier, and by which he lost himself much of the Reputation he acquired by his previous Performances.

May 2.—It seems by an Advertisement published last Thursday Se'nnight, that *Mr. Flying Post* is very angry that *Mr. Cibber,* who was reported to be dead, is alive, and appears to act upon the Stage again, and a great Triumph he makes over *Mr. Mist* for having been wrong informed; to which *Mr. Mist* answers:—

1. As to Mr. C——, he says as the famous Tatler said of old Partridge, the Almanack-Maker, that if he was not dead, he should ha' been dead, for any good he was like to do while he was alive.

2. If *Mr. Mist* has gained *Immortal Honour,* by believing a Lie of another Man's making, how many Immortalities of Praise are due to *Mr. Ridpath,* that has made so many for other People to believe?

All this is upon a Supposition that Mr. C—— is alive; he does not indeed know but he may be so, and should have been inclin'd to ha' believed it, hadn't it been published in the *Flying Post.*

The Instigation of the Devil.

M. J., May 2.— . . . . . From publick Things let us come to private, and from foreign Matters to Affairs at home. When Religion dwindles into Priestcraft,—Doctrine breaks into Opinion,—agreed Principles into Confused Divisions;—when Christians own a God seventeen hundred Years, and then deny him,—explain the Mystery from Generation to Generation, and then tell us it is a Mystery they do not understand;—when they Subscribe to Articles they do not believe, and believe Articles they will not Subscribe to;—when they preach Peace to the People, and maintain War among themselves;—talk of Charity, and make use of none;—and, in a Word, break to pieces in the most scandalous and ridiculous manner, to the Shame of the Profession of Religion, and the eternal Infamy of their Persons and Characters;—when all these Things happen, as is just now the Case, may we not without Offence say, *the Devil is in them,* and that this was one Part of his late Expedition?*

May we not think Sathan has had some Share in the Transactions of a certain Court, where they whip Ladies of Quality naked, and bore Princes through the Tongue with a hot Iron? Or in another Court, where they hold the superiority of a certain Grandfather in Religion, and then reject his Authority, first make his Decisions final, and then Appeal from them? Or in a certain other Country, where Bishops write against Episcopacy,—and Presbytery Advocates for Lawn Sleeves; where they make *Christ a King* and *no King, a God* and *no God,* just as they please?

When a Nation makes Laws every Day to oblige People to be of this or that Religion, as a Test of Preferments, but leaves them at full Liberty to be of no Religion at all: obliges them to acknowledge *a God* in this and that Form, and under this and that Denomination, but leaves them at full Liberty neither to worship Him nor any other God, one way, or another way,

* This refers to the great Secession of Ministers of Religion, during that year, from Trinitarian Doctrines.—W. L.

or any way; may we not be justly of the Opinion that *the Devil is in them?*

When these Guesses of mine have received their Admission, I may perhaps offer some others to your consideration.

I am yours, T. L.

Caution to Journalists. Rumoured Invasion.

M. J., May 9.—We hear that the Authors of the *Post-Boy*, and *Evening Post*, with Mr. Morphew and Mr. Boreham, Publishers, who were the last week taken into the custody of Messengers, are now all dismissed and set at Liberty.

So many of our Brethren have lately been in Tribulation, that for our own Security we think the best, we don't say the truest, Account we can give of the affairs in Scotland, is to say we dare know nothing of the Matter. The Whigs tell us there are a matter of Three Hundred Officers landed there, *the D——l a Man* they have with them. That they have indeed some Thousands of Arms, and a Quantity of Warlike Stores, but they are to be carried back again;—that they brought a great quantity of Money, but it was to buy Oxen;—that they came with Men of War and Transports, only to reconnoitre on the Coast, to take the Diversion of the Highlands this Spring time, and are going home again in all haste; and that, in a word, the Case is just as they would have it. We'll take their Words therefore for it at present, for reasons of State, and wait with Patience till these things speak for themselves, which we doubt not they will do one way or other in a few Days.

M. J., May 16.—*News.*—Last week a Tryal was brought at Guildhall before the Lord Chief Justice Pratt, between two Companies of Cricket Players, the Men of Kent Plaintiffs, and the Men of London Defendants, for Sixty Pounds, played for at Cricket, and after a long Hearing, and near 200*l.* expended in the Cause, my Lord, not understanding the Game, ordered them to play it over again; and they met accordingly on Monday last in Lamb's-Conduit-Fields, but one of the Players being taken ill, it was deferred till another opportunity.

They write from Cossam in Wiltshire, that several Children in that town have suffered great tortures by Witchcraft, insomuch that several Pins have been taken out of their Backs, and other parts of their Bodies; upon which four Women in

that Place, who have the Misfortune to be somewhat elderly, have been shrewdly suspected of practising this Power, and were taken and examined before a Justice, who not having Faith in these Works, discharged them. However, this not satisfying the People, they have twice thrown these Old Women into the River, by way of Tryal whether they could swim like Corks, as other Witches use to do; and even in this they are so divided in their Judgments that they can come to no Resolutions as yet concerning them.

We had last week a strange Rumour in the City, and it is impossible to persuade the Citizens out of the belief of it; that the Pipes that supply the City with Water, ran Blood for several Hours; we know not what to say of it, but this, that it is in every Body's mouth.

Directions for Whitsuntide.

M. J., May 16.—Mr. Mist having this week received from his Agents and Correspondents, repeated Advices of a very dangerous Design formed against several wealthy and worthy Families, which is to be put in Execution these Holidays, thinks it his duty to apprize them thereof, in order to frustrate any Practices that may prove pernicious to his Readers. He can assure them, that he has it confirm'd from good Hands that a considerable number of Hackney Coaches are ordered to be got ready against to-morrow, to serve as Transports in Embarking a good body of Journeymen, Apprentices, &c., together with their Masters' Daughters for St. Pancras, Marybone, and several other Churches and Chapels contiguous to the Town; where, without the knowledge of their Parents, they are resolv'd to make a Descent on the holy State of Matrimony; so that Mr. *Mist* leaves the World to judge of the Consequences of this Rebellion, if not timely prevented.

To the end that Peace and Order may be preserved during the Festival of Whitsuntide in the Cities of London and Westminster, Mr. *Mist* enjoins the many Inhabitants therein to observe the Rules and Methods following, viz.—

1st. He conjures all sober honest Tradesmen, who love their Wives, to walk abroad with them and their Children. And whereas Mr. *Mist* has been informed, that in Holiday time divers Persons of Distinction and Figure transform themselves

into the shapes of Journeymen, Apprentices, and other Mechanical Habits, to trepan young Wenches out of their modesty; he therefore requires of all Vice-roys and Governors of Families, to give the strictest Orders for their Female Children and Servants, to repair to their respective Habitations before Candle Light.

All Journeymen Drapers, Mercers, Lawyers' Clerks, and other ten or twelve shilling a week men, are strictly forbid to cause Riots and Routs in the streets concerning Precedency, as they return from their Carouses in the Night-time.

N.B. Bullies and Gamesters, who have an indisputable Right to make Disturbances every Night in the Year, are not meant in this Article.

All Porters, Carmen, Chairmen, and others of the lower Class, are permitted to play at Nine-Pins and Skettles on Monday, on Condition they repair to their respective Stations on Tuesday.

Journeymen Shoemakers and Cainers are desired to take Notice, that by an ancient Statute, yet unrepealed, any of their Functions going sober to bed on the night of Whitson Monday, forfeits five shillings,—upon Non-payment, to be levied by Distress,—one moiety to the Informer, and the other to the poor Ale-House Keepers of the Parish where the Fact was committed.

He recommends to the poor, proud Spinsters of London and Westminster, to take due care to perform the several Contracts they are under with the equitable Tallymen for their Holiday Trappings, to prevent their having stronger Apparel before Christmas.

To those Modish Ladies and Madams, who, to avoid falling in with the maxims of the Vulgar in Holiday time, confine themselves to their chambers in a Dishabille, Mr. *Mist* recommends a Tenet lately advanced by a Presbyterian Parson, viz. that a Hoop-Petticoat cannot enter into the Kingdom of H——n.

As also, a certain Noble Lord, to the Prayers of all good Christians, who declared he never cared to appear in the Town in Holiday time, by Reason there was then the strongest Resemblance of the last Day, all the Mob and Scum of the Earth being in motion in the Streets.

Mr. Mist hopes these Orders will be so punctually observed, that he shall have no Reason to proceed against any for Default in his next Paper.

The Divinity of Christ.

M. J., May 30.—Mr. *Mist,*—I suppose you are not tied up altogether to Froth and Levity, but now and then (not to use it) you may away with something more solemn and solid than *Whitsontide* Walking and *Miranda's* Fables. Do you consider, man, that while the World is preparing to go together by the Ears for Baubles abroad,—as Ambition, Avarice, and the Devil guide them,—we are actually engaged in a worse War at home? I say a worse War; for they fight Men against Men, but here we are grown so audacious, that like the *Titans* of old we are engaged in the same unequal Combat as the Poets feigned of those Giants against *Jupiter*. In a word, the War is against Heaven itself, Mortal Man against Almighty God; and where it will End judge you.

What I speak of, you will easily guess to be the breaking out of the old *Arian* Heresy among us,—and particularly the frightful consequences of it among our religious people,—driving them, by the mere force of Controversy, into all the Errors and Blasphemies of *Lelius Socinus, Michael Servetus,* and *Fustus Socinus,* the great Father of Socinianism.

Now, Mr. *Mist,* I am not going to embark you in the Quarrel, or make the *Saturday's* Post a field of battle for this Cause; tho' on the other hand you need not be ashamed to appear in behalf of so glorious a Quarrel; and if we can now and then throw in a Squadron to assist the champions of our Orthodox faith, it will be your Honour to be an Auxiliar in such a War.

The grand Question, it seems, in few Words is, whether our blessed Saviour be God equal with the Father? Or whether he is not? I shall desire you to tell these Men a short Story, Mr. *Mist,* out of Antiquity; and I have a very good authority, I assure you, for the particulars of it.

Amphilochius was a Reverend grave Orthodox Bishop, who lived in the reign of the Emperor *Theodosius* the Great; and being heartily given to read and hear the Writings and insolent Speeches of the *Arians,* who,—tho' suppressed by *Theodosius* in

the beginning of his reign,—had encroached much upon the good disposition of the Emperor, and especially by the Connivance of his Courtiers. The good Man had long in vain importuned the Emperor in the cause of the Orthodox faith, and earnestly intreated him, that the *Arians* might not be permitted, at least not so openly, to vent their Blasphemies against the blessed Son of God; and, talking very warmly upon it with the Emperor one Day, he went so far as to tell him how dangerous it was for his Majesty to permit such an affront to God his Maker, seeing the Son of God was *God equal with the Father*: But he found *Theodosius*, tho' a good Emperor, and a friend to the Orthodox Faith, yet took no great notice of the thing,—gave the Bishop the hearing, and gave him good words,—and perhaps told him, as is the language of Courts since as well as then, *I'll take care about it*, &c. But nothing was done, and the *Arians* grew every day more insolent than before.

At last the good old Man formed a Project in his Head, to bring the Emperor to his hand, not altogether unlike that of *Nathan* to the Prophet *David*, when he told him the Tale of the poor Man and his *Ewe Lamb*. The Emperor *Theodosius*, growing into years, and the weight of the Government lying heavy upon him, he had taken his son *Arcadius* into a partnership, *as I may call it*, with him, or a Colleagueship, as it was then called, in the Empire, or in a Word, he was proclaimed Co-Emperor.

Amphilochius coming one day to Court, as he was wont to do,—(the two Emperors appearing in their Robes of State,)—salutes the Emperor *Theodosius* with great respect, and made him all the Acknowledgments and Reverence usual in a Christian Bishop;—perhaps giving him his Benediction, or the like. But as for the Emperor *Arcadius*, he took no notice of him at all at first; but after awhile, coming up to him, he strokes him over the head very gravely,—as if he had been some ordinary boy,—and says, *God save thee my good Child; God make thee a good Man!* and away the old Bishop walked, as if he had given no Offence at all.

The old Emperor saw it, for they stood near together, and was astonished at the Impudence, as he called it, of the Bishop; and being in a Rage, called with a loud Voice, *that they should*

turn Amphilochius out of the Court. This was what he expected, and therefore turns about; and kneeling to the old Emperor, as if it was a great surprize to him, begg'd him to let him know if in anything he bad offended him. *Offended me,* says the Emperor, continuing still in a Passion, have you not insolently affronted the Emperor *Arcadius* my Son, who, you know is proclaimed Co-Emperor, and received so by the whole Court? Alas! Sir, says Amphilochius, is it so? Is that my crime? I beseech your Majesty to consider, if you are so much incensed against those who do not honour your Son as Emperor, as they honour you;—you having made him equal with yourself;—how much more shall not God be provoked at those who deny equal Honour to Jesus Christ, who is his Son, and Equal to him both in Nature as well as Power?

The Emperor, struck with the Admonition, and confirmed in his Faith, which before seemed to be wavering, orders immediately a Proclamation, forbidding the *Arians* any more to publish their Blasphemies, or to dispute in public against the Godhead of Christ.

I have more to say upon this Head, Mr. *Mist,* but this shall serve for the present. I know religious Things are sometimes tiresome to many of your Readers, who generally expect something more diverting from your Pen; but perhaps Mr. *Herbert's* notion may be turned in this case.

A TALE *may please him who a Sermon flies.*

I am, Mr. *Mist,*

Your Friend and Servant,

T. L.

A Man of War. News.

M. J., May 30.—In a few weeks will be launched at Woolwich, the Britannia, a Capital Ship of the first Rate, being 250 foot in Length, her Breadth 60 foot, and 70 foot in Height; She carries 110 Brass Guns of the newest model, Cast in the Royal Foundery at Woolwich. The Figure of her Head is Britannia drawn by two Sea Lions, with two Fames holding up the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, and the Royal Union gartered. The Figure Britannia, bearing on one Arm, with the Union Crosses, a Triton Sounding with a Shell Trumpet. In the Taffrail, the King sitting in his Royal Chair, with

a Crown and Palms over his Head, trampling down Envy: Justice on one side, Pallas or Minerva on the other. On his right a French Protestant coming, in Gratitude, to return his Majesty Thanks for his Freedom from the Gallies; on the other side a Figure signifying Liberty, with his Yoke off from his Shoulders. Two Tritons with Shells in their Hands; on the one side Hercules treading down Rebellion; on the other Fortitude treading down Deceit.

Last week Sir Tho. Hales, Bart, Member of Parliament for the County of Kent, and his Son, with one Servant and a Portmantua, took a Boat at Gravesend to come to London. The Watermen, it seems, set up their Sail, the Wind blowing fresh, but when they came into Long Reach, *as they call it*, about 5 miles on this side Gravesend, a sudden gust of Wind overset the Boat. However, they had so much presence of Mind, as that all of them got Astride upon the Keel of the Boat,—as she lay Bottom upward,—and cry'd out forAssistance; after some time another Boat coming after them, the Watermen came to them, and took them in. We hear that Sir Thomas gave two Guineas to each of the Watermen that help'd him, and two Guineas to that Man that dived and brought up the Portmantua; he lost his Sword, a Case of Pistols, and some other few Things, but sav'd the rest of the Baggage, and the Watermen set them ashore at Eriff, where Sir Thomas gave all the rest of the Money he had in his Pocket to the Poor.

Wednesday last there appeared in the River, at Greenwich, 12 Porpusses, which frighted several of the Watermen, by their tumbling upon the Water, and made them quit their Boats; but getting more Strength, they went to attack them, and took four of them, and the least is computed to yield 10 Gallons of Oil.

Last Monday Captain Knight imbarked on board a Ship in the River for the North Pole, in order to make a Discovery of a Gold Mine in Terra Borealis; it seems he carries with him several Artificers, as also a Dry Nurse.

SONNET.

UPON ONE WHO WAS BRIBED, WHILE HE WAS AT PRAYERS IN THE CHAPEL, TO VOTE CONTRARY TO HIS PROMISE.

One Hand and Eye erect, were close engag'd
In Pray'r, and holy War with Heaven wag'd;

The other Eye obliquely view'd the Gold,
Which into t'other Hand was slyly told:
What! brib'd within the Consecrated Walls!
Strange Magick pow'r of Gold, to hush the calls
Of Sacred Promises, dissolve the Ties
Of Oaths! Was this thy Morning Sacrifice?
Transcendent Knave! Who cou'd have closer trod
Thy Friend Iscariot's steps, who sold his God?
Transcript of Judas! Go,—refund the Pelf!
Then, like thy great Exemplar, hang thy self;
For while thou liv'st, the World will be surpriz'd
To meet a Walking Hell epitomiz'd.

A Ghost.

M. J., June 13.—We are informed, that one of the Felons—lately executed—Walks. That he has visited several of his Fellow Criminals, and in particular one of those who witnessed against him, in order to his Prosecution; and, having terrified the poor Fellow in such a manner, that he is almost out of his Wits, asked him for another of his Companions: To which he was answered, that he was Transported. Is he, says Mr. Ghost? let him be transported to the Devil if he will, I must speak with him by G——, and so vanished. *If this be true, 'tis very strange; but we hope our Readers won't suppose we assert it.*

Doctors Disagreement. — Last week Dr. Mead and Dr. Woodward, both belonging to Gresham College, in walking down Bishopsgate Street, Quarrelled and Caned one another; and when they came into the Square of the College, they drew and fought; the latter was wounded in several places, and making another Pass, Dr. Woodward fell down backwards, and the other gave him his Life.

The Quarrel between Dr. Mead and Dr. Woodward, we have told another way, viz. That the latter, having maliciously and scandalously abused Dr. Mead in several Pamphlets, and meeting with him Accidentally going into his Lodgings in Gresham College, took occasion to Cane him; thereupon both drew their Swords, and in the Rencounter the latter was disarmed, but his Adversary contented himself only with breaking his Sword, and generously gave him his Life.

The Ball of Fire. Drought.

M. J., June 20.—Mr. Mist, It is some time since I took the liberty to give you my Opinion in the matter of the great Light

that happened in March last: I have the Satisfaction not to see anything I said at that time contradicted, nor much farther information given you by the most laboured Writings of Cunning Men. But I remember, and so I suppose will some of your Readers, that I plainly, and in express terms told you, that the consequences of it would be a great Drought.

I gave you my reasons for my Opinion, that your Readers might not think you dealt with *you know who.* I told you, that a Body of enflamed Matter of such a Bulk or Quantity, raised up to such a Height, and moving in such an extended Orb, must necessarily drink up all the Vapours or moist Exhalations which Nature had stored and treasured up for the proper Watering the Earth in the Spring season of the Year; and, that by consequence, tho' there might be some Showers fall now and then, yet not in a due proportion to the demands the Earth would make for its Nutriment, and for the production of the Fruits of the Earth.

I remember, that when about the beginning of May there fell some quantity of Water, some wise Heads of my acquaintance who had heard me pass my Opinion of this Matter, and some *much alike* wise Readers of your Paper, made their Reflections upon the predicting a dry Season from the great Meteor: *O how sweetly it rains!* said they; *what's come of your Drought now?* Goodman Journal;—*Do you see how it rains?*

This was somewhat like what we may fancy the Philosophers of the Anti-Diluvian World said to poor old Noah. *What's come of your* FLOOD? *What are you doing here, building a great Wooden Trough? Whither d'ye think to go in it, and when d'ye think to make it swim? Prithee leave off, you old Fool, and don't make all the World laugh at you so!* Where it ended we all know well enough.

Now it is true, Mr. *Mist,* that that comfortable Shower was very happy, there having been but very little Rain for five weeks before; but now it is so long ago,—and but little worth mentioning fallen since,—we see everything drooping for want of Moisture. The Fruits of the Earth sensibly languish, the Gardens withering and without Herbs, the Orchards without Apples, the Fields and Meadows without Grass, the Summer Corn upon the light lands burning up and dying; and, in a

Word, if God by his Special Providence does not please to cause some Intermission of the burning Heat, we shall feel a general Scarcity of Nature's Produce.

Already we find the fat Cattle sink their Flesh, the Cows abate their Milk, and the poor Farmer pines for fear of his Crop. These are all Answers to those who insulted your Weekly Journal, and bid them learn to pay a just Observation to Natural Causes on all such Occasions, and not take upon them to slight the Opinions of those who know such Things better than themselves.

I may perhaps be contradicted again, even while this is coming out in your Journal, for the Clouds gather, and the Winds shift: in a Word, Nature seems to be striving all she can to muster up some Rain for us, and perhaps she may; for I never said we should have no Rain at all. But, Mr. Mist, though, if it should now set in for a wet Season, there has been Drought enough already to make out all that I predicted of the Consequence of the Meteor; I say, however, I have still the same Reason as before to intimate that you will still have more Drought, and we shall not have the Quantity of Rain which some expect till towards Harvest, and then perhaps it may fall thick enough.

But what think you of the Effect this Meteor has already had upon the Season in other Parts, seeing they have wrote from France, that in Languedoc they have had no Rain for almost six Months; that in Italy there has been an excessive Drought; and that in and about Paris, the Heats have been so excessive, that abundance of People dropt down suddenly in the Streets, and others in the Fields at their Labour?

All this testifies the Truth of what I wrote to you would be the Effect of this great Meteor. Now, Mr. *Mist*, let me put you in mind of another part of my Prediction, and that is about the Plague following this Meteor, which some People suggested, and with a sickly Fancy labour'd to affright themselves, as well as others, about it: It was my Opinion then, that the Fire which extended itself to such a Degree as we have since learnt, was so far from spreading Contagion through the Earth, or from infecting the air with poisonous Particles, that it would consume them, and clear the Earth; and this I am still of Opinion was a just Observation.

And I may give you some Evidence of this also; I refer you to the Weekly Bills, where the vast Numbers that died Weekly in the City of London have apparently lessened almost ever since, and we have not had so few died every Week for sixteen Weeks, one week with another; and the Bills are lower at this time, than they have been at this season for some years past. Thus, Mr. *Mist*, I have justified not myself, *for that is not the Design I assure you*, but the Justice and Reasonableness of making a judgment of the Seasons from the Accidents of Nature, and the probability there is of Truth in rational Conjecture; and this I say to you thus publickly, because I purpose to give you some rational Account of Things yet to come, which whoever pleases to laugh at now, may see themselves laugh'd at some time after. Farewell.

Your Friend, METEOR.

Weavers' Riots against Calicoes.

M. J., June 27.—Peaceable Mist, you write mighty piteously of the poor Weavers, lately in Disorder, and in some part of your Account of things, one would think you were a Weaver yourself; but pray what think you is the real Occasion of the distress those poor people are put to, and do you believe the distress they are in to be real? Why then do you not explain these things a little to Mankind, that the Truth may be known?

It is true, Mist, *that you may depend upon*, that the Trade of these poor men is taken from them, and they are reduced to a starving miserable Condition. I will not say it is all owing to the wearing of Callicoes; neither will I doubt but the Weavers know as well as you and I, that there are other Causes of the present Damp upon their Trade; but perhaps they are not so willing to mention those other Causes, because they may not think them so proper at this time, as really I do not name them myself, for the same reason; and if this be so, the modesty of the Weavers is to be valued, and no doubt will be so as Occasion presents: But since some have insisted, that the Grievance of the poor Weavers is no Grievance, and that really they complain without a Cause, from a Turbulent, malicious Humour spread about among them by the Enemies of the Government, allow me to examine the Case a little.

The Weavers were no doubt in the wrong,—*that we must all grant;*—and, poor People! it proves so in a particular manner. They have found themselves wrong indeed, to their great Mischief, as they are wounded, bruised, imprisoned, and some have, as I hear, lost their Lives. They were in the wrong two ways;—first, in making their Complaint in an unpeaceable Manner; and secondly, in an unseasonable Time. As to the Manner, I need say nothing of that, Mr. Mist, it is what no Government will allow, and no people can expect; especially in Cases of such a kind as this. Redress ought not to be sought in a tumultuous, violent, and unpeaceable Manner, when by a suitable Application it may be obtained another Way. There are ways for Oppressed Subjects to make known their Grievances without giving Offence, and indeed without giving their Enemies Occasion or Advantage over them, as this Method does, and has now done, to the great Disadvantage even of the Case itself.

But, Secondly, It is true that this was an Unseasonable time to complain in; because the Parliament, who alone are to relieve them, and to redress the Grievances which they complain of, is not sitting, and cannot be applied to. Were the Parliament sitting, it is far from being unlikely that they might have redress; and this I take the liberty to say, because *first,* the Parliament did redress this very Grievance for the very same People; and had it not been the Fault,—*I must say the Fault, for it was an unaccountable Fault,*—of those that formerly applied for Relief to the Weavers, this part of it had never been heard of; and *secondly,* because the request seems now back'd with the same Reasons which were formerly judged sufficient to move Parliament in their favour.

And this brings me to the main point, which I believe no body will deny, that tho' the Weavers have been wrong in the Manner of their Complaint, and wrong in the Time of it, yet that, without Question, the matter of their Complaint was just; that is to say,—for I must be very cautious how I speak,—I would give no Offence to our Superiors, nor would I give Encouragement to Tumults and Riots; but this is certainly a Truth that none can Contradict, that the Humour of the People running so much upon the wearing painted or printed Callicoes and Linnen, is a great Interruption to our Woollen and Silk

Manufactures, lessens their Consumption, and by Consequence takes from the Poor so much of their Employment as bears a Proportion to the Decrease of Consumption.

There can be no Question made, but that it is the wisdom of any Nation to promote and encourage that Consumption; that is, the wearing their own Growth and their own Manufacture among their own People; and the people claim it as a Kind of Debt to them, that they should have their Share of the Trade for their own Consumption. The Parliament seemed to grant this, when at the humble request of the Weavers some years ago, they prohibited the wearing of Callicoes printed abroad, as in India, Holland, &c. But had the Weavers then thought, *and one would not have imagined but they should think*, that upon prohibiting the India printed Callicoes, our People would commence to print them at Home, they would never have narrowed their own Petition, and contented themselves with asking the prohibition of foreign Callicoes only; whereas they had been able to have shewn very clearly the fatal Consequences to their Trade, and to the employment of their Poor, if Callicoes were worn—whether they were printed abroad or at home;—and, as there was no Manufacture settled at that time at home, for the printing or painting of Callicoes, there had been nobody to have opposed them. Whereas now, they have to struggle with the Clamours of the Callicoe printers, Whitsters, &c., and the difficulty of an Appropriated Fund claiming the Duty that is now settled on them by Act of Parliament; and this Omission is the *unaccountable Fault* of the Weavers I mentioned above.

But now to come to the Grievance itself. It is manifest, first that all the poor sort of People, especially Country People and Servants,—I speak of the Women,—most of the middling Tradesmen's Families, in a Word, almost all the Women that cannot afford to wear Silks, now clothe themselves and their Children in Callicoes or printed Linnen, and not only those, but a great many of the gentry and better sort of People also.

2ndly, By a moderate Computation, every Pound sterling laid out in printed or painted Callicoes for the Women's wear, abates the Expense of eight Pounds in our Woollen Manufactures, the Consumption of which would all be made within ourselves, reckoning it upon those Stuffs one with another, which

come at a middling Price, from about 12 to 16 or 20*d.* per yard.

3dly, The universal Female Fancy that pushes us upon such a great Consumption of Callicoes gives room for, and sets all our Trading and Sea-faring People upon running in a prodigious quantity of Foreign Callicoes, that is to say, Callicoes printed by Foreigners; so that India Chints and Dutch printed Callicoes are almost as frequent and familiar in England now, as if there was no Prohibition, to the infinite Contempt of Acts of Parliament to prevent it, and to the ruin not of our Woollen Manufactures only, but even of the Printing trade itself.

Though perhaps by the fate of the Times, there may be other Obstructions to the vent of our Manufactures, and the Foreign Exportation may be much interrupted, which I could speak more of if it were convenient; yet this may be said of it, that were not the Weavers and Manufacturers oppressed in their Business, by the Grievance of the Callicoes, they would not so sensibly feel the loss that any other Things may be to them; and this is a strong Reason why the Government should, and we doubt not will, consider, and in due time relieve the present Complaint, that such other Obstructions, as the necessity of the Public affairs bring upon them, may not lie so heavy upon their Families.

To conclude, this well weighed, will argue strongly with the poor Manufacturers to wait patiently till the Parliament meets again; to whom, when this matter is duly and impartially represented, they may be assured it will be taken into their Consideration, and proper Remedies applied to their Grief.

And if you think fit so far to become an Advocate for the Poor, Mr. *Mist*, you shall not want some able Hand to represent their Case, if they desire it, with all the advantage they can desire, and that Justice will admit.

Yours, &c.

The Women's Complaint against the Weavers.

M. J., Aug. 15.—In short, Mist, unless thou art very dutiful on this occasion, thou art a Time-server, a Party-writer, a good for little Journeyman Scribbler to the Parsons and the

Old Maids, and shalt never have a good word from the Women again as long as thou livest,—so disregard this at your Peril.

We are oppressed and insulted here in the open Streets,—we are abused, frighted, stript, our Clothes torn off our Backs every day by Rabbles,—under the pretence of not wearing such Clothes as the Weavers please to have us wear.

We always thought, and have been told by our Grandfathers, that English people enjoyed their lawful Liberties above all the Nations in the World; that it was their Honour to do so, and that our Ancestors fought for those Liberties. What, did they fight for Liberty to abuse us, and that we should not have Liberty to go about Streets? If they did, they were a Pack of Rogues; and if they did not understand how to secure our Liberty as well as their own, they were a Pack of Fools.

Never tell us of National Liberties! If our Sex has not a Share in the Liberties, how can they be National? We think we have Liberty little enough, *as we are Wives*, consequently Drudges. Shall we have less Liberty, *as we are Women*, than our Mothers had before us? This is Tyranny and Partiality, and we neither can, nor will bear it.

To qualify this Insolence, we are caressed with a long whining Story of ruining the English Woollen Manufactures, and starving the poor Weavers, and such stuff; and another long Cant about the Mischief to Trade by the wearing printed and painted Callicoes; and what's all this *Tale of a Tub* to us, *pray?* If Callicoes were not to be worn, what do they bring them hither for? Are they brought hither to shew us,—to see if we will put them on,—that they may have the Opportunity to bully and hector us in the Streets? If that be true, then we are betray'd into this Mischief by the very Rogues that cry out of it; for, how did we know that the Callicoes would ruin the Country, and destroy the Weavers? If it had been printed upon them in plain words, among the rest of the fine Figures, and we had been told of it by the Drapers who sold it us, then indeed we had had fair Warning. Had the smirking Draper said always when we came to his Shop, Madam, *You may buy these Callicoes if you please; but if you wear them the Weavers will certainly Mob you in the Streets, and tear them off your Backs;* if we had had such Warning as this, we might have

been ill used, and you might, *like a Puppy*, have pitied the Weavers, and whined over them as you have done, without one civil Word put in for us. Prithee, *Mist*, what have the Women done to you, that you must take Part with a Crew of Drunken Rogues against them?

And what is the rest of your Arguments against Callicoes to us? What have we Women to do with the long Discourses about running them on Shore, cheating the Government, and the like? Have not we the King's stamp upon all the Callicoes, testifying, that the Government, having taken a Tax for them, allows them to be worn? And can the Government allow us to wear them, and allow these Dogs to pull them off our Backs, at the same time? Assure yourself, *Mist*, we will be even with you, and with the Weavers too, if you offer to take their Part; for you ought to know, that we Women seldom have any injury done us but we know how to be revenged of the Men for it, one way or other; nor do we very often fail of having an Opportunity for it.

And first of all for the Weavers; be it known to you, who pretend to be so much for them, that if they do force us to leave off Callicoes, we will do two things that shall disappoint them effectually:—First of all, we resolve, in general, *we will wear nothing that they weave*, that shall be our general Rule; and, it is resolved among us, you may give them Notice of it, if you please:—We will, I say, wear nothing that is weaved in Spittle-fields; so if they will have Work, they must go farther a field to seek for it, and the Town will be rid of a Gang of Rioters and Women-strippers. They may dress themselves up, as they have done, with the Hangman that hangs in Chains at Stone Bridge; that is, dress themselves in the Women's Petticoats that they have Stolen.

Thus, to let you see we shall not be at a loss to know what to wear besides Callicoes, we tell you we will wear Dimities, a Linen sprigg'd and work'd with Flowers and Figures, as pretty and as pleasant as Callicoes; and, if they are not quite so Cheap, yet we can make them as cheap, if we please, by adding a little of our own Work to them; and we will work our fingers to the Bone, but we will be revenged of those Weavers, and so you may tell them if you will.

As for yourself, we know you are an Old Batchelor, and we

will be revenged another Way on you, for we'll give you a Name shall stick by you, like that of MAD to a DOG, and so good b'w'y to you, for a Monkey as you are.

Yours, Callicoe Sary, Callicoe Betty, Callicoe Doll, and Many More.

Honey-Lane-Market,
August 10th, 1719.

Approach of Plague.

M. J., Aug. 22.—Letters from Vienna of the 8th of July speak in very melancholy terms of the breaking out of the Plague in the Countries of Transilvania, Wallachia, Moldavia and Servia, and even in Parts of Hungary; where People are swept away in such Multitudes, as that the living, in some Places, are scarcely able to bury the Dead.

People sicken and die in and about this City of London and Suburbs at a most unaccountable Rate, and there is a Sad Outcry raised, especially by ancient Females, of a Plague, Pestilence, and what not; which has driven many People from the Town to the Countries for Refuge,—whilst Horse and Foot Physicians, Mountebanks, Dead-mongers, Parish-Clerks, and other lesser Ministers of Dust and Ashes,—are continually in motion here to one Part or other, to perform their several offices; and we hear that in some Parishes, the Sexton or Grave-digger can afford to employ half a dozen Journeymen.

M. J., Aug. 29.—They write from Edinburgh, of the 15th instant, that a Highland Gentleman, one Night in Bed was disturbed at the coming in at the Window of above 100 Witches, in the Likeness of Cats, which made such a Hideous Noise, that he believed all the Devils in Hell had broke their Chains, and were come to devour him. He made a short Highland Prayer, and then got up (lying in his trousers) and laid about him like Thunder and Lightning. He got the Mastery of them, having divided 16 of their Bodies in two, and cut off a great number of Tails and Heads. Some Days after, the News in Town was, that near 50 old Women were dead, and a great many sick, maimed, and dying.

On Old Maids.

M. J., Aug. 29.—*Mist,* you Cur you,

What do you mean by making such a Stir here, about that undiscovered Thing called *an old Maid?* First of all I must tell you, I look upon all you have said upon that subject to be mere Jest, Banter, and Ridicule. All the Letters you have given us upon that subject, I take to be Bills drawn upon yourself, *Mist* writing *to Mist,* which, by the Way, *allow me a Pun,* is something *Misty.*

To go back then to the Term in Use, Old Maid, I demand to be informed what we are to understand by the Word Old Maid? If we must come back to the old *Harradans* of the Town, who pretend to go by that Name among the Moderns; I deny the Thing to be in Nature.

To go back into History, Mr. *Mist!* Let us search Antiquity to the very Stumps! We'll begin at the earliest Ages of the World, when Time itself was a Virgin, *though not a Maid.* What do you think was called *an old Maid,* among the Patriarchs before the Flood? First I must tell you that according to the just Proportion of Things in those Days, no Person could be reasonably esteemed *an old Maid,* till she was past *five hundred Years old;* for Example, suppose you would maliciously call a single Woman of Forty, *an old Maid*:—Why this is because the Life of Man being reckoned at about seventy years nowadays, Forty Years old is something above half, and therefore declining. Just thus in the Ante-diluvian State, the Life of Man being upwards of nine hundred years long, five hundred Years to nine hundred and odd, was but much about the Proportion of Forty to Seventy; and consequently, no Female could be reckoned to be declining, or to be stale in her Virginity, till she was past five hundred Years old.

Now, I confess, it would sound pretty oddly to us, to have heard the Beaux of those Times,—if there were any of that Species then in Being,—talk of a *pretty charming young Lady,* that perhaps had a great Fortune, and was not above *three hundred Years old,* or perhaps very young, and in her Prime, being about *two hundred and fifty.*

Never tell us then of *an old Maid,* till you have determined the Time which denominates that Period of Life, and stated

the Proportion of Time. Perhaps you will pretend to state it by what I have said above:—That when Age is going down Hill, and we are past the Meridian Line, that is to say, half our Age, or in a Word, arrived to thirty and five, then they may begin to rank us among the withered, and we may be called old as to Virginity. But then, Mr. *Mist*, there remains a Question that you, *Mist*, cannot make clear; and that is, Whether any one in our Age has lived a Virgin to those Years? In which Difficulty, till you can resolve me, you must allow me to insist that according to the Standard of the Ante-diluvian Days, no Person can be esteemed *an old Maid*, till she is Five Hundred Years old, and so

Friend *Mist*,
Good b'w'y' t'ye.

Against the Riotous Weavers.

M. J., Sept. 12.—To the worthy Female Advocate of the Mobbs of the Weavers, and to the Spark she has hired to proclaim her a Wit.

Worthy couple, Your pretty little Wits, which seem to be so well Match'd, proclaim you to be so infinitely below the common Size of Men, that indeed you do well to speak for one another. If the Writer of the Letter against the Callicoes was a Woman, (which it is evident is a Cheat,) and if she had argued with any Force, or Spirit, what need of a Bill upon the Door to foreprize us? Do they think the Age so dull, that they can make no Judgment at all of what they read, but that we must write over every Piece as the Sign-Painters in Holland do over the animals they draw;—"This is a Hog! This is a Bear! This is a Bull!" and the like. And must we write upon everything as the Author of the Medley does;—I am a bright Oracle;—I am the Wit of the Age! When the World knows by his Performances, that he is an empty nonsensical Wretch, proud and vain ignorant of his own Want of Brains, and blind to the Infirmity of that Ignorance.

And what does all that Huddle of Words put together, in defence of a public Nuisance, amount to? Will this wash white the Negroe? What is all this to insulting innocent Women as they go along the Street, for wearing such Clothes as the Government allow to be imported, manufactured, sold, and

worn; and as the Government receives a Tax for the very manufacturing of? If the Laws prohibit them, if the Government tell us we should not wear them, and give us due notice to leave them off, we are ready to submit to it; allowing a decent time for the use of those we have, which is but just, and which the Government always does in like Cases. But for a Gang of Audacious Rogues to come and fall upon us in the Streets, and tear the Clothes off our Backs, insult and abuse us, and tell us we shall not wear what they do not weave; is this to be allowed in a Nation of Liberty? What! have all the People the use of Liberty but us? Pray, Mrs. Witty, who set you up against your own Sex, like a false Sister? What! have the Women lost their Liberty, and not the Men? This is an evident Token that ridiculous Letter was not written by a Woman; no Woman could be so unnatural, so immodest, so ridiculous, unless it be a Night-Walker, that perhaps is as willing the Mob should lay hold of her as not.

A Woman plead for having the Women insulted by a Rabble! A Woman write for having the Women's Clothes torn off their Backs, as they go along the Streets or Fields! it can never be.

But be it Man or Woman, let them tell us, whether it is not as just for us to tell the Weavers, *that we will wear nothing that they weave*, as it is for them to threaten us, *we shall wear nothing but what they weave*. Here is a long Rhapsody of words put together, with no meaning at all in it. Let any one Answer the Question: Have the Weavers a License granted them to riot and bully the Women wherever they find them? Are they allowed to throw *Aqua Fortis* upon the Ladies Clothes, and into their Coaches, nay into their Breasts as they go along the Streets,—by which we have been told, one Gentlewoman has been Kill'd,—and another almost frighted to Death? Is this allowable or no? And if it is,—by what Law? And if not,—who ought to be hang'd,—and who not?

As to Manufactures, the Good of Trade, the Public Prosperity, and such Plausible Words, which we have beaten into our heads on every side; what is all that to the Question in hand? If Callicoes must not be worn, let them be Prohibited by those who have the Power to Prohibit them, and then the Women always yield; for when did you know of a Rebellion or Rising of Women? But what, we say, is this to the treat-

ing us like People that had no Protection due to us; but as if we were to be abandoned to Rabbles and Mobs?

Let then what we said before stand upon Record, till this witty *Man Lady* answers it a little better than he has done yet; namely, that if the Weavers go on to bully and abuse us in this Manner, we will do ourselves Justice on them *as before*, by taking up a general Resolution, among the whole Sex, (which, by the Way, even an Act of Parliament cannot hinder us of,) that we will find out particular Manufactures suitable for our Wear, and fix our fancies upon them, beautify and adorn them by our own Work, and make them as gay and as Pretty together as Callicoes, such as Spittlefields never saw; and, as we said before, will make them a Fashion and a Wear, as universal as the Callicoes; and in short, will make this our Rule, that we will wear nothing that they weave.

Let the Weavers therefore consider, and have a care how they raise our Resentments, how they put us upon Studying Revenge; and let them remember what the famous Poet said of us in another Place.

> A woman's n'er so ruin'd, but she can
> Revenge herself on her Undoer Man.
>
> ARTEMISA to CLOE.

The women forsooth are the weaker Sex, or weaker Vessels, that may be granted; but, the more insolent and unmanly it is to expose us to an unruly Mob of Audacious Fellows,—to tear us to Pieces in the Streets. Let them depend upon it, that if the Indignation of the Sex proves general against these Villains, we can do them more damage than an Act of Parliament can ever remedy; nay, it is apparent by their our Confession,—for what is it they complain of at this Time, is it not our making an universal Mode of something they do not weave? And if they go on to make themselves the Terror of the Women, which, by the way, is to make them their Aversion too, let them guess at the Consequence.

Besides, who is it these Rogues got their Bread by before? Was it not the Women? And are not the Women the very individual Species by whom they expect to get their Bread hereafter? Let them then tell us, where is the Gratitude of using us thus, with respect to what is pass'd? Or the sense

of it with respect to what is to come? Answer this, Mr. *Pert*, if you can.

Russian Cruelties in Sweden.

M. J., Sept. 12.—Whatever the End proposed by the Muscovites, in the present Ravage of Sweden, may be, we think they have neither pursued the Maxims of Christianity nor human Policy. It was a Maxim of Augustus, the greatest and Mightiest Czar, that ever reigned on the Earth, that Princes who would be truly Great, should *Conquer for the Good of Mankind, and Triumph only over themselves.*

The present Czar triumphs, not over himself, but lets his Rage triumph over his Reason, his Passions triumph over his Christianity, and his Revenge over his Humanity; he is so far from conquering for the Good of Mankind, that he seems to make the Destruction of Mankind the Design of his Conquests.

It has been thought a Piece of Wisdom in the Management of our private Passions,—and was laid down as such by a wise and great Man,—that we should use an Enemy as if he was once to be our Friend; and use a Friend as if once he might be an Enemy; the sum of which, in short, is, to use our Enmities with Moderation, and our Friendships with Caution.

The Czar of Muscovy seems, in all his conduct with the Swedes, to have regarded neither the conduct of Princes nor of Private Men, but to have given a loose to his Resentments, in a manner, which, without Question, he will look back on with some Regret, when Sweden and he may incline to be on better terms with one another.

Above all things, we think Princes should never covet to rivet in the Minds of their own and the neighbouring Nations, strong National Aversions to, or Antipathies against one another; for as there are hardly two neighbouring Nations to be found in the World, but what have alternately been both Friends and Enemies, sometimes such National Antipathies have been a great Obstacle to their Uniting, when at the same time their Interests have summoned them to shew the Strictest Friendship, and to exert Acts, even of mutual Kindness and Affection. How does his Czarish Majesty know but, some time or other, himself or his Successors may stand in need, or at least find it for their Common Interest, to join in Friendship, and

assist one another, against some other more dangerous Enemy to them both? And how will it suit with such a Conjunction, when the Muscovites shall be stiled the Hereditary Enemies of Sweden? When Posterity shall remember, that these were the People that Sold their Fathers and Mothers to the Turks; that desolated their Country; that ruined the Copper Mines, and the Iron Works, and left them in that dismal Condition which they found themselves in; that burnt down the Spacious Woods for forty Leagues together,—which are not yet (that is, at that time) grown again,—and which some Ages more will be wanting to restore? Will these things, when they should be called to Remembrance, be no Bar against the future Friendships which may be otherwise necessary to the two Nations?

On the other hand, what is his Czarish Majesty now doing, but making a powerful Nation desperate, and making the severest Revenge, become a popular Vow in Sweden? Princes often Vow Revenge, in their own or People's Names, and are restrained, even by their own People; but when whole Nations vow Revenge, they seldom give it over. Besides, if it be not reckoned Prudence to make a private Enemy or Army desperate, much less is it to make a Nation desperate. The Swedes, left in Possession of their Estates and Lands, Houses and Towns,—though reduced and brought low, nay, though even Conquered,—had been a Nation of Christians still; and being brought low by their Misfortunes, would, as is most natural to all People, have been the more humble, and apt to submit to the Conqueror; but the Swedes ruined, starved, beggar'd, irretrievably impoverish'd, stript of all, their Houses, Towns, and Ships burnt and destroyed, the whole Country laid waste, and themselves exposed to Hunger, Want, Nakedness, and all the horrors of an approaching Lapland Winter; what will this make them, but an Enraged Nation of meer desperate, distracted Men? And that is, in plain English, a Nation of Wild Beasts. For, without any reproach upon the Swedes,—who are a brave and gallant as well as generous and Christian Nation,—a Man made desperate is more raging, more furious, more fierce, than a Lion. A man stript naked, injured, starved, oppressed, is a Bear robbed of her Whelps; and the braver and more daring he is, the more furious and raging he grows,—made mad by Oppression.

Let the Czar of Muscovy remember what Treasures of Resentment he is now laying up in Sweden, against his own Subjects; and what a severe Revenge may one time or other be taken in Muscovy,—even upon those who are perfectly innocent of the Provocation,—whenever Sweden, supported by other Christian Nations,—who may be led by her distresses to a generous Pity,—should be made able to look her Enemies again in the Face.

Thus far with an impartiality, which we think none can reproach us with, we have given our judgment of the Czar's Proceedings, from the common Rules of Human Policy, without prejudice to the person of the Czar, or to any other Power or Prince, on one side or the other. Cruelty and inhumanity, even in making War, is condemned by all Christian Princes. What was it armed all Europe against France in the late War? And what were the Arguments made use of in several of the Declarations of War against the King of France, but the Cruelties exercised by the French in the Palatinate; the Inhumanity of their Successes; and the Ravages they made on the Rhine, and in other Places? Those were improved by cunning, artful Men to animate the common People, and rouse the Princes of the neighbouring Nations against France; and they did effectually do it, till France found herself surrounded with Enemies, and almost the whole World armed against her; the Consequence of which in the Reign of any Prince that ever governed France, except only Louis XIV. must have been the Ruin and Destruction of France.

We cannot but think, from the same Rule, that the Czar has acted a most Impolitick, as well as an unchristian Part, in making such a Use of his new grown Greatness, as will in the Consequence of it arm all his Neighbours against him, for their own necessary Preservation. What the end of it will be Time must shew.

Bubble Mania in France.

M. J., Sept. 12.—Letters from Paris tell us, that there are abundance of English Stock-Jobbers there, and that some of them have got great sums of Money by the buying of the New Stocks there; particularly they say Mr. Gage, commonly known by the Name of *Beau Gage*, has gained Three Hundred

Thousand Pounds sterling by the Stocks. The Lord Londonderry also, formerly known by the name of Captain Pitts,—being the same that sold the Great Diamond to the King of France,—is there, and they say has likewise gotten very great sums of Money. They tell us the said Lord Londonderry has had some Difference with Mr. Law upon the Account of running down the Stocks there, and that Mr. Gage has laid two Wagers of Ten Thousand Pounds each; the one, that the English East India Company shall fall; and the other, that the French East India Stock shall be up at 1500.

The same Letters from Paris tell us, that by the New System of the Finances it is demonstrated, the King's Revenue will be augmented near a Hundred Millions, and that the People will nevertheless pay above a Hundred Millions less in Taxes; so that, by this Method, the Exactions and Extortions of the Collectors and Receivers of Taxes, must have devoured above 200 Millions of Livres; all which will be now saved, and things done with much ease to the Publick. These things, without doubt, tend to the great advance of the East India Company's Credit, and to the Rise of their Stock, which is now come up to above 1200 per cent., so that the affairs in France are under a strange and most surprizing Operation, and our Letters from thence say, there appears nothing but new Clothes, new Figures, and an Infinite number of Families raised to New Fortunes. They see Eight Hundred new Coaches set up in Paris, and the Families enriched purchase new Plate, new Furniture, new Clothes, and new Equipage; so that there is a most Prodigious Trade there, and Money flows like the Waters of the *Seine*. How long these things may hold, it is hard to judge, or where they will end; the State Bills are two per cent. above PAR.

On Wednesday last, the Weavers, who had been pretty quiet for sometime, committed several Disorders in the Streets; they did not appear in any considerable number in one Place, but dispersed themselves in Small Parties thro' most of the out parts of the Town. They destroyed a considerable Quantity of Callicoe in the Shops, and tore all the Callicoe Clothes they met with abroad, and they threw *Aqua Fortis* upon those that appeared in Houses and Coaches; in some Parts they met with Opposition, and several of them were severely beaten

and wounded, others were apprehended and committed to Prison.

One Mr. Harding, an Engine-maker, joining to the Windmill, near Cupid's Bridge, on the Thames Side, has made a Clock, which is kept going by the Natural Motions of the Elements, without any other Supply or Winding up, so long as the Materials can last. The said Clock will be placed in the front of his Work House for public view of such as pass that way by Water. This Clock has already been seen by some Gentlemen of the Royal Society, who have named it the *Lunar Chronometer*, by reason its Motion is continued by the Influence of the Moon's Attraction, and the Projector proposes to make St. Paul's Clock go by the same Motions.

Against Treason.

M. J., Sept. 26.—Mr. Mist, They say you are in France, *it's no matter for that*, what is published here is in your Name, and you are answerable for it, and may, if you please, answer to what is objected against it; for I suppose you see the Particulars.

They say you are impartial, in all you write; pray let us see whether you are or no, and whether you dare be so honest to publish what you will find is neither in favour of yourself or your Party; but is extorted by your own Extravagant Writing another Way.

You have published several Scandalous Paragraphs in your Paper, recommending a young obstinate Traytor, one Matthews, to the compassion of the People. I do you the Justice to say you are not alone in it, which proves that it is done for the Party;—now pray tell us what you mean by it! And when you have done that, tell us what you would think the Government would mean, if they should leave such an insolent hardened young Fellow to go unpunished! And whether, if they did, they would not be every day bullied in the same manner by such as he, and the Guilty justified in Print by such as you!

I wish some of your Advocates would furnish you with Arguments to speak to this Case, which stands, in short, thus:—Some of your Friends the Jacobites have it seems found out a Tool, hardened by the Sophistry of the Party, to pretend to act like *James Shepheard*,—defy Death,—contemn the Law, and

think it Merit sufficient, that they can bully a whole Nation. Now, as in Assassinations and all other Villainies, he that values not his own Life, has every other Man's life at his Mercy; so in Jacobitism,—he that values not his Life may talk, and print, and publish what Treason he pleases.

Is it not most reasonable, Mr. *Mist*, that the Government should both know from whence such Springs of Treason have their Rise, and how to punish them as they deserve? Is it fit the King should be thus insulted by Boys? And is it fit the wicked People, who are at the Bottom of these Things, should be encouraged to seduce Children and Youths, whose Young Spirits you see may be wrought up by Hellish Artifice to Principles destructive to their own Lives? I say, is it not Murder in them, and that of the worst kind? Do not you think some of them will have the Blood of this poor ill-taught Boy to answer for, if he receives what Justice already owes him?

And what think you of Government itself in the Case? Would any Government under the Sun bear such Treatment, and not execute the severest Justice? Would your Jacobite Government, if it had Power in its hands, suffer such Subjects to breath in God's Air? *No, Mist*, we know you better; and what then do you mean, by recommending such Creatures to the Pity and Compassion of the People? Do you think it is not understood by any Man of the meanest Sense, that you would have the People think that it is cruel to proceed against them?

Reflect, *Mist*, upon the Scandalous uncovered Malice of these Things; and as you are an honest Jacobite,—*if such Language be good sense*,—tell me what you mean by his *Behaving handsomely*, and by the *Treachery of his Servants betraying him*. Pray do you know how he behaves? And do you know what Treachery his Servants have been guilty of? I doubt you do not; for how can you call obstinate Treason behaving handsomely, and discovering Treason, Treachery?

If People pitied this deluded Youth, they would have prevailed upon him to behave handsomely indeed; and give me leave to say, I believe, if he had behaved handsomely, nay, if he had not behaved most unhandsomely, undutifully, and with all the marks of a hardened Insolence, he might have met with

the same Clemency that you, or other Jacobites meet daily with from the Government, who is so far from delighting in the Punishment of its Enemies, that it bears Unsufferable Treatment from them, with a Patience that no Government, so well able to resent, ever did before. If you have anything to say to this, speak out, *Mist*, sure you, that have talked *Half Treason* so long, may venture one Word more in your own Defence. Your Friend, More than you Merit,

CONSCIENTIA.

Mr. Mist supposes the Gentleman that wrote this Letter will take the publishing of it for an Answer to his Design, though it be not an answer to his Letter; and to let him see that *Mr. Mist* is the Impartial Person he pretends to be, he has gratified him in that Part: As to any other Answer, he believes the Author of the Letter does not expect it.

Bubbles in Paris.

M. J., Sept. 26.—They are now, it is talked there, to buy all the Plate, with the Old Specie, and bring it into the Mint; and, to oblige the People to part with it. Mr. Law, they say, has found out a Miraculous Expedient for this, so advantageous that no Body will be able to resist it. The Joy of the People there, is not to be expressed; it is impossible to describe it. The Poor find themselves all discharged at once from their Taxes on Provisions, which pinched them severely; and when the Turn-pikes and Watch Houses—which had been set up at all the out-parts of the City—were taken down,—as they were begun to be on the 22nd,—the People went dancing and jumping about the Streets, as if they were distracted for Joy. They now pay not one Farthing Tax for Wood, Coal, Hay, Oats, Oil, Wine, Beer, Bread, Cards, Soap, Cattle, Fish, or, in a Word, for anything; and a Middling Family can now live cheaper in Paris, than they could a Week ago by a fifth Part, at least, of their Expense.

P. 256.—On Saturday night last, Robert Marvel, the late Hangman, (who beheaded the Earls of Derwentwater and Kenmure on Tower Hill, and who was arrested going to Tyburn with three Malefactors,—who by that means were brought back and not executed,—and for which he was turned out of his

Office) was committed to Newgate for Thieving; and, being unruly, was put into the Condemn'd Hold.

P. 257.—On Tuesday an Old Woman came to the Lottery at Guildhall, and desired that her Ticket might be drawn, for that she was going into the Country, and in Haste, which occasioned a great deal of Laughter.

Royal Hunting at Dresden.

M. J., Oct. 3.—On the 18th, there was a great Hunting Match on the River Elbe. The Place designed for it was surrounded with Sailcloth, fixed upon Poles, standing partly in the River, and partly on the Banks, where was pitched a large Tent, in which were the King, the Prince, and the Princess; but the Queen saw the Diversion from a Bastion on that side. Four Singing Women, dressed like Nymphs, sitting in a Boat made in the form of a Triumphal Chariot, and drawn by Sea-Horses, went along the River to the Tent, where they performed a fine Concert of Vocal Musick. Then appeared a great number of Stags and other fallow Deer, as likewise wild Boars, swimming, part of which were shot in the Water from the Tent and Boats; others that got ashore, were Hunted there. In the evening a French Play called *Elide*, was acted. The 19th was a Day of Repose. On the 20th, there was a Masquerade, representing a Fair, or Country Wake; the King was Landlord, and the Queen Landlady; it was kept in the lesser Garden, and the Green-House, and Halls adjoining; the King's Guards of Janizaries, Cadets, and Swiss, guarding the Avenues and the doors. In the middle of the Garden stood 56 Booths built in a Quadrangle. At 3 o'clock in the Afternoon, 144 couples of Masks, in the Dresses of 12 different Nations, repaired from Court to the Garden, where they were diverted with Mountebanks, Rope-dancers, Jugglers, Leapers, Dancers, Cock-fighting, and the like. An Italian Farce was Acted afterward, and there was also a Puppet-show: From thence the Ladies were invited to the Drawing of a Lottery, in which were no Blanks, but all Prizes, consisting of rich Toys and Trinkets. Evening coming on, the Lamps placed on 16 Pyramids, erected in the Garden, were lighted; besides above 300 more hung up round the Apartments and the Booths; and the Water-Works began to Play. A Supper

was prepared on 24 Tables, standing in the Halls, Apartments, and Grottoes; being served with the utmost Magnificence. Besides the Masks, and Other Persons of Distinction, who were unmasked, making about 500 in number, all Strangers were entertained with Sweetmeats and Wine. After Supper, the Shops in the Booths were Opened, a man personating Mercury making a Comical Speech, in French, to the Company, to invite them to his Fair; they accordingly viewed the Goods, and made Presents to each other of what they had bought, till about 2 o'clock in the morning, when the Company parted. On the 21st, the New Opera of *Theophanes* was represented a second time. On the 23rd, the Carrousel of the Ladies was performed in the great Garden. They proceeded thither from the Palace in the following Order:—First went the Court Harbinger, followed by a Kettle-Drummer and 12 Trumpeters; after them went the 12 Arbitrators, who were to adjudge the Prizes, being all either Generals, or Colonels, or Lieutenant-Colonels. The Ladies were divided into 4 Bands, distinguished by the Uniformity of the Dresses and Equipages of each Band. At the Head of the first was the Princess, sitting in a Triumphal Car, with the King and the Electoral Prince; the Princess's Great Steward drove the Car, before which rode two Noblemen; on both sides walked 10 running Footmen, two belonging to the Lady, two to each of the Gentlemen sitting with her in her Car, and three to the Gentleman who drove the Car, besides another who led his Saddle-Horse. After the Principal Lady's Car, followed eight Ladies more, likewise sitting on Triumphal Cars drawn by two Horses each, and driven by Men of Quality, two Gentlemen riding before. Then went Sixteen led Horses, followed by four great Carriages of a particular Invention, so that each of them being drawn by six Horses could carry Sixteen Ladies. The same Order was observed with regard to the three other Bands; the second of which was Headed by the Princess of Saxe Weissenfels, in whose Car sat the Princes of Saxe Barby and Wirtemberg. At the Head of the third Band was the Great Crown-General's Lady, having with her Prince John Adolphus of Weissenfels, and the young Prince of Barby. The Procession was closed by Ladies and Gentlemen of Distinction, who were to Act a French Play that Evening. Being arrived in the Garden the Race began: They ran

at the Ring, each Lady sitting in her Car with two Gentlemen, who by Turns endeavoured to hit the Ring, and if they succeeded, the Lady was accounted the Winner. The Prizes being adjudged, the Company went to see the above-mentioned Play, which was acted by Persons of Distinction on a New Theatre, built to that End. From thence they went to Supper, during which time, the whole Garden, which is of a great Extent, was illuminated with Lamps and Flambeaux, and at Night there was a Ball, in a Hall likewise new built. The Queen saw the Race from a Window, but was not present at the other Diversions.

They write from Strowbridge in Dorsetshire, of a Gentleman that was to come up for London, to cut off the Entail of his Estate, on purpose to disinherit his Brother, and to give it to another; but the day before he was to set forward, he rode a Hunting, and riding hard in a Field in which stood a Tree, the Horse on a sudden started, and would not go forward, threw him against the Tree, and killed him upon the spot, to the great surprize of all the rest of the Hunters, who were at some Distance when this Accident happened. His Brother enjoys the Estate, which is upwards of 600*l.* per annum. This is looked upon as a remarkable Accident by the Old Women in those Parts.

M. J., Oct. 24.—Sunday night last, a Gentleman drinking late at a House in Westminster, and being to go home to Chelsea, when he came into the Fields, Sleep overcame him, and he lay down upon the Grass, close by the Path. He had not lain long before two men coming that way, one of them fell over him, which thoroughly awaked him; and he asked who was there. The two men, frighted worse than he was, threw down a Bundle of Clothes they had about them, and made off as fast as they could; and the Gentleman taking it up, found a good quantity of fine Linnen, and a Gown and Petticoat in it.

On Quack Doctors.

M. J., Oct. 31.—Mr. Mist, It looks a little odd, that you, who appear so very active in detecting the Frauds and Impostures of the Quacks of one Profession, should yet give so much, Countenance as you do every week to those of another.

Believe me I know not how to reconcile one Part of your

Paper with another; nor do I see, how all that Zeal against the Botchers in Politicks, which you discover in the Beginning of your Journal, is consistent with that Connivance which you shew to those Pretenders towards the Conclusion. You generally begin your Journal with disabusing the Publick, pointing out the Lies, and rectifying the Errors of your Brother News-mongers; and yet, e'er you leave your Reader, you never fail to send him to ten or a dozen Places, where he is sure of being abused and imposed on in the grossest manner. The last Page of your Paper never misses of having as many Lies in it as all the rest have Truths; and I am perswaded you cannot do so much Good by the one, as you do Harm by the other.*

The World has got an opinion of your Probity, and whatever appears within the Limits of your Paper, passes among the Populace for authentick. This our Quacks are sensible of; and for this Reason it is that they crowd your Paper with their Advertisements more than any other. The want of Virtue in the Medicine, and of Merit in the Preparer, they think will be abundantly supplied, by Mr. *Mist's* publishing the Praises of them both. Thus your Paper, which was designed for a Receptacle of Truth, is become a Refuge to Lies; and the Reputation you have acquired by your Honesty, now serves to recommend the grossest Impostures.

I think, Mr. *Mist*, you have disarmed the News-Quacks; they are not now in any Capacity of doing Mischief, but must be innocent in spite of their Teeth. Their Lies are become so notorious, and you have convicted them so often of Forgeries, that there is nobody left now silly enough to believe them. I would advise you therefore to turn your Arms against the Medical Quacks. This will be but a second Part of the same Labour; and the Transition will be very easy and natural from Bawdy *Ridpath* to Killing *Thornhill*. I am confident, however, this will prove by far the more useful Undertaking; the Emolument redounding to the Publick from securing the Health and Constitutions of the People, will certainly exceed any Thought that can be proposed for clearing a Transaction in *Sicily*.

* The last page of Mist's Journal consisted, at this time, of quack Medical Advertisements.—Ed.

Political Lies are but a kind of Theorems; they generally terminate in bare Speculation, and seldom have Weight enough to engage People to Action; they may therefore be credited without any bodily Danger. But your Physical Fictions are perfect Problems;—they are calculated for Practice, are ever urging you to make Tryal,—and never have their full Effect till a Constitution be ruined, a Limb lopped off, or a Nose levelled. Besides this latter is of much nearer Concernment to every private Person than the former. Should some paultry Pill-monger perswade me, that his Tinctures, his Elixers, or his Ratsbane would do me good, I fancy the Consequence might be of nearer Importance to me, than if *Ridpath* should perswade me, that the Cittadel of *Messina* be surrendered, or *Rosas* invested. If the Wind be in my Hypochondriums, it is of more Concern to me, than if it blow fair for the *Spanish* Fleet. And if I had an ounce of Dr. Wright's Mercury in my Glands, I should be more affected, than if the *French East India* Company were fallen 13 *per* Cent.

Give a little Respite then, *Mr. Mist,* to a few harmless News-Liars, and let them drive the *Marquis de Lede* out of *Sicily* the very next Mail, if they please; whilst you set yourself to detect, and counter-work, a much more pernicious Set of Liars,—the Quacks. Let the Preamble to your Paper be an Antidote against all the Poisons scattered in the Conclusion of it; and for every infectious Advertisement at the End, provide a Caveat at the Beginning.

At present, these People disperse their Lies, under your Protection, to every Part of the Nation; and spread Death and Desolation, by your Assistance, through every Corner of the Island. Were they to keep to their Stage, and only Harangue the gaping Crowd, from an Eminence Eight or Ten Foot high, their Voice would not be heard very far, and some Parts of the Kingdom would escape their Infection: Or, were they only to publish their Shams in little Billets, they might still be innocent, in spite of all their Physick; their Papers being usually converted another way, upon the very next occasion. But, as it is your Journal supplies the Defects of both those Methods, it carries them through Town and Country, gains Admittance for them at Coffee-Houses and Tea Tables, and gives them opportunity of prating to all Qualities, Ages, Sexes, Constitutions and Parties.

No Wonder indeed if the Weekly Bills run so high; no Wonder if the Season be sickly:—Why, we shall have no other than sickly Seasons, and the Bills of Mortality will increase every Week, so long as these Homicides are tolerated. These make the Season sickly, these are the Distempers that swell the Bills of Mortality; and, were not the Compilers of those Bills, in Confederacy with them, and did they not wink at them, for bringing so much Grist to their Mills, we should find by the Bills, that our Quacks make greater Ravages, every week, than all the other Distempers put together. The Appearance of a Quack in any part of the Country, is a more certain Destruction to the Men, than a North East Wind to the Blossoms of the Spring; and I could predict plenty of Funerals from the former, with more Assurance than I could scarcity of Fruit from the latter.

I wonder, indeed, the Government has never taken the Matter into Consideration. If the Riches of a Country consist in the number of its Inhabitants, which, I think, is pretty evident, then are these Men the great Impoverishers of our Nation. These Mr. *Mist*, are a greater Burthen to us than a standing Army would be; and contribute more towards keeping us poor, than all our national Debts. People may lay what Scheme they please for sinking our debts, but the most promising I have ever met with, is, to transport this Manslaying Generation, into some of the desert parts of *Africa* and *America*. Nay, I could make it appear by a very fair Calculation, that if the State would take all their Physick off their Hands, at their own Prices, and be at the additional Charge of sending a Squadron every year to convoy it to the other Side of the Line, and there to leave it; they would gain some Millions *per Annum* by the Bargain. What Numbers are rotting in Hospitals, and mouldering in Church-yards, by their means, which might otherwise have been in a Condition of doing Service to their Country, of paying Taxes to the Crown, of increasing the Consumption of our Manufactures, of—*&c. &c.!*

You see, Mr. *Mist*, the Merits of the Cause I would engage you in. If you succeed in it, it will certainly be as glorious to yourself, as beneficial to the Publick. You shall have Statues erected to you without number, and Civic Crowns bestowed on you without End. Myself will be at the Charge

of one, to be placed in the Middle of the Court, where I live, with this Inscription,—DIV. NATH. MIST, VAL. CUR. PRO 'YΓΕΙΑ. INSTAURAT. EMPIRICISQ. PROFLIGAT. P.C.D. &c. AN. SAL. MDCCXX.

For my Part, if you do but once set heartily about the Matter, I shan't much fear your going through with it. You'll indeed meet with some opposition at first, and your own Creatures, those I mean who are grown under the Protection of your Paper, will take up Arms against you. But as their principal Weapons will be Pills, Juleps, and Electuaries, you need not be much concerned. If you can keep but your Mouth shut, and prevent their Physick from entering into your Body, you are safe enough. With this Precaution you may stand the shot of a whole magazine of Bolus's, may be unconcerned at the tossing of an Elixir, and smile at the brandishing of a Specifick. In a Word, by this means you'll receive as many of their Remedies without Damage, as had been enough to have poisoned a Province, or laid waste a Country.

I have been thinking in what manner you had best begin your Hostilities; and do not find any that promise better, than to draw the Pictures of some of the Ringleaders of the Tribe, and hang them up by way of Scare-Crows in your Journal.

The lesser Fry will be terrified with the Sight of such Hobgoblins, and even the Grandees themselves will be shocked at the View of their own monstrous Features.

If there be any spark of Virtue or Modesty left in them this may help to reclaim them. But indeed they are such hardened Sinners, that I have very little Hopes of them.

The Simple and Credulous will however, by this means, be warned of their Danger; and the Sight of Raw-Head and Bloody-Bones, will give them such Impressions, as, I dare say, will preserve them out of the Clutches of these Death and Disease-Mongers.

If you approve of this Method, I may be of some Service to you in your Prosecuting of it. I have got the out-lines of such a Picture ready drawn, by me; and if you publish this, I'll take Care to fill it up, and transmit it to you to be exposed in your next Journal. The Person it represents has passed all

the Stages and Gradations of Empiricism with great applause.

'Tis not long since he trudged the Streets with his Pockets full of his own Packets; at present he lolls in his own Equipage. He has a Merry-Andrew usually before him, but an Undertaker following close at his heels. With this Retinue, he appears every Day, to the infinite Terror of several of his Majesty's Liege Subjects. His History shall be the next news you hear from Your Humble Servant,

PHILYGEIA.

Journalistic Independence.

M. J., Nov. 7.—Mr. Mist, I cannot but observe that in almost all the Letters lately sent you from your Friends, the writers take upon them the office of Dictators, Prompters, or Teachers rather; one telling you what you should say, and another what you should not say: one likes what you have writ upon one Subject, and one what you have writ on another. One says, such a Thing is Trifling, another says, 'tis of Moment. One does not like what you have said of the Callicoes, and another complains of your meddling with the Old Maids: One is angry that you stoop to handle the Hoop-Petticoats, and another, perhaps, that you do not; and you have a fine Time of it among them, *poor Man!* I wonder when you expect to please them all.

In short, *Mist,* I think you have too much modesty; and that you give these People too great a Liberty with you. I would publish a Proclamation to all my loving Subjects, Tributaries to my Writing Dominions, that from henceforth none should presume to call in question anything I think fit to do; but that if it be my Pleasure sometimes to write of one thing, sometimes of another, I would not be saucily interrupted by any of them: That if I graciously thought fit to be bright to-day, they should enjoy the Beams as a Favour; and if, for *Reasons of State,* I found it convenient to be dull to-morrow, they should suffer the Eclipse with Patience and Submission, and take it as a Mark of my Royal Indignation,—humbly wait till my Wrath was appeased,—and receive a Return of my Smiles, as a Reward of their humble expectations. At least, they should be told, that whoever—addressing himself to

me, to have his Grievances redressed, and his Lucubrations published in my ROYAL JOURNAL—but at the same time should presume to express any Dislike, much less complain of any of my Proceedings; should from thenceforth be totally excluded from the Privileges of appearing under my Standard, or of having their Petitions published in the usual Form.

For after all, Mr. Mist, if you are not Monarch of your own Journal, and King in your own Kingdom, *your Printing-house,* what signifies your publishing a Journal? *And if you are,* pri'thee what signifies a Monarch without absolute Power,—I mean such a Monarch as you? For as for other Monarchies, they, we are told, must rule according to the *Rules* of the People they govern, but *we have nothing to do with that now.*

To come to the Point, Mr. *Mist,* I would have you assume your undoubted Right and Title,—to write, print, and publish whatever you think fit to write, print, and publish; and trouble not yourself or the World with the Impertinences of your clients. Depend upon it what one Man dislikes, another will approve; what makes one cry, will make another laugh; and believe it, you best please the world when you give us the Product of your own Pen, not when you take the dull Hints of your paultry Fault-finding Instructors, who take upon them to tell you how you shall please your Readers; for how should they tell you how to please us, when they cannot please us themselves?

For the future, therefore, we desire the Favour of you that you would be pleased to write what you please, resolve to do what you resolve to do, and oblige your Readers to read what Nature obliges you to write. This will rid you of the Impertinence of your many Teachers, and you will one Time or other please all Mankind; for it will ever be true, that everything you can write will please somebody, and nothing you can write will please everybody. By this method you will preserve what I affirm is the just Character of your Performance, that you have pleased more Wise Men, and anger'd more Fools, than any Author that ever went before you, or than I believe ever will come after you.

Your Humble Servant,

HARRY FANCY, Junr.

A Printer of Treason Executed.

M. J., Nov. 7.—On Friday Se'nnight in the Morning, about nine, Mr. Matthews the Printer, was carried in a Coach from Newgate to the Sessions House in the Old Bailey, and set to the Bar to be tried upon his Indictment of High Treason, for Printing the Pamphlet called, *Vox Populi Vox Dei;* ten of the Judges were present (the Lord Chief Justice Pratt and Mr. Justice Powis being indisposed.) The Objections raised to the Form of impannelling the Jury were overruled by the Court; the Prisoner peremptorily excepted against 35 of the Jurors, without giving any Reason. At last a Jury of Freeholders were impannelled and sworn, and the Trial came on. One of the witnesses swore, that he saw him compose and set the Letters for the Press, with the Copy of the Pamphlet lying before him; and saw him make the Proof, and afterwards correct it. Another swore, that he work'd at the Press in printing them off, but read nothing of the Pamphlet but the Title, and had 14 Shillings for his Labour. The two Messengers swore, that they seized him with some of the Papers in his Pocket; and, there being a Letter produced in Court which he sent to the Secretary of State, wherein he owned the Fact; his Brother was put to his Oath, whether it was his Handwriting or not, and deposed, that he believed it to be his. The trial lasted till Ten at Night, when the Lord Chief Justice King summ'd up the Evidence, and the Jury going out, return'd in about half an Hour, and brought him in guilty of High Treason. The Prisoner's Counsel offered some things in Arrest of Judgment, which were not allowed to be valid, and Sentence was pass'd upon him to be drawn, hang'd and quarter'd, as is usual in cases of High Treason. After which 'tis said he thank'd Mr. Recorder for his Sentence.

Yesterday, young Mr. Matthews, the Printer, was drawn in a Sledge from Newgate to Tyburn, and there Executed, according to the terms of the Sentence for High Treason. He seemed mighty composed, and died without showing any Terror, or Dread at the Punishment. There was a very numerous Appearance of all sorts of People attending him, though the Weather was exceeding wet. His Brother was allowed his Body, which was taken away from the place of Execution, and

decently buried. He was assisted in his private Devotions by Mr. Skerret, the Reader of the Church of St. Martin, Ludgate. At the same time Constable, the Highwayman, was hang'd; as was also Moore, alias Murray, the pretended blind Man, who robbed the Landlord where he lodged, of Money and Watches, to the Value of £150.

D. P., Nov. 14.—It is said publicly, that the Dutchess of Portsmouth, at her late Entertainment of Mr. Law, declar'd, that she had gain'd 1,200,000 Livres by the East India Stock. It is said also, that her Grace gave a very noble Present in Money to her Grandson the Lord March, Eldest Son of the Duke of Richmond, who was at Table; and was the next day to set out with his Father, the Duke, for Holland, where he (the Son) is to marry the Earl Cadogan's Daughter. They report, this Present amounts to 100,000 crowns in money, and as much in Jewels.

D. P., Nov. 17.—We are assur'd, that there have been prodigious Sums of Money remitted hither from France within these few Days; insomuch that it has raised the Exchange very considerably. There is no doubt that these Remittances were made by Persons who have gain'd great Sums in the Publick Stocks there; and take this method to lodge some of their Money, out of the reach of all Misfortunes, whatever may happen.

We are likewise inform'd, that most of the said Money is laid out here in the Publick Stocks; of which we say no more than this, that it seems the French Gentlemen, after all the Advances of their Public Credit, believe our Stocks to be a better Security than their Own.

D. P., Nov. 19.—The particular News from Paris is so extravagant relating to the Number and Confluence of People to Paris, from all Parts, of the Kingdom, and from other Countries also, that we can scarce Copy after the most Modest Account of the Matter. They that speak the least of it say, there is above 200,000 People come to Paris on this Occasion;—others say twice as many. Indeed, we meet with none of the Papers from Abroad that make it a Million, except one, that being altogether improbable; but all the Papers allow, that the number is incredible. The Proprietors of the Stage Coach from Orleans are so harrass'd for the Carriage of Passengers,

that they have bought no less than 400 Horses, and they have 13 Coaches go every Day,—except Saints Days,—to Paris, having no less than 5700 People enter'd in their Books for Places. Besides the 13 Coaches above, they have many more Employ'd, with several sets of Horses, to fetch Persons of Quality from their different Seats in the Country. The Stage Coach, call'd Le Dilligence, which goes between Paris and Lyons, have doubled the Fare or Rate for the Passage, and have now 17 Coaches running continually. The Stage Coach from Strasburgh is likewise not able to convey the numbers that come to it from Germany. It's thought some of them may live to go home on Foot.

On Arbitrary Government of a Journal.

M. J., Nov. 21.—Mr. Mist, Now you begin indeed to take upon you a little, and speak like a Man, exercising your Authority over us your humble Vassals (*Readers*) in an arbitrary way, something like a Monarch. I suppose you might learn that in France, where you have been so lately, and so long.

Well, learn it where you will, I cannot say but I like very well your Resolution for Arbitrary Government in your Scribbling Monarchy; but then, I want to know how you will bring your Subjects to blind Obedience, which, by the way, is the Main Article of Arbitrary Government; for though the Sovereign may set up his *Will* for a Law, yet if he has not the coercive Power too, for Exacting the Homage and Obedience of his subjects, I would not give a Pin for his Arbitrary Government. In a word, *Mr. Mist,* Arbitrary Government must have Arbitrary Power, or it is a Lion without his claws; nay, the Government and the Power are absolutely necessary to one another. A Sword without a Hand, is as insignificant as a Hand without a Sword, and one as unperforming as the other; witness your French——yonder Goodman How-d'-ye-call him, *Regent,* with his *Grand Jours,* as they call it in *Little Britain;* what would it all amount to, if he had not sent about Sixteen Thousand Men before him, to make what they call Justice go down with the People?

Now to bring down these little Things,—these Trifles of Politicks and State,—to your more significant, weighty, con-

siderable Affair; that the Comparison may be apposite, you have assumed, you say, an absolute Authority in your Dominion of Scribble, called the *Journal*, and are, at least, *Prince of Journalists*, and *King of Saturday's Post*. Very well, *Mr. Monarch*. First of all, you will do well to exercise your new Arbitrary Way with good Caution, under a Government less Arbitrary than that you talk of; and remember not to forget, that you are a Subject as well as a Monarch, or else, *Monarch Mist*, and please your Grace's Majesty, you know how it is, &c. Look out sharp on that side, I advise you.

In the next place, though you have assumed such an unheard of, arbitrary, despotick Tyranny in your Writing, that you are resolved, and fully determined you *will write* what you *will write*, and nothing else; and that you *will publish* nothing but what you *will publish*, and the like. You may, indeed, oblige us, your humble Subjects, to submit to it; and that we do submit to it, you see,—and particularly in this, that we send you weekly our Performances, wise and otherwise, bright and dull, as they come out of the Forge of Nature, the Brain. We recommend them to your HIGH MIGHTINESS, for admittance into your Favour, and consequently into your Paper, and behold, not one in ten of them comes out in Print, or perhaps arrives to any other Favour than to light your *Royal Pipe*, or perhaps something worse; but by your arbitrary Will and Pleasure they are disposed of, some to Honour, and some to Dishonour,—and this we are obliged to submit to.

But then, two Things I have to start, which I know not how you will get over:—one is an Objection to the Right of your Monarchship, and that is a stroke at the Root of your Authority, I assure you. I affirm, that the only Right you have any Pretence to for this arbitrary Monarchical Proceeding, is founded in your great Wisdom and Capacity to govern well. Now I grant that absolute Monarchy, and the Prince's will,—being the general Law,—is certainly the best Government in the World,—were none but Angels and unerring infallible Spirits to reign; were all the Kings on the Earth to come down directly from Heaven, clothed with Divine Wisdom to govern, and Divine Affections for the good

of Mankind, especially for the subjects of the Country where they reign and reside,—which, God knows, may not be always the Case,—so that they neither could or would do anything but what was perfectly squared for the Advantage of the People: No King, like an absolute King, such was God Almighty's Theocracy over his People of old.

But since it is not so, and Kings are but Men, and made Kings below,—and Monarchs, especially such as you Sir, are not always wise,—much less wiser than other Men; since, I say, it is thus,—and that Wisdom and Capacity to govern is the best claim to that sort of Government we speak of,—where's your Wisdom pray, and your Capacity to govern, when we daily see, among the many Letters and Epistles that are sent you, the bright and useful, grave and solid Things, sometimes left out; and the dull, the weak, the Empty, the trifling, obtain the Favour of your Publication? Pray how are you qualify'd for your Government, if this is the Case? And how will you look like Jupiter's Log of Wood, which he gave the Frogs for a King? If you go on thus, you will be good for nothing but to make a Whig of, and for your Subjects to get up and ride upon you.

But my second Objection strikes farther at the main Branch of your Authority; and that is, how will you oblige us, your reading Subjects, to obey, that is, to read? For, by the way, you may rule as long as you please, and publish arbitrarily what you like; but as in the first Place you cannot oblige us *to like* what you publish, so you cannot oblige us *to read;* and what will become of your Authority then, I pray? For if we do not like what you please to print, we shall all of a sudden rebel against your Journal, depose its Power at the Clubs, Coffee-houses, Taverns, and Tea-Tables, turn you out of the Possession of your Dominions, and a Fig for your Monarchy; where are you then? What will become of you then, with all your Magnipotence and Sovereign Doings? You will then come cringing to us Cap in Hand, and be forced to turn bright again, in spight of the arbitrary Dulness of your Fancy, and write like yourself again, that you may not be in Danger of Abdication, and the Usurpation of a Foreign Line. These eminent Things I demand your Answer to forthwith, or else I shall certainly make an Insurrection against you, take

up Arms against your Authority, and renounce the Name of Subject, for that of REBEL.

Circumstantial Relations.

M. J., Nov. 21.—About a Fortnight since, the Ship Gainsborough of Harwich, sailed from that Town for London. The Captain, being indisposed when he went on board, his wife went along to attend him in his Passage; and he, dying two Days after, his Son of 25 years Age took upon him the Command of the Ship; but the wind being contrary, she did not arrive in the River till yesterday was se'nnight, when the Owners came on board, and he entertained them with a Bowl of Punch. The young Captain's Uncle, his Mother's Brother, having drunk too much, and reaching over Deck to vomit, fell in; the Captain ran and took hold of him, but he was so far gone, that he pulled him after him, and both were drowned.

On Saturday Mrs. Underwood, a Fruiterer, in Stocks Market, (to whom Esquire Ainsworth, at his Death, about two or three Years ago, left his Personal Estate, the Sum of 10,000*l.*) departed this Life, and Yesterday her Corpse lay in State, in a Velvet Coffin, according to her Desire, (with her Head dressed in fine muslins trimm'd with Lace, a fine Holland Shift trimm'd at the Neck also with fine Lace, a Diamond Ring on her Finger, a Gold Watch tyed to her Side) at Cutlers' Hall, in Cloak Lane; and at Night was interred in a Vault at St. James's Church, Garlick Hyth.

Charity should begin at Home.

M. J., Nov. 28.—Mist, *you Haul-Bowline Dog,* you are going to make a dangerous Voyage; but I hope before you weigh Anchor, you will be so kind as to publish this for a Brother Tar, or *before George* I shall be forced to serve the Czar or the King of Spain; for a Sailor is not without Money and Encouragement too abroad, whatever he is in England.

Know then, *Mist,* I was the other Day at a Gentleman's House, where I saw a Book brought to him, and I understood afterwards he was one of the Subscribers to it; it is a Book

that seems designed to encourage Foreign Proselytes, that is to say, to encourage Foreigners, who shall turn Protestants, to come and settle among us: And I do not doubt but you may have seen it, and may the better expose it, and their Designs that laid such a Scheme. However, I shall get aboard my Fore-tack, to see, if by firing one Gun to Leeward, I cannot make them bring to, and perhaps I may hit them between Wind and Water, or bring a Mast by the Board, and so make them strike to me without further Trouble. In a Word, Mist, I think we have People enough amongst us already, who have as little Religion as any Strangers of them all, pray what think you?

May not that Money be as well applied to the Conversion of our own Reprobates; say it were some of us Tarpaulins, or such like dirty Christians? But that, *Friend Mist*, will not do their Business it seems; for I am told the Design is to have great numbers of Foreign Whigs brought in among us, that may balance the honest *Tory Natives*, who have always held the Church of England in Veneration, and will be always at Hand to hinder their *Whig Projects*, which they itch now to put in practice upon us once again, by the help of their *Palatines* and *Genevans*, over and above the Shoals of Sham Refugees from France. In short, *Brother Mist*, it is a melancholy Story, to think that such Numbers of our Artificers are obliged to leave this Nation, to get their Bread in foreign Countries, that we were forced to have an Act of Parliament last Session to prevent their going abroad; why, Mist, it is all because so many Foreign Vagabonds are come amongst us, and by the help of our Gentry and Pusillanimous Quality, not only eat the Bread out of our Mouths, but thrive here, and sow the Seeds of their Vile Principles among us. I myself have Served my Country for the Space of nine or ten Years by Sea and Land; but when I came home with a little Money in my Pocket, to set up my Trade in one of the best Corporations in England, I found to my Sorrow those Wretches had swallowed all my Hopes of living under my own Vine and my own Fig-Tree,—that is, upon Roast Beef and Plum Pudding;—and it is very well, if now I can get Bread and Cheese, and small Beer; for our wages are eaten up by these People. I am certain we have Beggars enough amongst us of our own

Countrymen, and Rakes too, that want Charity both for their Souls and Bodies; and, if these People have a mind to be hospitable and Charitable, for God's sake, let them be so at home, let them look into the Gaols in England, and they'll find work for their Money, and their Christianity too. I have been in France, *Friend*, and there I could not follow my Trade as a Master, unless I openly changed my Religion; but now the D——l is got amongst us, he may have Canters and Proselytes enough, Creatures that would serve the Turn well enough, *such as would do little for God's sake if the Devil were dead;* and all with our making Funds for them. What *the Plague* have I been fighting for all this Time, for *Liberty* and *Property*, the Dianas of our Ancestors? It seems I have been fighting for a Parcel of *Outlandish pretended Hugonots*, half Papists; who now they are grown rich among us, despise the Name of an Englishman; and who everywhere set up for Whigs and Party-Men, railing at honest Churchmen, and debauching the Principles of our most glorious People, both in Town and Country. Are we not over-run with French *Valet de Chambres, Perriwig Makers, Taylors, Cooks, Weavers, Perfumers, Distillers, Vintners, Barbers, High German Doctors*, Fellows that look like the Devil himself, with broad brimmed Hats, and Basket-hilted Swords, who came here to starve Abundance of English Families? How do they bully us in every Corner, and tell us they are better than we, and that God is Kind to us for their Sakes? When we speak but in Defence of the Church of England established by Law, they huff us, with telling us, they are for King George. Why, *Mist*, I hope I may be for King George too, and yet be for the Church of England. Prithee, *Mist*, tell us what is the meaning of all this Stir about converting Foreigners? If they will convert them to the Church, let them do it with all my Heart; but, I think, these People are like the old Scribes and Pharisees, who compassed Sea and Land to make Proselytes, and when they had found them, made them twofold more the Children of Hell than themselves.

In Faith, *Mr. Mist*, I can't like this work, 'tis all ruin and Destruction in my notion of it. *In a Word*, 'tis like turning to Windward with a Leeward Tide; we shall go backward instead of forward. Pray tell them my mind plainly; if we

must have more Foreign Converts, let them be heartily sworn to believe all the Doctrines of the Church of England, as by Law Established; and I am sure that can be no more Persecution, than *English* Protestants meet with in *France;* and so, Brother Sailor, good by t'ye.

I am Your Humble Servant,

BOATSWAIN TRINKOLO.

Stock-Jobbing in Paris.

M. J., Nov. 28.—If ever a whole Nation was Mad in the World, this is the Time; the Confluence of Strangers to Paris is incredible, and the Accounts given of it are such as Posterity will take for a mere Fable. Foreigners buy Stocks at that Rate, that if the French Gentlemen who first bought,—though at the Extravagant Rate of a thousand per Cent,—do not make their Fortunes by Selling every Subscription which they have paid 100 Livres upon, for a thousand Livres profit, it must be their own faults; so that France may, at this Juncture, pay all their publick Debts, and raise immense Estates, and all out of the Pockets of Strangers. They write word, that the Genoese Merchants have bought Stocks for nine and twenty Millions;—other Merchants, of Milan, for 28 Millions; and others, of Geneva, for 11 Millions,—and the like of many other Places; so that, in time, all the French People may have sold out their Stock; and so pay their Debts, with the Money which is brought in from other countries.

Mr. Law, they assure us, stands still and looks on with great Satisfaction upon this Run of the Stocks, but pretends to be surprised at the extravagant rate, and that it is gone beyond his Scheme. He tells people, that he never designed Strangers should run away with the Profits of his Undertaking; but, that seeing they are willing to pay so dear for them, he will not obstruct it; that he must apply his Thoughts to such new Discoveries of Advantage as may Answer their greatest expectations; and, that he doubts not to make France the greatest and richest Nation in the World, by this very thing; and yet, that no Body shall repent their having embarked in the East India and Missisippi Stock, though the Price were to be up at 3000. What this gentleman says is taken so much

for an Oracle at Paris, that all these Discourses tend to encreasing the Run upon the Stocks, and it is verily believed. that it will soon be up at 3000 per Cent.

Nothing can be more diverting than to see the Hurry and Clutter of the Stock-Jobbers in Quinquampoix-Street; a Place so scandalously dirty, as if it had been not the Sink of the City only, but of the whole Kingdom. In this narrow situation all this great Affair is Managed; the inconveniency of the darkest and nastiest street in Paris does not prevent the Crowds of People of all Qualities, nay not of Ladies, coming to buy and sell their Stocks in the open Place; where, without Distinction, they go up to the Ancles in dirt, every step they take. Mr. Law came in Person some Days ago, with the Duke de Antin, to view the Comedy he had form'd in this Place. He was no sooner discover'd than the whole Street was in a Tumult, and the Throng was so great, that several People were trodden down in the Mud, and very much bruised. This Hurry was encreased by Mr. Law throwing several Pieces of Gold among the Crowd, which set them to thrusting and pushing one another, with intolerable violence into the Dirt; and, 'tis thought not half the Gold was picked up, the Dirt and Mire was so thick.

To add to the Oddness of these Things, they tell us a very good Story of a Gentleman, whose Coachman came to him one Morning, and gave him Warning, *as we call it*, desiring him to provide himself a Coachman. His Master asked him what was the Matter,—being a little surprized at his Man's coming so suddenly on such an Errand,—and asked, If any of the other Servants had used him amiss? He said no; but that he had saved a little Money, and was willing to live on his own Hands, and not be a Servant any longer. *Well, says his Master*, seeing his Coachman resolv'd, but you must see then, and get me another Coachman, for I cannot do without. Sir, says the Man, I doubt that will be very difficult at this Time, for I have enquired for some Weeks past, and have not been able to get ONE FOR MYSELF. This, you may be sure, surprized the Master, who looked steadfastly,—not knowing whether he had best be in jest or earnest,—thinking his Man insulted him; but his Man soon undeceived him, and told him, that having saved a little Money in his Service, he had ventured

it in the East Indian Stock, by which he had had such good Luck that he was now in a Condition to live like a Gentleman, and hoped it would not be taken ill if he should say he was as able to keep a Coach as himself. This story makes the less noise at this time, because there are so many of the Same Kind every Day in Paris, that nothing will be strange there, of that Sort, any more.

Two new Bells are being this week put up in St. Bride's Steeple, in Fleet Street, cast, as we hear, by Mr. Abraham Rudhall, of Gloucester, who cast the other Ten; which Peal of Twelve Bells, being more than any other Steeple in England, were rung last Night for the first Time, to the great Satisfaction of those that heard them.

Description of a Quack Doctor.

M. J., Dec. 5.—M. Mist, Passing occasionally the other day through a little Village, at some Distance from Town, I was entertained with the View of a very handsome Equipage, moving towards me. The Gravity of the Gentleman who sat in it, and the Eagerness wherewith the Coachman drove along, engaged my whole Attention; and I immediately concluded, that it could be nothing less than some *Minister of State,* who was posting this Way, upon some very important Affair. They were now got about the Middle of the Place, when making a full Stand, the *Footman* deserting his Station behind, and making up abreast of his Master, gave us a very fine Blast with a Trumpet. I was surprised to see a Skip transformed so speedily into a Trumpeter, and began to wonder what should be the meaning of such an unusual Phœnomenon; when the *Coachman,* jumping from his Box, laying by his whip, and slipping off his great coat, in an Instant rose up a complete *Merry Andrew.* My surprize was now heightened, and, though honest Pickle, with a World of Grimace and Gesticulation, endeavoured to move my Gaiety, I began to be very fearful where the Metamorphosis might end. I looked very earnestly first at the *Horse,* and then at the *Wheels,* and expected every Minute to have seen them take their turn in the Farce, and, laying aside their present appearances, assume other Shapes. By this Time the *Gentleman,* who had hitherto appeared wonderfully sedate and composed, began to throw off

his Disguise; and having pocketed all his former Modesty and Demureness, and flushed his Forehead with all the Impudence of a thorough-paced Quack, I immediately discovered him to be a very eminent and learned Mountebank.

This Discovery raised my Curiosity as much as it abated my Surprize, so that being very desirous to hear what new Proposal the Doctor had to make, or what new Arcanum in Physick he had found out, I quitted my former Station, and joined myself to the Crowd that incompassed him. After a short Preamble, he began to open the Design of his Embassy, setting forth, at large, the great Affection which he bore, in particular, to the People of that Place; amplifying on his own Merits and Qualifications, specifying great Numbers of Cures which he had wrought on incurable Distempers, expatiating on the extream Danger of being without his Physick, and offering Health and Immortality to Sale, for the price of a Tester.

You'd have burst your Sides, Mr. Mist, had you but heard the foolish Allusions, quaint Expressions, and inconsistent Metaphors, which fell from the Mouth of this Eloquent Declaimer. For My Part, I should have wondered where he could have raked up Nonsense enough to furnish out such a wordy Harangue, but that I am told he has studied the *Flying-Post* with a great deal of Application; and, that most of the Silly Things in his Speech are borrowed from that excellent Author. Sometimes he'd creep, in the most vulgar *Phrases* imaginable; by and by he'd soar out of Sight, and traverse the spacious *Realms* of *Fustian* and *Bombast*. He was, indeed, very sparing of his *Latin* and *Greek*, as (God knows) having a very slender Stock of those Commodities; but then, for *hard Words* and *Terms*, which neither he, nor you, nor I, nor any Body else understand, he poured them out in such Abundance, that you'd have sworn he had been rehearsing some of the occult Philosophy of *Agrippa* or *Rosicrusius*, or reading a Lecture out of *Cabala*.

After the Doctor had given such ample Indications of the greatest Humanity, Skill, and Erudition, who d'ye think wou'd be so incredulous as not to believe him, or so uncourteous as to refuse to purchase one of his *Packets?* Lest any of us, however, should be too tenacious of our Money, to part with it on these Considerations, he had one other Motive which

did not fail to do the Business; this was, by perswading us, that there were the Seeds of some *Malignant Distemper* lurking in every one of our Bodies; and, that there was nothing in Nature could *save us*, but some one or other of his Medicines. He threaten'd us with Death in case of refusal, and assured us, with a Prophetic Air, that without his Physick every Mother's Son of us would be in our Graves by that Day Twelvemonth. The poor People were infinitely terrified, with the imminent Danger they found themselves under, but were as much pleased to find how easy it was to be evaded; so that, without more ado, every Man bought his Packet, and turned the Doctor adrift, to pursue further Adventures.

The Scene being now removed, I was at leisure to reflect on what had passed, and could really have either cry'd or laugh'd very heartily, at what I had seen. The Arrogance of the *Doctor*, and the Silliness of his *Patients*, were each of them ridiculous enough, to have set a Person of more Gravity than myself a laughing; but then to consider the Tragical Issue to which these Things tended, and the fatal Effect so many Murthering Medicines might have on several of his Majesty's good Subjects, wou'd have made the merriest *Buffoon* alive, serious. I have not often observed a more hale robust Crowd of People than that which incircled this doughty Doctor; methinks one might have read Health in their very Faces, and there was not a Countenance among them which did not give the Lye to the Doctor's Suggestions. Cou'd but one see a little into Futurity, and observe the condition they will be in, a few Months hence, what an alteration wou'd one find! How many of those *Brawny Youths* are already puking in Chimney Corners? And how many *Rosy complexioned Girls* are by this Time reduced to the Paleness of a *Cockney?*

I propose in a little Time to make a second Journey to this Place, in order to see how the Doctor's Physick has *operated*. By searching the Parish Register, and comparing the number of *Funerals* made weekly before the Doctor's visit, with those which have followed; it will be easy to form an Estimate of the Havock which this itinerant Manslayer made, in the Space of two Hours. I shall then proceed to compute the number of *Quacks* in the three Kingdoms, from which it will be no hard matter to determine the number of People carried off *per*

Annum by the whole Fraternity. Lastly, I shall calculate the Loss which the Government sustains by the Death of every *Subject;* from all which, the immense Damages accruing to his Majesty will evidently appear, and the Publick will be fully convinced of the Truth of what I have heretofore asserted, *viz. That the Quacks contribute More, toward keeping us poor, than all our National Debts; and, that to suppress the former, would be an infallible Means of redeeming the latter.* The whole Scheme shall be drawn up in due Form, and presented to the Parliament in the ensuing Session, and that *August* Assembly, I don't doubt, will pay all the Regard thereto, which the Importance of the Subject, and the weight of my Argument shall require.

Methinks the Course of Justice, which has hitherto obtained among us, is chargeable with great Absurdities. *Petty* Villains are hanged or transported, while *great* ones are suffered to pass *impune.* A Man cannot take a *Purse* upon the Highway, or cut a *Single Throat,* but he must presently be called to answer for it at the *Old Bailey,* and perhaps to suffer for it at *Tyburn;* and yet, here are Wretches suffered to commit *Murthers* by Wholesale, and to Plunder, not only private Persons and Pockets, but even the *King* and the *Exchequer,* without having any Questions asked! Pray Mr. *Mist,* what were Gibbets, Gallows, and Whipping Posts made for?

But to return to Doctor *Thornhill.* I have had the curiosity to examine several of his Medicines in a *Reverboratory,* reducing compounds into their Simples by a *Chymical Analysis;* and have constantly found a considerable Proportion of some poisonous *Plant* or *Mineral* in every one of them. *Arsenick, Woolfs-Bane, Mercury,* and *Hemlock,* are *sine quibus non;* and he could no more make up a Medicament without some of these, than remove a Mountain. Accordingly as these are variously mix'd, and disposed among other Drugs, he gives them various names, calling them *Pills, Bolus's, Electuaries,* &c. His *Pills* I would prescribe, as a *Succedaneum* to a *Halter;* so that such Persons as are weary of this troublesome World, and wou'd willingly quit it for a better, but are too squeamish to take up with that queer old-fashioned *Recipe* called *Hanging,* may have their Business done as securely, and more decently, by some of these excellent *Pills.* His *Bolus*

too is very good in its kind; I have made Experiments with it on several Animals, and find that it poisons to a Miracle. A moderate Dose of it has perfectly *silenced* a bawling *Dog* that used to disturb my Morning Slumbers; and a like quantity of it has *quieted* several other snarling *Curs* in my neighbourhood. And then, if you be troubled with *Rats, Mr. Mist,* there 's the Doctor's *Electuary* is an infallible Remedy, as I myself have Experienced. I have effectually cleared my House of those troublesome Animals, by disposing little Parcels of it in the Places they frequent; and do recommend it to you and your Readers, as the most powerful *Ratsbane* in the World. It would be needless to enumerate all the Virtues of the Doctor's several Medicines; but I dare affirm that what the Ancients fabulously reported of *Pandora's Box,* is strictly true of the Doctor's *Packet;* and, that it contains in it the Seeds and Principles of all Diseases.

I must ask your Pardon, Mr. Mist, for being so grave on so ludicrous a Subject, and, spending so many Words upon an Empty Quack.

Mr. Mist, Your humble Servant,

PHILYGEIA.

Conjugal Affection.

M. J., Dec. 5.—Mr. Mist, Your Paper being so public, and so useful a Register for the Affairs of Moment which happen in this great City, I think we are all obliged to communicate every remarkable Event for the Good of the whole community of your Readers: and, as nothing more wonderful has happened in these latter Ages of the World, than what I am going to relate, I expect your Attention, and the Attention of all your Readers, especially of those who live in or near *a certain well-bred, sociable, mannerly, learned, back-biting, fore-biting, Christian, and Anti-Christian Society,* within a hundred miles of a Place called QUEENHITH.

Among these good People has been discovered such an inimitable, uncommon, strange and wonderful Phenomenon, that the like is not to be found in all the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal So So's, no, not in all the Histories of Nature, from the famous *Pliny* down to this day; namely, a cer-

tain eminent Tinker, who having been married not much less than three whole Years, had never, in all that Time, directly or indirectly, repented his Bargain; no, NEVER, *Mr. Mist, Monstrum Horrendum!* Never, neither in Thought, *Word*, or Deed, by Day or Night, asleep or awake; never, I say, repented or relented, repined, regretted, chagrined, wished it done, or wished it undone, not so much as once, no, not in the least.

And because, you know, strange Things ought to be very well attested, I assure you the Matter of Fact has been vouched upon Oath, by a person of undoubted Credit, and whose Word will not be questioned in the Matter, having been Eye and Ear Witness to every Passage of the Man's Life, ever since he had a Wife, and this Gentleman has made Oath of it, as I am credibly informed, before the Right Worshipful Sir William Withers; and that you may be assured you are not imposed upon, I refer you to one Mr. Moor, a Brasier near the Place aforesaid, of whom, I doubt not, if you inquire, you may have full satisfaction.

This wonderful Incident in Nature, they say, has given great Offence among the Neighbourhood; and, I am told, that if all the good Husbands in that Quarter of the City do not go up in a body to Sir William, and take their Corporal Oaths to the same Purpose respectively, it may endanger an Insurrection.

We hear there's the Devil to pay somewhere in Half-Moon Alley, in Bishop'sgate Street, with an Apparition of a Man and two Women, who frequently walk up and down stairs;—unusual Noises are heard! Doors fly open! Candles go out! and the Lord knows what beside. *When we hear the rest*, Mr. Mist says, *we shall tell you.*

M. J., Dec. 26.—It is impossible to express the Bounty and Munificence of Mr. Law; and what a World of Money he gives away on charitable and generous Occasions. The other Day he gave 100,000 Livres to the rebuilding the church of St. Roche, in Paris, being the Parish Church in which he lives, and where he received his first Communion, after the Renunciation of his Religion. He gave, the same Day, a hundred thousand Crowns to the Relief of his Country-

men, the English and Scots, at St. Germaine's, who were formerly Dependents upon the Court of the late Queen Dowager of England; and, whose Pensions ceased at her Death, by which they were reduced to extreme Poverty. He has given several very considerable Sums to the Hospital *La Charite;* but, as great Actions never fail to attract Envy, so there are many, on the other Hand, who load him with Reproaches and Curses.

Directions for Christmas.

M. J., Dec. 26.—Mr. Mist, As you have been pleased to take this town into your Particular Care and Protection, I desire you would publish the following Orders for the regular Observance of this public Time; and, to the same, add the weight of your own Commands.

1. That no Citizen retire to Hackney, on Pretence of Country Air, to avoid the necessary and reasonable Liberality and Munificence of the Time,—on Pain of being disabled from bearing any offices of Profit and Honour, particularly Common-Council-man, Church-warden, and Scavenger.

2. That no Citizen's Wife that drinks Chocolate in her Bed, keeps her Belle Visits in a Chair, has her set Days and Silver-Kettle,—shall suffer any other than Twelve Shilling Beer, and Candles an Inch and a Half Diameter, to be used in her House during Christmas, on Pain of being called Forsooth, or Mistress.

3. That every Whig, imposing Healths, or creating Disturbances, under a Notion of Reformation, or otherwise,—shall be obliged to turn Christian; or, on Refusal, to be reduced to Civil Society, and disabled from giving Evidence.

4. No Taylor to wear Ty'd Wigs,—on Pain of a heavy Duty on Cucumbers next Summer.

5. No Person to find Fault with Wine that never tasted any before,—on Pain of never tasting any again.

6. The Citizens are forbid opposing any of these Orders,—on Pain of Custom House Oaths falsely taken, being deemed Perjury; Courtiers,—on Pain of a Present from a Candidate, being deemed bribery; Officers,—on Pain of plundering against Orders, being deemed Felony; Maids,—on Pain of never being Married; and Wives,—on pain of never being Unmarried.

Exposure of French Bubbles.

M. J., Jan. 2, 1720.—You, Mr. Mist in England, You are a Parcel of dull, phlegmatic Fellows at London; you are not half so bright as we are in Paris, where we drink Burgundy and Sparkling Champaign. We have run up a Piece of refined Air, a meer *Ignis fatuus* here, from a hundred to two thousand, and now we are making a Dividend of forty per cent. You never met with a grosser Cheat in Nature; the new Bubble you have at London, of a Million to be lent upon *Bottomree,* cannot be a more palpable fraud. What if lending Money on Bottomree be the Occasion of burning the Vessels, or wrecking forty Sail of Ships a Year, what is that, to this of the Stock advanced to twenty Hundred upon One, which, in the End, must ruin forty Thousand, *not Men,* but Families; not Masters alone, but Wives and Children innumerable.

We are told, to compliment this State Enigma, that they have made a Dividend; prithee, *Mist,* tell us, for the learned cannot agree about it, what is this Dividend? What, these mighty Profits they divide? Authors are strangely divided about it, for some will have it to be forty per cent., and some will have it to be but two per cent., and how shall we reconcile this, for there is a very great difference between two, and forty? But an unlucky Fellow comes in, and tells me that the difference is not so great as some imagine; for what is the difference between two Pounds, and forty Shillings? Certain it is, that two per cent. sterling, and forty shillings sterling, the per cent. are much the same.

But I desire you will leave this Riddle to Time, which will undoubtedly effectually explain it; and, in the Interim don't forget to tell your Friends the following Story, which perhaps may a little divert them with the new Foppery of this Country,—where so many Pages, Footmen, Serving-men, Boys, Beggars, W——s, and Sharpers, have set up Coaches,—that we can hardly distinguish at present, who is Quality, and who is not, till we get a few Sumptuary Laws to mortify them, which they say, are under Consideration; and particularly are forbidding anything below a Nobleman from wearing Embroidery of Gold or Silver, or Gold or Silver Lace on their Clothes; and anything below the degree of a Marquis wearing Gold or

Silver Buttons, or an Edged Hat, except Soldiers on Commission.

Several Gentlemen, of yesterday, are extremely mortify'd at this News; and as their Number is very great, they talk of applying to his Royal Highness the Regent, to obtain some Consideration, to save their Honour.

They tell us a very unhappy Story of one of these new Gentlemen of the Family of the Upstarts, who was lately stept from behind a Coach, into a Coach of his own, that t'other Day being at a Coffee-house,—and willing to compliment his Friend with a Lift,—called his Servant, and bid him bring his Coach to the Door, when good Manners obliging him to put his Friend in first, he forgot that he was to go in himself, and shutting the Coach door, bid the Coachman drive to such a place,—naming his Friend's House,—and nimbly whipt up behind, as it seems he had been always bred to do, and was not so aware of his new Quality as he should have been. This made us all in the Coffee-House very Merry; and the new Gentleman, on the contrary, has not appeared much since. I am, Monsieur Mist, your most Humble Servant,

QUINQUAMPOIX.

We are informed, that the two Indian Princes, which have with so much Pains, and so little Profit, been made a Show of in England, little to any Body's Satisfaction, and less to their own; are next Week to be carried to France, where we are told they are to pass for two mighty Emperors, of the wonderful country Mississippi, coming to do Homage to *his Paper Majesty, King* LAW, for the Honour and Glory of the New Company. They will embark for Calais on Monday next. They have been to see the Castle of Windsor, and the Palace at Hampton Court, the Tower, the Crown,—*a Thing which they by no Means Understand,*—the Armory, the Lions,—not forgetting their Country Folks, the Cat-a-Mountain, and the great Monkey. They have been also to see the Tombs,—and very much wondered, no doubt, to hear them talk of Kings being buried, in a Country where they had been told that the *King never dies.*

We are told that they have no great Gust for the Gaiety of the Town; and above all, could not make any Thing of

our Masquerades; especially they were surprised to see a Chimney Sweeper *dress'd in black Velvet,* dancing with a fine Lady in Crimson Callicoe *a la Chinese,*—a Quaker dancing with a Turk, &c. &c. &c. In a Word, they were very much offended at our wearing so many Clothes, and of so many Colours; and think a Robe of *Majestic* DUFFELDS much more suitable to the Majesty and Grandeur of Mankind, and so, in Disgust, they think it better to go back and enjoy the native Felicity of Nakedness and Sloth in their own Country.

A London Bubble. Two Millions were subscribed for it.

M. J., Jan. 9.—There appeared a young Man with a Book, ready to enter the Names of such as came to Subscribe, and to take five Shillings of them; giving them a PERMIT to be received as Subscribers, to a certain Subscription, to be made some time or other, *they did not know when;* to some certain Scheme or other, *they did not know what;* proposed by some Person or other, *they did not know who;* for Insurance of Ships, &c., *they did not know how.*

On Dreams, Omens, &c.

M. J., Jan. 16.—Mr. Mist, you cannot be ignorant, or, I believe, thoughtless, of a very lamentable Accident by Fire, which happen'd to the Person and Family of a very worthy Gentleman and Merchant of this City, *Mr. Astell,* in Austin Friers.

I would not write anything, on so afflicting a Subject, that should be *renovare Dolorem* to him, or to his Friends; the Reason of my mentioning this, is, to enquire, in so nice a Case, into the nicer Philosophy of Omens and Warnings from the invisible World; *a thing much talked of by learned men, and so much slighted by Fools.*

Was it possible the fate of a Family, so concerned in one another, so concerned for themselves, should be just impending,—even to the last minute,—and no secret Alarms given, no Warning, by the kind Genius of the Persons respectively? No damps on the Soul of the Parent, or Master of the Family, on account of the Children, no sympathetick Influence on the Minds of the Husband or Wife? No Converse of Spirits to in-

timate,—by foreboding Signs,—what was at hand; and what was immediately to befal? It must certainly be, that there were Hints given, if they were not too obstinately neglected.

It is reasonable to believe, according to the Nature of the Thing, that some Hours before the Flame broke out, it was actually in Motion; the first Principle, viz. the Fire and the Fuel were engaged together, the former was feeding, encreasing, and extending its Body, gathering Strength, seeking Vent; and, in a Word, kindling up to a Head in the lower Parts of the House.

Was it possible the whole Family, who slept on the top of a Furnace, *or, as we may say,* as if laid on a Gridiron, *to use a mean Simile,* who slept on the Mouth of a Gulph, and had the Fire kindling under them for their Destruction: I say, was it possible they could Sleep easy? Had the prescient Soul no Presage of something approaching?

Where is all the fancied Converse with the World of Spirits, and the Communication between the Spirits embodied, and those unembodied? Where the Notion of good Angels, attending every one to assist them, warn them of Danger, and prompt them to escape Mischief, as well as to avoid Crime? What is become of the Opinion some People have, about Dreams, Noises before Death, Knockings, Voices, and the like? Here was a whole Family given up to the most profound Tranquility, perhaps full of Mirth; in the very Evening when it must be certain that the Fire was actually begun in the Timbers of the House.

I remember a Story of a Lady in Gloucestershire,—who being in Bed fast asleep, and her whole Family,—dreamt so expressly of Fire, and, that she saw it Flaming out of the Windows of the next House, that she cried,—"Fire!" and waked all her Family, but herself; and, that when the Servants, frighten'd with their Lady's cries of *Fire! Fire!* were got up, and had opened some Doors, they found the House on Fire in good earnest, and had just Time to save the Lives of the Children and Family, and at last had their Mistress to waken,—who was sound asleep, and her Dream quite over.

We have several other Accounts in Print, of some that have dream'd of Thieves, and have raised their Servants, and

have found Thieves actually breaking into the House: And these Things have strengthen'd the Notion of Guardian Angels, Communication of Spirits, and the like; not in my Thoughts only, but in many others. But if there has been nothing of this kind here, in so remarkable, so Calamitous a Circumstance, I shall begin to stagger again in my Faith about these Things. No Melancholy! no Affrightening Dreams! No Warnings that I hear of! No! Not any of them. It is true, the Fate of the unhappy Family being such, that none,—except the Gentleman himself—is left to enquire of, we cannot say anything certain to this Part. I do not hear that they had any such Hints as these; so that whatever Cognizance the Life of Spirits admits of, relating to Things which are to befal us in this World, it seems, they were all asleep here, with the People; or at least were all so far from doing the kind Office of giving Warning in such an Extraordinary Case, that we can say nothing more than this in their Favour, viz. That it is not in their Power; and, in a Word, that the Spirits unembodied having their Cognizance of Things below, and their Converse with Souls embodied by such Means as is pretended, has really nothing at all in it, but is mere *Deceptio Visus* of the Mind,—a Dream, a Delusion, and no more. Pray, *Mr. Mist,* let us hear what is your Opinion in this Case; for I know great things are pretended of this kind, and many such as are very groundless and improbable.

Your Servant, WHITE WITCH.

We hear that Mr. Astell, the Merchant, by the burning of his House in Austin Friers, has lost in Effects, Money, and Bills, the Sum of 20,000*l.*

A Fool's Confession.

M. J., Jan. 23.—Mr. Mist, I live near the STOCKS, and have lately brought home to a New House, well furnish'd, a very handsome young Thing FOR a *Wife;* she is well bred, and well fed, and has as much Manners, and as much Wit, as Heart could wish. She is as merry a *Cub* as ever Man Kiss'd; I have lain with her all Night, and I play with her all Day; and never was a better condition'd Thing in the World. I have two charming Children of hers in a Trice,—*but not before the*

Time neither,—take me right, Sir. She behaves so well, within doors and without, that all the Neighbours love her, and everybody thinks me the happiest Fellow alive: Besides all this, she was far from poor, for she had a Bag of Money as long as my Arm. She is as honest and just to me, as the Skin to my Bones; she is the tenderest Mother alive, and she loves me to Distraction. About a month ago she fell Sick, and I thought she would have died; she made her Will, and gave me all she had in the World. She cried all the while she was Sick,—not for anything about dying, *she said,*—but for parting with me. If I am the least out of Order she is like a mad Woman; and if she ruins me for anything, 'twill be for Doctors and Apothecaries for myself. And all this is so sincere, so unaffected, so undisguised, that there is not the least Room to suspect her of doing it politically; and indeed, she has not the least Art or Hypocrisy about her. I waked one Night, about Midnight, and found her crying, most passionately, but fast asleep; I let her alone, to inform myself what I could of the Particulars, and soon found, for she talked *very much, and very plain,* that she was dreaming I was sick, and she was sending her Maid, one way to fetch me a Cordial from her Closet, and sending the Boy another way for a Doctor. After some time, I waked her, to put her out of her Trouble; but when she found 'twas a Dream, and that I was very well, she cried as much for Joy, when she was awake, as she did for Grief, when she was asleep. As for my Part, I am at the greatest Loss, *Mr. Mist,* that ever Mortal was; for, after all, to make you my Father Confessor,—*She is* NOT *my Wife,*—and, to be plain with you, I did not take her with a Design to marry her at all, nor did I absolutely promise I would marry her; but what can I do? There is not such a Piece of Witchcraft in the World. It is impossible not to love her, and a human Devil could not be unkind to her. She has not one Grain of Temper in her that is not a Charm. A Man can no more be angry with her, without a Cause, than he can find Cause to complain of the least thing about her.

I was such a Brute once, to upbraid her with not being my Wife;—*That's true,* says she, and, with some Difficulty, *as I saw,* restrained a Tear,—*but you are my Husband, and these dear Creatures are your Children; and they, and their Mother, shall*

be yours, whatever you will be to them! and then she took me about the Neck, and bewitched me. In short, Mr. Mist, she is either an Angel, or a strange kind of Devil, for there never was a Woman so every way qualified to doze and possess the very Soul of a Man.

She never asked me to Marry her, no not once, since I took her; but when I speak to her of it, she tells me, she depends upon me, that I will do her Justice, one time or other; and if I will not, while it is my doing, she will bear it cheerfully. *In a Word,* it is true I drew her in, but it was the Excess of her Love to me, at first, that conquered her; for, I believe, she was as virtuous a Woman before as ever lived. Good *Mist,* thou Doctor of the Doleful! thou sage Piece of Wizardism! tell me, what must be done with this Woman; for thou art the Oracle now, for the wise and the unwise, the mad and the merry? I say, tell me, what is my next Business, for I am the most uneasy, happy, unsatisfied, pleased, contented, discontented Fellow, that ever you met with.

I say,—tell me what I must do! All the World takes her to be my Wife, and everything to be right; but while I know it is all wrong, what's that to the Purpose? 'Tis an odd Thing to marry a Woman, after one has lived with her; and yet 'tis a hard Thing, to turn such a Creature out of Doors, with two innocent Children, that know nothing of the Matter. Let me have your Answer Speedily,—or, by Jove! I'll come and pull your House down, for I have no Patience.

Your Servant,
WOMAN WITCH'D.

Mr. Mist says, *Go, you Fool!* Marry her and be happy;—and hug yourself in being a fortunate Sinner,—but never venture again in hopes of such another. Marry her for her own sake, and marry her for your Children's sake, and take care to make her as good a Husband as you say she makes you a Wife. Never upbraid her with what you say, and believe, was the Effect only of an unconquerable Affection to you, and what you took an unjust Advantage of, to delude her. *Go, you Fool!* and marry her, before you once close your Eyes;—for if you ruin her, you ruin yourself too.

A Female distressed for a Fortune and a Husband.

M. J., Jan. 30.—Mr. Mist, I am a distress'd Female, young, and a Maiden,—Pity me as such, and quiet my disturbed Mind with some Hopes, however remote they may be. I have some Sense,—Fame flatters me in that part, as also in that of Beauty, —where it never fails to flatter not me only, but every Thing that is but tolerable: But here is the case, *Mist,* I have not the main Thing, MONEY! I have preached up Contempt of Money to my Companions, but really, *Mr. Mist,* it won't do, your Sex hate naked Philosophy, and poor Wisdom: They value it not in the Head, so it be but in the Pocket; to be rich, is to be fair, virtuous, wise, any Thing, every Thing, and a Woman may give over all the Pursuit of Virtue, if she have but Money. So true is the Proverb among our Sex, *Happy is the Child whose Father is gone to the D——l.*

But now, *Mr. Mist,* pray observe, tho' I have not the Fortune that is requisite to constitute a fine Lady, yet I am not a Beggar; if I was, perhaps you would say, *what do I come to you for?* I have Money enough to live on, but not enough to go to Market with. I have tried several ways to mend this, but I am a very unfortunate Creature. I have, for this twelve years, put Money into the Lotteries, and *for what think you,* but to buy this haughty, saucy Thing, called a HUSBAND: *But still this will not do,* MIST. I put a Hundred Pound into every ten Pound Lottery in the late Queen's Reign, and this has been my Fate always,—I have much about got out what I put in, or perhaps a little more,—now and then a ten Pound, and the like; *but still it would not do.*

In this last Lottery, tho' more hazardous than the rest, I put in about three Hundred and Fifty Pound,—for I had no less than one Hundred and fifteen Tickets in,—and now I thought I could not miss a Prize to my Mind: so I prepared myself to make some Figure, bought good Clothes, and set up some Equipage, but I am numbered among the Unfortunate, have por'd my Eyes out in the Ticket Papers, and looked till I am tired. I was in the very next Number to one of ten Thousand Pounds; I was in the same Thousand with two of the Thousands; I was but a Hundred off of the Five Thousands; and so on to a great many other, but still no-

thing came up to the Purpose. The first Thing that tantalized me, was a Prize of a Hundred Pounds, and then I began to be in Heart; but I did Penance for my good luck, for I had Nineteen Blanks after it, and nothing came up at all. Then I got three Ten Pounds, then a Fifty, and so on, till including a Ticket in last Day's Drawing, I am come up so much above my Three Hundred and Fifty Pound, that I am a Gainer, in the whole, about fifteen Pound, and a mighty Purchase I have made of it, ha'nt I? What think you now, will all this do toward a *good Husband?* or what will this do to recommend me to anybody in the Shape of a Wife?

This is really very hard, *Mist,* Isn't it? What could any Modest woman do more,—and what am I to do next? As to the fluttering, dressing, gay Ways that our Sex sometimes make use of,—and are weak enough to fancy may recommend them;—I despise the meanness of them, and I see your Sex, especially those that have most Sense, despise the Women for them. I therefore neither go to Church or any public Place, set forth as those Ladies think fit to do; when I go to the former, I dress to the occasion, go decently, but grave, and apply myself to the business of the Place. If I go to the Play, I go in a Figure, not to be taken for worse than I am. *In a Word,* I have scorned to Court your Sex in any Figure, *tho' I am willing to be married too, if I could do it fairly;* but have endeavoured to recommend myself in Conversation by that which ought to recommend me, I mean by a Modest and decent Behaviour, on all Occasions. But really, *Mr. Mist, still it won't do:* The Money is the only Matter, and the Quantity is the only Question, and my Luck has been out. My Enquiry then to You is, *What must be done next?* They say You can answer such Questions. I was advised a little while ago to have gone over to France and turn'd Stock-Jobber, but they tell me 'tis too late for that, therefore I shall resolve upon nothing now, till I have your answer,

To Your Servant,

PATIENCE.

Mr. Mist to Mrs. Patience, sends Greeting.

Hitherto, Madam, your Measures have been all Right, but you must have a little more Patience. Perhaps your Card may

turn up Trump one time or other; if not, it has been said that Ladies are a mighty good Venture to the East Indies, where they are not in our Case, but want Wives more than Money: What if you should go thither to Market? If you do go, he wishes you good Speed.

Mr. Law, the Projector.

M. J., Jan. 30.—Sir, We are told so often in Print of the wonderful Things done in France yonder by one *Law*, and how he is advanced from a Stock-Jobber there to a Privy-Counsellor. I desire to Know, *Mr. Mist*, especially since Mrs. *Betty*, near *Bow Church*, says you are a cunning Man, and Know every Thing; I say, I desire you to let me know therefore, how I shall do so too; for it is mighty pretty, *Mr. Mist*, to get a great deal of Money, and be made a great Man, from Nothing at all: Now I would do just as he has done; and therefore tell me how I must do it; pray now do!

Your Servant.

Mr. Mist says, if you are resolv'd upon it, and nothing else will serve you but to do just so, what need you ask what you must do? The Case is plain, you must put on a Sword, Kill a Beau or two, get into Newgate, be condemned to be hanged, break Prison, IF YOU CAN,—*remember that by the Way*,—get over to some Strange Country, turn Stock-Jobber, set up a Mississippi Stock, bubble a Nation, and you may soon be a great Man; if you have but great good luck, according to an old English Maxim:—

> Dare once to be a Rogue upon record,
> And you may quickly hope to be a Lord.

Value of Public Opinion.

M. J., Feb. 6.—Sir, There are a great many of you Journal Writers, and you fill the Town with Abundance of your Notions and Politicks. I am not to enquire whether you do well or ill;—we all know you mean well, that is, you mean to get Money;—if you can. It is true you talk of the publick Good, and of your being of this or that Party; and you do well;—for why should not you have your Pretences, as well as other People.

In order to this, some of you are for King George; some

for the Church; some for the King, without telling whom you mean, and which we all know how to understand. To me it is not one Farthing Matter who you are for, what King, what Church, what Party: It is enough that you write the Journal, where we expect something to please us, or displease us, make us laugh, or make us frown, call you Rogues, or call you honest Fellows; and in troth it is not one Cross to the Purpose, nor does it signify one Farthing to you, or to us, what we call you.

I was in a place the other day, where one was crying you up mightily for the honestest, merry, agreeable Fellow in the World: I would give a Thousand Pounds (says a Lady in the Company) to be loved and admired as *this Mist* is, by all the World. He may e'en lie in Bed till Noon, by the Right of the Proverb: — every body knows him by Name; every body reads his Paper, and likes him for it; every body has a good Word for him. It was not a Quarter of an Hour after this, but coming into another Place, where they were reading your Paper, they were calling you all the Rogues, Cheats, and Dogs, that could be thought of.

Now, I dare say, you are not half an Ounce the fatter, Mr. Mist, for one or the other of these. As to the Lady, I asked her a Question much in your favour, I assure you. Harkee, Madam, (says I) this Gentleman is much in Your Sex's Interest; I assure you he is a Batchelor, and a handsome young Fellow;—what say you, are you so pleased with him, unsight and unseen, as that you could say YES, if he should come and ask you the Question? She gave me a very ill-natured Answer, as to myself, I assure you, (though I am a young Batchelor, as well as Mr. Mist, and am not used to be despised) but it was not much to your Disadvantage: She told me,—*Look you,* Sir, *you put a Question which I am sure you have no Commission to ask: However I'll tell you,* says she, *I should not say* YES *at the first Question, I believe, but I am sure I should not say* NO *to him so often as I would to you.* So away came I, with that little I had got, and you are still the Lady's Favourite, you may depend upon it; and so much for that.

But to return to the others, that curse you so heartily; they were a parcel of rugged, fiery passionate, ill-natured

Whigs; and they went on railing most plentifully at you a great while. Another Man that sat by, and said nothing a long Time, at last, with a kind of contempt of you, says to me; I do not know *this Mist;* what is he? Nay, says I to him, I do not know him neither, but I am told he is a very honest, merry Fellow. Merry! says he, that can never be, why I would not be called so many Names for all the World. Sir, said I, (and I believe, *Mist,* I spoke your Mind to a Tittle,) let them but buy his Paper, and he shall give it you under his Hand, that he allows them to rail at him every *Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday,* from Morning even unto the Evening,—in every Tavern, Inn, Ale-house, and Coffee-house, in *England.*

It is plain, your Business is to impose upon us, for Money; ours is to be imposed on by you all, upon one side as well as the other, and then rail at you all, and call you Names, by way of Making our selves Satisfaction; and this is our Weekly Exercise.

Having thus told you of what eminent Significance it is to the World what you say; and of what great Moment it is to you what we say, I have settled the Preliminaries of the Treaty, and next Week I think to enter upon Business with you, which perhaps may be of as much Importance as all this, which, by the aforesaid Rule, signifies just nothing.

Your Friend and Very Humble Servant,

TIMOTHY TRIFLE.

Cardinal Alberoni.

M. J., Feb. 6.—We have a flaming account from France, relating to Cardinal Alberoni; whether it may be depended on for Truth, or no, we are not able to determine, or whether it came, *as is pretended,* from Madrid; many People being of the mind, that it was foregot in France, by some that have no great Veneration for the Cardinal Alberoni. They tell us that they have Letters at Paris from Madrid, which assure them, that they have hitherto been most notoriously imposed upon in all the Accounts that have been given of the Manner of Expunging the Cardinal from the Administration of the Publick Affairs in Spain, and particularly as to that Part which relates to his being dismissed in a friendly Manner; for, that

it appears that the Cardinal had behaved insolently on several Occasions to the Queen, and to several others in her Majesty's confidence, and had shewn some Indecencies to the King himself, on the Queen's account; that his dismiss, tho' it was the Forerunner of the peaceable Disposition in the Court, yet it was the Effect of a just Resentment in her Majesty at such Behaviour as is to Persons of Distinction, much more to Sovereign Princes, unsufferable. They add, as what they would have us understand to be a Confirmation of these things, that, though upon his Dismission he was not stript and imprisoned, as Favourites and Ministers of State sometimes are, when precipitated out of their Master's Service; yet he was so evidently under the marks of the Royal Displeasure, that he was very far from having been sent away with so much Favour, and under such Testimonies of his Master's reserved Favour, as was pretended; for whereas, it was at first written, that he was permitted to enjoy all his Benefices, as likewise a temporal Estate, purchased by him in the Province of Granada, that he was allowed to carry away with him two Millions in Gold, and the like sum in Jewels; we are assured now, that it has been so far from this, that the King has given Particular Order to seize a great sum of Money, which the Cardinal had entrusted in the Hands of M. Melchior Cimiratti; that several other Persons have been obliged to give an Account of what they have in their Hands of his,—as of Publick Money. Also, that his Eminence was obliged, before he was permitted to depart out of the Kingdom, to renounce all his Dignities and Honours, and to quit all his Revenues, as well Temporal as Ecclesiastick; and all the Grants that had been made to him by his Majesty, and all other Advantages whatsoever, that had accrued to him during his Ministry; also, to renounce all his Pretensions to the Archbishoprick of Seville, and all Demands that he might enter at the Datary, or other Offices at Rome upon that Account. The Queen, they also say, is particularly irritated at the Cardinal; but, they add, that her Majesty declares, that she is less displeased at him for imbroiling the Kingdom with the Allies, than for bringing the Hatred of the Spanish Nation upon herself; as if she had been the cause of all the Misfortunes that have attended those Councils; and that her Majesty has declared, that she will omit nothing to oblige her People,

and to convince them that she has their Interest and Prosperity at Heart, and will find means to let them see that she is able many Ways to make them happy.

On Presages, &c.

M. J., Feb. 6.—Mr. Mist, One of your Correspondents desiring your Opinion on the Case of Presages, I have penn'd some Thoughts with relation to that Subject; and, if they have any Agreement with your Notion of it, pray let them be inserted in your next.

The Gentleman, if I understand him right, seems to insinuate, that there are generally Presages or Warnings, to which, if we were attentive, we might easily see an approaching Misfortune. Now, I would fain know what a Presage means;—whether it is a Warning for us to prepare for an inevitable Fate? Or whether, by this timely Notice given by those invisible Spirits or Guardian Angels, the impending Evil be avoidable? But grant it to be which of these you will, I answer that these Warnings or Presages,—whether communicated by Dreams, Voices, &c., are only Faint Hints, which our weak Judgments cannot readily apply. So that if they would have us understand their Hieroglyphicks and mystical Allusions, they should furnish us with a Key to them, by which we may never fail to interpret right;—or, in plain Terms, so explain themselves, that the weakest Capacity may infallibly judge where to expect the foreboding Evil, so as to prevent or prepare for it. If they deny us this, their pretended Charity loses its Virtue, and we cannot blame the Stupidity of Man, whose limited Faculties, cannot penetrate into these hidden Mysteries. Again, by a natural Instinct of Self-Preservation, implanted in our Natures, we should not be neglectful, or pass any of these Things over with a Careless Regard, was there the least Reason to imagine them intended as Forerunners of approaching Evil. So that, what ominous Precedents some may talk of, I must think them to be only Delusions and Whims; and if sometimes, they happen *a propos*, and according to the Explanation of our old Women, it is only Chance. For instance, might not Mr. Astell or some of that Family, have dreamed something that might have been interpreted ominous; nay possibly, might have dreamed directly of a House flaming about their Ears,

and even this would have been nothing strange; nor should I have conceived it to have proceeded from any Impressions made by any Supernatural Power; for if you bestow but one single Thought, you must acknowledge it most likely and natural, it may so happen. For, as the Thoughts of the Night are wandering, inconsistent, and extravagant, 'tis no Wonder that they hit upon some succeeding Accidents. I have sometimes myself dreamed at Night of what the very next Day has happened, in every Circumstance of it, but it has been of so trifling a Business, that no one can suppose it, without a monstrous Absurdity, the Effect of any Particular Impression from the L——d knows what Agent. It is, I think, beyond all doubt, that Dreams are generally the Effect of the Day's Thoughts, especially of such Thoughts, as we have fixed deepest in our Minds, and this, by a nice Observation, you'll find to be true. For the Organs of Sensation, or animal Faculty, having been strongly impressed by any Thoughts, Noises, &c., there remains an Aptness and Propensity to receive the same; for it's most certain that if your Mind has been very intent upon any thing, the same will for some Time, that is, till those Impressions are a little worn off, crowd into your Mind notwithstanding you endeavour to divert your Thoughts by contrary Contemplations; the like I have frequently observed with Noises.—And as for what is said of the Lady's dreaming of Fire, it might probably be the smell of the Fire that occasioned the Dream; for I have in several Cases observed Smelling to influence the Thoughts; but the Nature and Difference of Dreams is chiefly to be attributed to the particular Complexion; as Cholerick, Melancholick, &c. As for Apparitions, and Hag-riding, they are generally the Effects of Imagination, and a disturbed animal Faculty; for, as to the Nature and Cause of Hag-riding, or the Incubus, Physicians know it full well to be only a natural Distemper: And to prove, that Apparitions and Appearances are generally the Effect of Fear and Imagination, I could give you several remarkable Stories, and some of them from my own Experience. So that I am perswaded, that a strong Imagination, (especially in a Weak Light, or Twilight,) is able to represent whatever shape you please; and that it is only Imagination that has conjured up most, if not all, the Ghosts that have appeared in the World this many Ages. The

same may be said of Noises, Voices, and Knockings; for how common it is to fancy we hear such Things, which prove to be nothing but Delusion. It would be too tedious to trace the wonderful Effects of this Faculty, as in the Case of some Hypochondriacks, who fancy, the most absurd extravagant Things, and yet take them out of the Whim, and nobody talks with more Reason. Thus I have partly, and had I more Room to expatiate, could more clearly make it appear to be very often the Effect of Imagination, and a meer *Deceptio Visus;* therefore I see no Reason to draw a Conclusion from a few Instances, and such too, that, according to the Nature of accidental Causes, must often happen: and why should we encourage Notions, which serve only to torment, and perplex us? For these observations of Dreams, Death-Watches, Voices, Knockings, Dogs howling, digging the Earth, and the like, do, as I have remarked, oftener miss than hit.

But granting them to be always True, where is the Use of them, unless you could prove (which I believe you cannot) that by these Means we might ward off the Misfortune; otherwise it is only anticipating the Evil, putting ourselves upon the Rack, and disquieting ourselves for nought, and I am sure cannot agree with the purest Doctrines of Christianity, which teaches us to expect all with a patient Submission, and an entire Resignation to the Will of God. As for the Notion of Guardian Angels always attending us, infusing into our Minds good Thoughts; and contrarily,—the Devil's endeavouring to corrupt us by wicked and hellish Insinuations,—I cannot see how they agree with our being free Agents, which must be allowed, unless we run ourselves into unaccountable Errors.

These Mr. *Mist*, are my Thoughts, (though God has, in some extraordinary Cases, chosen to communicate Things by Dreams,) but now we have no *Joseph* or *Daniel* to interpret, if there was any such Revelation; and it is ridiculous to suppose such a Revelation, without some Interpreter to make it effectual. He may likewise permit Apparitions; but I believe these things to be very rare, and therefore shall never be over-credulous in that Point. Yours, &c., E. S.

M. J., Feb. 13.—Mr. Mist, One of your last Week's Correspondents having given you his Thoughts, (as he calls them)

concerning the Notices, which the Mind of Man is supposed to receive from superior Beings upon some extraordinary Occasions; I take the Liberty to send you some Account of this Matter, supported upon a better Foundation than my own Fancy, and such as I take to be fully agreeable to right Reason and Religion.

I affirm then, that we have good Ground to assure ourselves, that there is such a Communication as this between superior Spirits and the Souls of Men; and, that from hence we frequently receive surprising Warnings by Dreams,—by sudden Infusions into our Minds, and by several other Ways,—sometimes to admonish us to prepare ourselves for Evils impending, sometimes to put us in a Way to escape them. And that this is so, will appear,—

1*st*, From the Doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, concerning the Ministry of Angels, who, we are there told, are *all ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister unto them who shall be Heirs of Salvation.* So that our being assisted by them, in what relates to our Salvation, is an uncontroverted Truth; and we may reasonably conclude, from the Spirituality of their Nature, that one Way of their giving us this Assistance, is by infusing good Thoughts into our Minds, which is a Conclusion universally received by the most eminent Divines of all Parties, as might easily be shewn. But,—as the Providence of God stands engaged to protect his Servants, not only in their Spiritual, but likewise in their Temporal Welfare, (as far as this is consistent with the other,) so we are further told, that *The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.* In the Book of *Daniel* we find particular Angels, appointed as Guardians and Protectors of particular Countries, as *Persia, Judea,* &c., from whence it is natural to infer that particular Men, may likewise have their Guardian Angels, which is also countenanced by other Places of Scripture. Agreeably to this our Church, in the Collect for the Feast of St. *Michael,* prays, *that God would appoint his Holy Angels, to succour and defend us, here on Earth.* These Passages plainly relate to their taking care of our Temporal Welfare: And why this may not be done, by their influencing our Thoughts, I would fain see a good Reason given.

A 2*d*. Argument for what I am advancing is, the many

remarkable Stories we meet with, (supported by Testimonies as strong as human Testimonies can be) of extraordinary Accidents, no ways to be accounted for, but by supposing such Warnings from invisible Agents. Of these I could bring many Examples, from the gravest Historians in all Ages: To deny the Truth of these Facts would be begging the Question with a Vengeance, and, if any (even so much as one) of them be allowed to stand good, whatever may be said against the Hypothesis I am contending for, falls to the Ground.

3rdly, I appeal to any Man's Experience, whether, in the very crisis of imminent Dangers, he has not sometimes been put into a Way of rescuing himself by a sudden Thought, darted, he knows not how into his Mind, perhaps after he has been long deliberating what to do; and by the common Course of Thinking could come to no Resolution? Or, whether he has not sometimes been seized with a strange Uneasiness, to do something, he knew not why, but by so doing he made a strange Escape? Examples of this kind are very frequent in common Life. And what are they but Instances, that the Providence of God takes these methods to pluck us out of Destruction? Which, that he does by the Ministry of his Angels, there is no Reason to doubt, since the Scriptures, as we have seen, give us such evident Reason to affirm it. The Case of Dreams is more uncommon; but, that there have been great Escapes from Danger by means of them, many have experienced, when there has been no room for supposing, there was anything of Fancy in the Matter.*

4thly, The great Reasonableness of this Hypothesis appears, from the Weakness of the Objections raised against it. I am sure I never met with a substantial one in my Life: the general one is, That some people are superstitious in observing Dreams, Apparitions, &c., and that these things are only the Effects of a weak or disordered Imagination, as your Correspondent can prove by several Instances; and what if he can? Can he disprove the Truth of those surprizing Facts of this kind, which are attested by the gravest and wisest Men of all Times in several Histories, and even Records? If he cannot, he talks to as much Purpose, as if he should tell us there is

* For instances, in his own experience, *vide* Vol. I. p. 29; and also, p. 256.—W. L.

not an Honest Man in *England*, because to his Knowledge there are Abundance of Knaves; which is a mighty pleasant Way of Arguing. To his requiring a Rule, whereby we may infallibly distinguish these Notices, when they are given us, I answer *1st*, That to talk of an infallible Rule, whereby to judge of Things, that lye so far out of our Knowledge, as the operations of Spirits do, is to as much Purpose as the B. of B.'s declaiming against infallible Authority over Men's Consciences.* But, *2dly*, we may distinguish (tho' not infallibly) these Things by the same means that we judge of other Matters of Importance, that is, by their Circumstances. As for Instance in Dreams; their affecting us unaccountably and strongly, their having no Connexion with our Waking Ideas, their being repeated over again, and the like; these are Circumstances, which as they concur more or less, make it more or less probable that our Dreams proceed from a higher Cause than the Extravagancies of Fancy. As for this Gentleman's saying, that the Supposition of these Notices destroys Free-will, I cannot see any such Consequence, unless such Notices be irresistible, which nobody that I know of Affirms. However, if they do over-rule the Will, I would be glad to know what Use he would make of his infallible Rule to distinguish them.

In fine, this Notion of the Matter, which I've been defending, is that which has obtained among Wise and good Men in all Ages. It is supported, as we have seen, by the Holy Scriptures,—by the strongest Testimony, and by daily Experience, and is fully agreeable to sound Reason; and we are not to be beaten out of it by anyone's telling a Ridiculous Story of an old Woman's Fancy, and then laughing at it; for there is certainly a Medium, between believing everything which Fancy suggests, and not believing any Thing, though Reason assures it. But as we live in an Age of *Sadducees*, who believe neither Angel nor Spirit, and as the Bent of the more trifling Part of Mankind among us (which is always the most numerous) is generally to Infidelity; as your Correspondent's Letter endeavours to take off one great Argument for the Existence of Spirits, (though I do not charge him with any such Intention) and consequently has a Tendency to promote Scepticism amongst those who are too ready to run into

* Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, is meant.—W. L.

it; for these, and for other Reasons of the same kind, I thought fit to trouble you with these Remarks, not doubting, but you will publish them in your next, as an Antidote against the ill effects which might follow from your Publication of the other.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant, T. E.

Caution against Love.

M. J., Feb. 13.—Sir, I may probably be thought vain and impertinent, for offering this, as instructive to one of your known sagacity, and clear Perception, but, in spite of Censure, I shall prosecute my Design; and Account my small Labour infinitely rewarded, shall I be so happy as to engage your Attention, and prevent that threatening Fate which seems hovering over you, by exposing the disingenious Designs of your late Correspondent Trifle.

Trifle has chosen a cunning insinuating Way to fire your Blood, he addresses you under the Mask of Indifferency; but assure your Self, his Designs are as deep as base: His Business is not trifling, but one of the most weighty Affairs of Life. There's *Anguis in Herba*, something concealed under the Curtain, which does not appear to every View.

For he aims, by proposing you as the Ladies Idol, to inveigle you into the Net, and believes you have some Softness in your Blood, which may be worked into a Passion; he imagines, that one of your generous Principles, and obliging good Nature, can't consider a young, beautiful Lady, languishing and dying for you, without some tender, some compassionate Concern. What! you are not made of such rough Materials! You are not so obdurate and impenetrable! You're surely compounded of Flesh and Blood,—have Passions and Desires like other Mortals! How then can you prove an Ingrate, and deny a Kind Cure to a passionate, dying Admirêr? These are my Suspicions, Mr. *Mist*, and I think, not improbable ones; for I consider his Letter only as Introductory, and that the next News will bring the Lady downright over Head and Ears in Love. He thinks he has broke the Ice,—inspired you with some soft Sentiments preparative to an Amour;—and that, by Degrees, he shall grow further on you; and, like a cunning politick *Machiavelian*, gradually draw you into that which, at an open, barefac'd Appearance, would give you Power to reason

within yourself. But granting my Suspicions unjust, we are but where we were,—but to me, the Thing seems to have an evil Tendency; and I can't but think it Prudence to raze the first Principles of a Love Passion, which will carry you out of yourself; confound at least, if not totally deprive you of all Sense; and then farewell the pleasantest Man alive, robb'd of his native good Humour and pleasing Strains, and carried away by the triumphant Victrix, who will be proud of the Conquest, and glory in having subdued you to her Charms.

The Women will have a Man's whole Time, or else no Part in his Heart. They'll have no real Regret, or regard him as a Lover, who suffers Interest, Devoir, Devotion, or any Avocation, to interfere with their Passion; unless he is insensible of Property, Duty, Friends, and Affection, he's not worthy to be called a Lover: Nay, they sometimes scruple to confer the Dignity upon any that retains the least share of common Sense, or the Taste of Meat and Wine; for your True Lover, say they, must neither eat nor drink,—he should have an Appetite for nothing but his Mistress,—and whatever is the Subject of the Discourse, he ought always to center in it the Person he adores.

Then how chagrin! how thoughtful! how like an Ass, that pathetick Resemblance of a poor, whining, soul-less Creature, a Lover? Then how dull! how insipid! will be your Journal? We shall be palled with mournful Ditties and whining Complaints, musty Romance, and reiterated Praises of your Mistress; mere Scum and Ribaldry, instead of the now bright, substantial, and pleasing Performances.

In short, we are too much your Admirers, to yield you up to a Woman's Arms; to sacrifice our own Diversions, or your Peace to the best She of 'em all. If refined Wits, and bright Genius's, can't mingle with them without being polluted, or made muddy; If Love's Court runs counter to the School of *Apollo*, so that it would be incoherent, and a perfect Paradox, to say a Person's witty and in Love; decline the bewitching Delusion,—confine yourself to your wonted Topicks,—and still make us happy by your Favours. At least, 'tis our Interest to offer every thing by way of Preservative; to use our utmost Endeavours to Keep you fast in your own Row, that is, from embarking in that dangerous Vessel, Marriage, where the She

Spirit, your Fellow-Voyager, will be continually raising Storms and Tempests about your Ears; so that you'll be sure to be ruffled, have your Brightness clouded, be stript and divested of your pleasant gay Humour, and, of a brisk sprightly Fellow, become that dull, stupid, thoughtless, hum-drum Thing, a Husband. We too shall bear a Part in the Metamorphosis, and being deprived of your witty Favours, with which we Weekly Whet our Wits, shall strangely degenerate for want of your kindly Warmth to invigorate and enliven us.

Yours, in all Haste,

LIONEL LYE-ALONE.

Mr. Mist desires a Gentleman who sent him a Proposal last Week about answering Questions, to observe, that he has not thought himself so wise a Man yet, to be able to answer all the Questions in seven years, that somebody might put to him in half an Hour; but however, if the Gentleman or his Friends, which he speaks of as pretty many, think fit to propose such Questions as are pertinent, decent, and diverting,—neither dangerous as to Party, doubtful as to Religion, or Scandalous as to Virtue,—the only three exceptions he intends to make; he will endeavour to give such Satisfaction as may lye in his Way, and do his utmost to direct and oblige his Friends.

The Importunities Mr. Mist has received from some People, pressing him to go on with exposing the Cruelties and Tyrannical Usages of Jaylors to their Prisoners, oblige him to let the Gentlemen Know, that the only Reasons which have obliged him not to go on with it, besides those already given, are, that he is informed from good Hands, that what he has already said on that Head, has procured some Alleviation and better Usage; and as the utmost Success of an honest Reproof, is the Reformation of the Evil, he hopes the End is answered; if the Reformation does not go forward, he desires to hear further.

The lady that will be married, and must be married, and can stay no longer, shall be answered in Time; but we find she has Need of some Tryal for her Patience.

To a merry grave Question sent sometime ago—in few Words,—Mr. Mist, *What is Virtue?* Mr. Mist answers in fewer Words,—SILENCE.

The Affair of the Palatinate, we find, draws to a close, and the Elector, finding that none of the Catholic Powers are like to stand by him, seems willing to give his Subjects the Satisfaction of undoing all his Ecclesiasticks have been doing, and to restore the Heidelburg Catechism, and all they have ask'd of him; so that, in a Word, he had much better not have begun, than to be thus compelled to submit to his own Subjects, and make them suitable Reparation, which is a plain Acknowledgment that they had wrong done them before.

In France they are come to sumptuary Laws, to reduce the exorbitant Pride of the New Gentry, who having hastily got great Estates by the Stocks, are in as much haste to spend them, and hardly know how to go fine enough: A few Weeks ago a Law was made against wearing Gold or Silver, in Lace or Buttons, or Embroidery; now they have made another against wearing of Jewels, Diamond Rings, Diamond Necklaces, &c. If the sober Humour should come over into England, stand clear Hoop-Petticoats.

Doings in Exchange Alley.

M. J., Feb. 20.—Mr. Mist, I had some Thoughts to have written to you on the Subject of Peace, and the Views which the World has now of a General Peace, a thing which has not been known in England since old Men were little Boys; but I am drawn off from those Thoughts by the present strange Condition of our own Affairs at home.

I went casually to Exchange Alley this Week, dragged thither, as it were, or borne down by the general Stream of the Town, for all People I think go there, more or less.

When I came there, what was the Case? The Gamesters were met, and the Box and Dice brought in; *South Sea Stock* is the MAIN, and the *Bites* had all set high; the *Cullies* that were not in the Secret threw at all, but *threw out* and lost their *Box*. The *Bites* having got the *Box*, the *Setters* go round, and give Guineas upon Betts, and lay most extravagant Odds upon the Success; but, as if they had cogg'd the Dice, they *nick the Main*, and sweep away all the Cash.

This being the Case, the next Day I found the Effects of it; the Losers are tearing the Hair of their Heads: There's one

Merchant sits raving at the Gaming-House in Exchange-Alley, and swears he was worth forty thousand Pound but yesterday, and to Day is not worth a Shilling. Another prodigious Dealer, that does not value the Loss, declares he is Party-bit above thirty thousand Pound. Another swears he has lost sixteen thousand Pound, but he will never pay a Shilling of it; let them find his Effects, or his Person, where they can. And, in a Word, *Mr. Mist,* this is the Fate of the merchandizing Part of Mankind; and who will pity them? What have Merchants to do to turn Gamesters? What have Linnen and Woollen Men to do with Box and Dice? Every man to his Business! Let them mind their Calling, and leave the Bites and the Cullies to the Place of Bites and Cullies, the C——.

Upon the whole, the South Sea Company, being now mounted, and become the English Mississippi,—they are all to pay our Debts, some time or other, when they can; though, by the by, if all our Debts were paid, they would be paid too; and then, where's your South Sea Company?

But pray, *Mr. Mist,* if you have any skill in Trade, let me know, if you can, your Opinion in this Question of Moment;—namely, What Advantage is it to the Nation of Great Britain in general, to have Things sell for more than they are worth? for Example,—

Suppose a Company's Stock to rise up to 200 per Cent.; at this price they may propose to buy the Nation's Debts up. Suppose Annuities or Tallies, or what else you please, if the Sellers will take one Shilling for two, the Buyers may very well give thirty years Purchase for what was worth but twenty years before; and if the Buyers can put off one Shilling at the Rate of two, they may give thirty years Purchase for that which was worth but twenty years before, and get ten by the Bargain.

But pray tell me, in a Word, *Friend Mist, and sure you may do it without conjuring,* where must this fall at last? If new Shares are created to make this Purchase, which Shares are at Market vendible at double the intrinsick Value, where must it fall when the Price abates? And when what is bought for 200 may sell but at PAR? Pray unravel this Bottom, and tell us what it is wound up upon? If you can, you will cer-

tainly open the eyes of Mankind very much; and, I think, they very much want *Une Eclaircissement* of that kind.

Your Humble Servant,

L. L. L.

Saturday Night a Coachman belonging to a Lady at Bednall Green, having been in Town upon business, on his return about Eleven, was set upon in the Fields by three Rogues, who robbed him of what money he had, and who afterwards bound him. A Dog that was with him, seeing how roughly he was handled, made such a great Noise that the Rogues shot at him, but missing him, the poor Cur ran directly away to the Watch House in Brick Lane; and, notwithstanding the many Endeavours used by the Watchmen to force him from them, would not leave pulling them by the Clothes, insomuch that the Constable—being somewhat surprized at the Dog's Obstinacy,—ordered some of the Watchmen to follow his Direction, who led them to the Place where the Coachman lay, half starved with Cold; the Watchmen untying him he went home, but has lain ever since dangerously ill. 'Tis to be hoped the Gentlemen, who hold all the Motions of Brutes to be as necessary as those of a Clock, will give themselves Time to consider, whether this Dog was actuated by nothing more than the bare Power of Mechanism.

The Bubbles.

M. J., Feb. 20.—We have had several new Projects this Week for the Benefit of Exchange Alley, upon the Bubbling Stroke, occasioned, it seems, by a useful Undertaking that was put on Foot for a general Insurance from Fire. One of our Correspondents has sent us the following Account of it.

Mr. Mist, I send you this for no other Design but to expose a late Piece of Villainy. On Sunday last I had a Proposal put into my Hands for a Subscription to be taken in at Sam's Coffee House, behind the Exchange, for a general Insurance from Fire: The Scheme appeared to me to be so reasonable, and the Design so useful, that I immediately resolved to subscribe; but on Monday, when the Subscription was taken, the Croud was so great, that I could not get in. Upon the Success of this Subscription the Bubblers set on foot two

or three more the very next Day; but tho' I could not get into the first, I had more Honour than to Subscribe to any others, for I think it is a greater Piece of Villainy to defeat a Man of the Benefit of his Project, than to pick his Pocket, or take away a small Sum upon the Road. In short, Mr. Mist, your Bubblers are a set of Fellows that would as soon pick your Pocket, or take your Purse, as rob you of a Project, provided it could be done with the same Safety. I could name you a notorious Bubbler, within half a Mile of the new Church in Lombard Street,—but, his Name is up, so let him lie: However, I am glad to see the first Proposal is so like to go on and flourish, notwithstanding all others. I think, Mr. Mist, such an Insurance as this deserves your Recommendation.

I am, Your Humble Servant,

ANTI-BUBBLER.

The following Letter was occasioned by this Answer to an abusive Letter subscribed Oaken Plant.

Mr. *Mist* has received a threatening Letter subscribed *Oaken Plant*; and, among other foul Language, the Gentleman was pleased to use the name of Scoundrel: Now, though *Mist* does not justify himself in what he charges him with, yet, because that worthy Gentleman, (whoever he be) may not think that what was said in the last Journal was in Submission to his Letter, Mr. *Mist* lets him know he contemns his Menaces, and that he is confident the Gentleman dares not so much as offer what he in his Letter threatens; and as Mr. *Mist* is to be found every Hour in the Day, if he don't endeavour to do it, then let any one judge to whom the name of Scoundrel will belong.

Character of Tom Oaken Plant.

M. J., Feb. 27.—Sir, There is nothing in human Life signalizes our Integrity so much as a strict and irrefrangible Adhesion to our Friend; especially, when Life or Reputation are in Danger, to remain tacit and unactive, is a Part below a Man. Now, however defective I may have been in other Points of Morality, I have very little to accuse myself of on this Account. I scorn to untwine from my Oak when Time

and Tempest bear hard upon him: No, I then clasp him closer, and exert my All in his Defence.

I am concern'd to find my old Friend and Acquaintance *Tom* ——, or, as he called himself, *Oaken Plant*, has suffered a foolish Letter to escape his Judgment, and drawn on himself so potent an Enemy, as may (if not appeased) alienate the greatest part of the Town from him: But, I hope my Interposition will have some good Effect, and that you'll make Allowances for human Infirmities; I shall therefore beg Leave to promise so much as will excuse me in this Negotiation, and induce your good Nature to pardon my old mistaken Friend.

Friend *Tom* and I have been Acquaintance from our Infancy; we both lugged a Satchel to the same School, and bore the same Friendship: I have been hoisted many a time for translating a Piece of *Justin* for him, while he had been hunting Bird-nests; and, he as often, for whispering me a Word in the left Ear, when it would have been two to one against my Backside. We exerted our mutual Respects in many other instances in this state of Correction, under the imperious Lash of a rusty, unpolished, Country Pedant, for nigh eight years; when my Fox-hunting Father dying, my Mother removed up to Town, for the Benefit of my Education; soon after which, *Tom* was put Clerk to an Attorney in the Temple,—went as decently to *Westminster*, and made as genteel a flourish at the End of his Name—as any Body: But his Master going down into the Country in the Long Vacation, to beat up for Recruits to compleat his worn out Troops,—against the *Michaelmas* Muster,—*Tom* was left to himself; and getting among some Rakes of that Profession, they equipped themselves for Beaux, took Lodgings at *Richmond*, and privately kept a girl amongst 'em. But *Tom's* Parents, having a numerous Family, he presently out-run his Pension; and, to avoid taking Lodgings on the other side Thames, he transported himself to the other Side of the World, where he stayed for about seven years. Finding that Climate too hot for him, he returned to *England*, accomplished with all the Perfections of a Sailor, or an *Indian* Factor. At his Return, he having got some Insight in trade, was advanced to be an eminent Merchant's Clerk, where he lived very handsomely,

for about a Year and a half, when he had got very deep into the Merchant's Daughter's affection; but, unfortunately—dropping a *Billet Doux*, all was discovered,—and Tom being thought too inconsiderable for a Plumb, he was dismissed, and the young Lady sent to a Country Parson's in the *North* to compose herself.

After this, *Tom* making a handsome Bow, and being a Man of good aspect, got to be an Ambassador's Valet; but being too Masculine, he was discarded there. Since that Time he has wore most of Fortune's Liveries, and behaved himself suitably in each of 'em (having never changed any other than his Habit, and some necessary externals in any of them). He has been an Exciseman, a Country School-master, Justice of Peace's Clerk, Projector, Translator, Author; and afterwards,—in extream Exigency,—he was forced to preside over a Dissenting Flock, where, I hoped, he was fixed; for he had the Hearts of all his Female Auditors, supped out every Night, and fed prodigiously. But in the 8th of Queen *Anne*, his Congregation declining, *Tom*, with what he had saved in this eminent Station, stept into a Scarlet Coat, and an Ensign's Commission, and went to *Flanders*, where he staid for three Years; and being then called over, he was reduced to Half-Pay; with which, and the Benefit of writing Letters for some considerable Persons, he had subsisted himself, very regularly, ever since; bought a Second Hand suit every Summer, shaved once a Week, bought an Oxford Almanack every Year, cut his Corns every Quarter, been cupped every Autumn, drank a Pint of Purl, and read the *Courant* every Morning at Eight, cheapen'd Pippins or *Sparrow Grass* in *Covent Garden*, old Gloves, or Casual Handkerchiefs, at the *Meuse*, till Eleven; dined at the *Temple* Chop-House every Day at Twelve, taken a Turn in *Gray's Inn* till Three, read Pamphlets in *Paul's* Church-yard, or consulted the Libraries in *Moor Fields* or *Little Britain* till Five, gone to the Magpye at Six, and soberly up three Pair of Stairs to Bed, at Ten.

After all this, one would think, he was armed against Misfortunes; but alas, when Age and Crosses weaken our Senses, then Trifles stamp deep Impressions, and so it is with my Friend. He is now grown old enough to be naturally a little Cholerick, as you find; he ever had an aspiring

Fancy, which Temper prompted him to buy three Tickets in the State Lottery; and, all coming up Blanks, it has changed his Temper so, that he has left his Lodgings, where he paid 18*d.* per Week for these four Years, because his Landlady's niece forgot to air his Woollen Night-cap. He has left the *Magpye* for drawing a pint rather too mild; has hanged his old Dog for throwing his spectacles down, changed a linnet for dunging on his dogskin gloves; shifted his place i' th' Church (for he's a Churchman now) for a young Prentice having cut his Name in it; he has broke three Boxes at Backgammon, and can scarce pick a Pipe, out of twelve, to please him. In short, Sir, he is as difficult to be pleased as a Beau at a Woollen Draper's, everything puts him out of humour. I went to see him the other morning, and carelessly sitting on a clean Flannel Waistcoat that had been hung to the Fire, he took occasion to tell me there was scarce any such Thing as true Friendship, and that the World triumphed over his Misfortunes.

I beg, Sir, all this considered, that you would excuse this Delirium of my friend *Tom's*, and set him right in yours and the Town's Opinion. If you are pleased to condescend to this Request, you will give as ample Proofs of your good Nature and Humanity, as you have already done of your Wit and good Sense.

I am, Sir, Your very humble Servant,

P. Ivy.

As Mr. Ivy *has said enough to let the World see that his Friend* Tom's *Temper deserves Pity rather than Resentment, Mr.* Mist, *who never was inexorable, is very well satisfy'd; and wishes poor* Tom *to make much of his Plant, which, he thinks, may be a good support to his Age, but can never do him any good in an offensive Way.*

Defoe's Projects.

M. J., Feb. 27.—Notwithstanding the Notice the Parliament has been pleased to take of Bubbles in general, we find they are still hotly pursued in Change-Alley; though we would not willingly offend, yet because we have two excellent Projects by us, which promise to be more extensive in their

Advantages to the Publick, than any yet on Foot, we shall therefore presume to recommend them as the best that ever appeared in Bubble Market, and consequently less liable to the Animadversion of our Superiors.

Mr. Mist, Since the World has of late run into so many whimsical Projects, prithee, for once publish the following, to see how they will encourage a good one.

The Projector, by long Study, has attained to a certain Method, of Melting down Carpenters Chips and Saw-Dust, &c. and running them into Planks and Boards, of all Lengths and Sizes.

Hereby all Gentlemen, Builders and others, may, upon Ten Days notice, be furnished with Boards and Planks adapted exactly to the Dimensions they want, at least twenty-five per Cent. cheaper than yet has been known.

These Boards will be free from Sap and Knots, and delivered grained or not grained, as shall be desired.

The Projector promises himself, that he shall shortly be able to give them a Tincture of Marble Shade, or any other fine Stone Colour, which shall exceed all Painting.

The Composition in these Boards has a secret Virtue which prevents their shrinking, and destroys all Bugs and Vermin that come near them.

Proposals for erecting a Company, and raising a Joint-Stock of One Million five hundred Thousand Pounds, on very Advantageous Terms to the Subscribers, will shortly be published, and the Projector will be glad (in the interim) of an opportunity to confer with any Gentleman of Ingenuity upon so beneficial a Scheme; and for that Purpose will give daily Attendance at Exchange time, at the *Cock* in *Birchin Lane*.

Yours,

PHILOTECTENOS.

Whereas several Bubbles have been of late, and are daily set on Foot, with Pretences of advancing Trade in general, I have viewed the several Schemes, especially of emptying Necessary-Houses, but find none so advantageous as a Subscription for cleaning your Honour's Shoes. 'Twill not only employ some of our Handicrafts, but all our sturdy Beggars and Vagabonds. There will be such Regulation, as by our

Articles may appear, that you shall have in all Places and Corners the best Japanners, and not a Beggar to be seen. Mr. Mist, this Scheme is so fair and honest, that it's easy to the meanest Capacity, the most beneficial that ever has been yet published.

The Books will be opened for Subscriptions on Tuesday the First of March, at Chimney Sweepers' Hall, Cheapside Conduit, not to exceed half a Million.

Yours,

HONEST BUBBLE.

N.B.—None to be admitted but your ancient true Britons.

M. J., Feb. 27.—Our Letters from Paris this week are chiefly taken up with long Accounts of the new Regulations there; some relating to the Price and Currency of the specie, and others to the use of Plate. It seems the Court are resolved to put a Stop to the Prodigious Luxury and Vanity of the People there; and not only to mortify their Pride, but, if possible, to reduce them to Moderation in their Appearance both abroad and at home. The King had, by former Arrets, some little time ago forbid the wearing of Clothes embroidered, or laced with Gold or Silver Lace of any kind, and also the use of Diamonds or any other Jewels, with some few Limitations, as were in those Arrets expressed; and now his Majesty has forbid all Goldsmiths to make or sell, for the future, any Work of Gold, weighing above an Ounce, the Ornaments of the Ecclesiasticks, Orders of Knighthood, and Golden Chains to Watches only excepted. His Majesty also absolutely forbids the making any Silver Basons, Dishes, Plates, Salvers, Salts, Candlesticks, Cups, &c., or the finishing any of those already begun, without his express Permission in Writing; and all this is upon the Penalty of Loss of Goods,—being fined at the King's Pleasure,—and both Buyer and Workman to be imprisoned: which being very severe, 'tis thought will effectually answer the Design.

We have the following Account from the Streights, That the Old Pompey Galley, in her Voyage to Leghorn, came up with a Sail on the Coast of Portugal, which seemed, by her Colours, to be Portugueze; on her Deck appeared three Men of that Nation, who desired to be taken on board the Pompey, complaining they were in want of Provisions, and had lost

their Rudder. The Captain sent his Mate on board, finding them in Distress, who in searching the Hold found, in a Cask, the Body of a Man, cut in small Pieces, and salted; in the Well he also found a Man dead, with his Head downwards; and going into the Cabbin, he found the Liver and Heart of a Man, boiled, in a Platter; but upon the Deck lay a Rudder unfinish'd, which he believed had been designed by an Englishman. This gave the Mate Reason to suspect some Piece of Villainy had been acted; and therefore, he was strict in his Examination of the Portugueze, who gave him this Account,—That being in the Port of Thesauros,—the Captain, Mate, and eight Men being on Shore,—the Ship, by Stress of Weather, was drove out of Port; that they had been twenty-eight Days at Sea, and in want of Provisions; that they were necessitated to Kill the Man that was found pickled, for their Subsistence; that the Man in the Well went to see what Water was there, and being faint and weak, was not able to get out, but died there.

The Mate, finding the Rudder was gone, and no Hopes of making the Ship fit to sail, took the Men on board the Pompey, with several Chests, as they desired, and left the Ship adrift. In one of the Chests was found a Journal in English, which appeared to be the Mate's, and that he was living six Days before; upon which the Captain examined them again; and, using some Severities, they confess'd that one of them was the Boatswain, that they had mutinied against the Captain, and thrown him, the Carpenter, and several other Men over-board; reserving the Mate to bring the Ship to Port, who giving them daily Encouragement of coming to Land, and being till then disappointed, they cast the Mate over-board. Then there remained five Men, whereof one,—who they fear'd would make a Discovery,—was the Person found in the Well, —him they killed on the first Sight of a Ship making towards them; the other was found in Salt, as mentioned before, for their Subsistence. The Ship was Portugal-built, loaden with Salt. The Captain, Mate, and Carpenter, were Englishmen; the rest of the Crew Portugueze. The Captain carried the three Men into the Streights, and delivered them up Prisoners to Sir George Bing.

A Female Quixote.

M. J., March 19.—Mr. Mist, as I find by many late Instances, you are now the grand Oracle for resolving all Doubts and Scruples, the Receptacle of all just Complaints, and particularly the Patron of all that are unmarried; I, that never troubled any Author before, am now constrained to apply to you, in a Matter which we Females take to be the chief Business of our Lives. Your late Advice indeed, to a projecting Female, that had some Money, and courted many Ways the Smiles of Fortune, almost discouraged me in this Attempt; for alas! that, I am entirely destitute of; but I hope there are other Qualifications that will more effectually recommend me to your Patronage, than if I had that *unum necessarium*, as the World calls it. My Education has been somewhat rural, for I live in a Town about eight Miles from London; but then I am as well acquainted with Plays, Novels, and Romances, as if I had been born near Temple-Bar,—and have a particular Veneration for all Knight-Errantry. I dearly love Intrigues, but then it must be with Men of Gallantry; for I have a natural Aversion to all Tradesmen, from the Cellar to the Garret; and my Ambition is so great, that I declare I would rather run the Hazard of leading Apes, according to the old Fable, than join myself with a Mechanick; for 'tis universally allowed, by all polite Persons, that I have all the natural Accomplishments for a Coach and Six; to attain which, I would even venture upon an arbitrary Husband, accounting that the most modish Place for Repentance, according to the late Dr. Garth. But then, except such Turn of good Fortune comes very quickly, I must entirely Despair; for, tho' I have tried all Ways to mend, or rather Keep my Face in Repair, and have been at a continual Stay, as to my Age, for these twelve Years; yet, alas! I begin to find, that Art must give way to Nature. Therefore, dear Mist, take me under thy Protection! Come, Thirty, or a little more, is no very despicable Age; recommend me to some Knight-Errant of your Acquaintance. I don't care if his Head be as chimerical as mine, but let his Pocket be substantial; let him address himself to me in the romantick Strains of the Knight-Errants of old, according to the right Rules of *Quixotism*, and he need

not doubt a suitable Return; for, as my Thoughts are extravagant, so my Wit is sharp and keen like my Person; but I find neither of these will do my Business. Thou art my last Resort; and as I think it long, very long before I can get a Husband, so methinks you, that are a Bachelor, should be obliged by Sympathy to pity me.

Then tell me, Mist, thou wond'rous Man!
Which Way Gallants I may trepan?
How I may play my Game secure
And bring the Fellows to my Lure?
Raise in their Hearts an am'rous Fire,
And fill their Minds with warm Desire?
I've sent forth Sighs and gentle Glances,
Long study'd Novels and Romances,
And fill'd my Head with wond'rous Fancies;
Oft' us'd fine Wash and Cosmeticks,
And practis'd many curious Tricks,
My Self in Wedlock State to fix;
But yet I find all won't prevail,
And Female Art begins to fail:
Tell me what farther must be try'd
Before the Gordian Knot be ty'd?
Then I shall be with Zeal most fervent,
Your most obsequious humble Servant.

ARINA DONNA QUIXOTA.

M. J., Mar. 19.—A Gentleman from Gray's Inn, tells us in a Letter, that the unfortunate Gentlemen concerned in the late Rebellion, and that were in the several Prisons in this City, had a great many good People who had a tender Regard for their unhappy circumstances, tho' no Friends to their Cause; but that the Case was now alter'd, and he was credibly informed that Major M—— was, in a manner, Starving in Newgate, having never anybody to come and see him, and yet at the same Time is so much of a Gentleman, even in those dismal Circumstances, as not to let any Know them. We answer the Gentleman, that we can only shake our Head and pity him, if it be so; but we have some political Reasons why we don't care to publish his Letter.

We have received a Paper, said to be *a Copy of a Letter to a Member of Parliament.* It is about paying of Debts, and that being a Thing entirely out of our Way, we can say no more, but that such a Paper did come to Hand.

Nich. Boggle's Love Present.

M. J., March 29.—Mr. Mist, you must excuse an impertinent Fellow for once; for I must acquaint you with a very odd Accident that befell me.

T'other Day, when I returned to my Lodgings from an Eating-House near Temple-Bar, I found a Porter standing at the Door where I lodge, waiting for me, with a Band-box under his Arm, and a Letter in his Hand, directed to me; he immediately told me, if my Name was Mr. Boggle—he had a Letter for me, which I opened, and therein found these Words, viz.:—

"Mr. —— *Be pleased to accept this from her who thinks herself obliged to you, and you'll further oblige Your humble Servant* E. G."

Having read it over, the Porter forthwith delivered me the Band-box. I had no sooner received it, but I presently laid it down upon the Ground; being terribly afraid to open it, lest some good Lady or other, having forgot herself, should have sent a Child to me. However, being willing to make my Innocence appear as Clear as I could, I called in the Constable, and the Overseers of the Parish, to be Witnesses to the opening of the Band-box; protesting, that if any such Thing should happen to be found in the Band-box, I was as Innocent as the Child in it. But these Officers examined me strictly, if I did not know whence it came? Who brought it? And when? And from whom? And for what? I replied plainly, I could answer none of those Questions, but told them,—there was the Man that brought it,—pointing to the Porter, who stayed for my Answer.

The Porter told them, he could not tell them who sent him, nor why; but said it was one in a Ridinghood, in Piccadilly, that bid him bring it; but where she lived, or where to carry an Answer, he did not know.

This greatly increased the Suspicion of a Child on all Hands, and the Overseers grew very turbulent upon me, for bringing such a Charge upon the Parish; and, in short, insisted strenuously on Security, to indemnify the Parish. The Box, all this while, lay upon the Ground; and I was afraid, every Time I

looked at it, to see it move. However, the Importunity and Sauciness of the Officers, did at last prevail with me to give Security, by Bond, to indemnify the Parish; and so, having dismissed them, I began to be very sorry I had called in such troublesome Witnesses.

However, I was now prepared for the worst; and, taking courage, (for you must know, by the Way, I am a courageous Man) out I pulled my Penknife, and cut the cord; and up I lifted the Lid, when, to my great Surprize, I found it filled with curious Linnen, made up into very fine Turn-overs, Necks, and Ruffles, of exquisite Workmanship. My Fears were now turned into Astonishment, at the unexampled Goodness of that kind Lady that sent them; and, so much the more, in that she concealed her Name under the two initial Letters—E. G.

But it troubles me, Mr. Mist, that her Disguise should impose upon me the Necessity of Ingratitude; which is a Vice so contrary to my Principle, that I blush at the Imputation of it,—even whilst the Lady basks and pleases herself at the Secresy of the Disguise which begets it. However, I have determined never to wear any of this Linnen, till I know from whence they came.

To return to my Discourse. When I found myself thus agreeably mistaken, I went and applied to the Parish Officers, to have my Bond up again; but they truly very boldly refused, saying, by giving the Bond I had admitted myself to be a Father: And, if I was not so, I might be one as soon as I pleased. I hope, Mr. Mist, this Bond does not oblige me to beget a Child whether I will or no. Pray give me your Opinion, for I am no Lawyer. Your Humble Servant,

NICHOLAS BOGGLE.

Bubbling and its Consequences.

M. J., March 26.—A few days before this, two young Gentlemen of noble Extraction, committed a very barbarous murther upon a Brother in Quinquampoix Street in Paris. One of them was the Count de Horn, the other the Chevalier de Milly. The first was Brother to Prince de Horn in Flanders, one of the most ancient Nobility in that Country; and was related to most of the great Houses in France, and even to the Regent himself. It seems they decoy'd the unwary

Brother into a Tavern, under Pretence of buying East India Stock of him; and in Discourse, having fastened the Door of the Room they were in, they stabbed him dead upon the spot, and then rifled him to the value of about 160,000 Livres. Upon this they attempted to make their Escapes, and got out of the Window; but the People of the House, being alarmed, at the unusual Noise they had occasioned, pursued them into the Street, and took them. They were immediately proceeded against, examined that Night, and put to the Torture the next Morning, when they confessed the Fact, and one other Murther they had been guilty of some Time before; and, notwithstanding all possible Intercession was made to the Regent to spare them, they were, the same Day they received their Sentence, broke alive upon the Wheel, suffering Death and Torture equal to the heinousnes of their Crime. Upon this sad Accident the King of France has strictly forbid any buying or selling of Actions, or East India Stock, in the *Rue Quinquampoix*, for the future; so that the Stock-Jobbing Trade, in that Street, is now entirely ruined; and the Pride of the Publick Houses there, which were continually fill'd with Company, upon that Account, is like to be very much reduced.

Our South-Sea Stock has made such a consumed Noise of late,—to the Terror of the Trading Part of this Nation,—that it has brought over many of the Quinquampoix Gentry to try their Fortunes here; and, 'tis said, that abundance of our Country Gentlemen and Rich Farmers are upon the Roads, from several Parts of the Kingdom, all expecting no less than to ride down again, every Man, in his Coach and Six. But, if a Friend's Advice is worth anything, let them take care, for though there are some Prizes, they may find many more Blanks; and they may happen to lose all that, in an Hour, in Exchange Alley, which the Industry and Care of their Ancestors have been Scraping together for some Ages.

D. P. April 4.—Paris.—We have little Money stirring here; and, now nothing is to be got in the Rue Quinquampoix Country People run with as much precipitancy from Paris as ever they flock'd to it. Provisions grow every Day more dear; and as the Stock-jobbing is over, Multitudes who came

hither with no less prospects than getting of Estates, find it now very difficult to get Bread.

M. J., April 9.—These Letters also speak particularly of the Murthers committed in the City of Paris, of which very few are detected; no less than 25 Bodies have been taken out of the *Filets* of St. Cloud in about ten Days time. This is a Net that's put across a narrow Part of the River *Sein*, from one Side to the other, near the Village of St. Cloud, into which the murther'd Bodies are carried by the Stream, that are thrown over the Bridges in the City. When the Net is hauled up in a Morning the Bodies are taken to the Commissary, and conveyed to the Chatélet at Paris to be exposed, where the Relations or Friends of the deceased Persons generally find them; but notwithstanding a diligent Enquiry is made by proper Officers, by tracing Houses or Places the deceased has been lately known to have been in, as is said before, not one Murther in 50 is discovered.

They write from Warsaw, that on the 22nd February a surprizing Phenomenon appeared in the Air, for five Hours successively, over Novogorod, representing a Red Cross, with two Moons on each Side, upon each of which were a Hand and a Foot, with two Swords and two Knives: Under the Cross a Gibbet, with a long Cord hanging down; and under that a Head turned towards the East.

Thursday was Sevennight, James Dolliff, Esquire, coming to Town, was robbed of a Bank Bill of 200*l.* The next Day the Highwayman came to receive the Money, but the Gentleman was too quick for him, having given Notice of it the Night before; however, for the present they seem'd to Know nothing of the Matter, but one of the Men began to tell out the Sum, whilst another went out, and returned with a Constable, who seized the Spark, and carried him to the Swan Tavern over against the Royal Exchange, where he made a discovery of three more of his Gang. Upon this, were likewise apprehended, and accompanied him on a Visit to the Lord Mayor, who was so kind as to order some of his Officers to wait on the 3 Gentlemen to the Palace of Newgate, and the other to some new Lodgings in the Compter. The Robbery being committed within five Miles of London, gives the Banker's Man a Title to a great deal of Money.

The same Day, another Highwayman made bold with a Gentleman coming from Kingston Assizes, from whom he took a Bank Note of 25*l.* But happening to be half an Hour short of the Gentleman, was—upon his arrival at the Bank, and Demand of the Money,—appointed to reside in the Compter 'till a convenient Apartment should be fitted up for him in Newgate.

M. J., April 16.—A famous English Physician is dead at Ispahan, the Court of the Sophy of Persia. He was a great Traveller, and a great Benefactor to the Poor. He always concealed his Name, but for what reason few could tell. Some time ago he was in England, and performed a Wonderful Cure on Mr. Durden of Battersea, after his Return from India, where he had been many Years ill of the Gravel, Stone, and other Distempers; and had been given over by other Physicians as incurable: While he resided here he assumed the Name of Don Pedro de Valesco St. Angelo. He was decently interred at Ispahan aforesaid, by a Brother of that Profession.

M. J., April 23.—Last Saturday, at the Antwerp Tavern, behind the Royal Exchange, a Person, who, it seems, had a mind to practise his Parts on the credulous Multitude, laid open his Books to take Subscriptions for raising a Sum on a New Project for discovering of Gold Mines in New Britannia, in America. The Golden Bait was greedily Catched at, Subscribers came in very plentifully, and paid down half a Crown per Cent. for the Sums subscribed; the Spark, by this time, thinking he had made a pretty good Hand of his Project, was about to close his Books and pack up, but the Company of Mine Adventurers—looking upon this as an Incroachment on their Privileges, and an affront to their Charter,—just at that Instant clapt an Arrest upon him, which entirely spoil'd his Market, for we hear he has been forced to return all the Half Crowns.

Last week, Mr. Davis, a clerk in the Sword-Blade Company, being willing to take the "Shortest Way" to be a great Man, carried off a good round Sum of Money belonging to the said Company, and made the best of his Way for the Sea-Side, in order to make a Figure on t'other Side of the Water; but being closely pursued, was Yesterday se'ennight taken at Dover, by which his bulky Expectations are all baffled. He, with his Companion, were brought to Town, and committed to the

Compter; from whence, 'tis said, they will be removed to Newgate, in order for their Tryal at the Old Bailey, the ensuing Sessions.

D. P., April 26.—We have had a great Tumult in the Streets here, (Paris) on Account of the new Troop of Archers taking up people, on the pretence of their being Vagabonds. In one of these Scuffles eleven of the Archers have been Kill'd, and three of the Citizens; and in another four or five of the Archers were Kill'd; so that the Parisians have been too hard for the Soldiers on every Hand. It seems the Archers pretended to take up substantial Citizens, and to Ship them off for Missisippi, which put the People in such a Ferment, that nothing could at first appease them; but the People they seiz'd being released, all is quiet again now.

The Bubbles Ridiculed.

M. J., April 30.—It is by some, and those of no small Experience, thought strange to see the World so very fond of encouraging Projectors; and if we consider, that the Generality of Men had rather have their Honesty called in Question, than their Reason, the Wonder must still increase,—that so many should so passionately pursue those very People whose Design, they cannot but know, is to bubble them,—was it not too plain that their Heads are strangely disordered, and they can dream of nothing but getting large Estates, and setting up fine Equipages. Hence it is, that every Adventurer fancies himself Fortune's Favourite; and therefore, is resolved by no Means to let it be out of her Power to make him at once a rich Man. We have had lately a fresh Instance of this fashionable Distemper; for no sooner were the Books opened at a Coffee House near the Royal Exchange,—to take in Subscriptions on an airy Project, that promised mighty Advantages to the Subscribers,—but the House was immediately so thronged, that there was no coming near the Door. A Barber, at the next House, observing with what Eagerness they press'd for Admission, proposed to let them in through his Shop a back Way, paying down a Shilling a Man Entrance. This broke no Squares, so in they crowded; but they were as far from getting at the Books as before; so that, what with the Want of Air, the Heat of the Season, and unwholesome Vapours, occasioned

by the vast Concourse of People, they found themselves under a Necessity of paying the honest Barber, Six-pence a-piece to let them out again; by which it is plain he made the best Market of any of them. To make some Amends for the Disappointments met with, here and elsewhere, on the like Score, we lay the following Plan before our Readers, not doubting its Success, nor in the least fearing it will come within any Act, the late Resolution of the Parliament may produce, against Bubbles. The ingenious Author freely acknowledges, that he has his own Interest in View, as much as the Benefit of the Publick, which take in his own Words:—

Mr. *Mist*, To want a Dinner, in a Land that flows with Milk and Honey, and to have never a Cross to bless one's self withal, in a City where Millions are raised by Chimæras, in less Time than Mushrooms by a Shower of Rain, are Torments too difficult with any tolerable Patience to be borne. Sure some ill Planet ruled when I was born! I have all my life been building Castles in the Air, yet could never get a lodging in any one of them. All my Attempts hitherto have proved as unsuccessful as the renowned *Don Quixote's*; though I have spurred my Genius more vigorously than ever he did his Rosinante, at that fatal Attack of the Miller's Windmill. In a Word, I am driven to my *derniere Resorte*; and depend upon nothing in this World but a *New Thought*, and the Encouragement of so generous a Benefactor as *Mr. Mist*. You will be a Master of the Secret by perusing the inclosed Advertisement; which, if you approve of, and are so kind as to publish in yours of Saturday next, you shall have 100 Permits to the intended Subscription, gratis. To confess the Truth, I had a great Inclination to insert it in the *Daily Courant* or *Daily Post*, but the Rogues the Printers, would not oblige me, under Three and Six-pence a-piece, and half a Crown to drink, if I expected it in the Front of their Paper; and I could as soon have raised the Devil for them, as the Sum they proposed. I promised them indeed some Stock; but they declined it, saying, it smelt too much of *Assurance*. To you alone, therefore, must I fly for Succour; and on you alone must my future good or ill Fortune entirely depend. If you will give yourself the Trouble, either to correct or improve this Project, you will lay the greatest Obligation imaginable on the most unfortunate Fellow

that ever 'scaped hanging. I am, with the Profoundest Respect, SIR, your unknown Friend, and humble Servant,

A. Z.

P.S. Since the Forming of the inclosed, another Thought is come into my Head, for the further Improvement of the Cupola therein mentioned; which I shall wholly submit to your superior Judgment. The Thing is this, That to prevent the Quality being obliged to flock from St. James's to Exchange-Alley, and the Ladies the vast Expence of hiring private Rooms, for the more commodious Reception of their respective Brokers, *Stock Barometers* shall be fixed all round the said Cupola, (those planted Southward to be considerably larger than the others,) by which, with the Help of a particular Glass, (to be had only of the Projector at 2*s.* 6*d.* each,) the Rise and Fall of the thousand Stocks now on Foot, will be clearly discerned, with the small Pains of retiring only into their upper Apartments:—

The Advertisement.

Whereas, within this Twelve-Month last past, there have been erected several Royal Societies for a general Consumption of Fish, and other honourable Societies for a plentiful Provision of Salt, to pickle the same; and, very lately, another, for a general Collection of Eggs and churning of May-Butter, to render the aforesaid Fish still more agreeable. And whereas, in all Probability, the said several Undertakings will be a great Invitation to Foreigners,—but particularly the Dutch,—to come over to us, and partake of the last-mentioned Manufacture, whereby the Number of Inhabitants in and about the City of London, will be very much increased. And whereas, the aforesaid Entertainment is allowed on all Hands to be deficient, unless 'tis accompanied with a plentiful Profusion of good Liquor, to make the same swim a third Time. It is therefore proposed, and a Subscription will very shortly be laid open accordingly, to raise a Fund or Joynt Stock of 10,000,000, for erecting a General Brew-House in the Centre of the City of London, for the more commodious and ready Supply of the Inhabitants, with the best of strong Beer, Ale, and other Malt Liquors, at more reasonable Rates than can at present be afforded. And the Projector hereof,—considering the general

Drowth there must necessarily follow such a general Destruction of Salt-Fish, and what a Probability there is of our Citizens' Shops being turned into Tap-Houses, unless timely prevented; and considering, what a Scandal such a Metamorphosis would be to the Metropolis of Great Britain; further proposes, that Pipes shall be laid under Ground, for the private Conveyance of any Liquor into such Persons', Cellars as shall be willing to agree for the same, in the same Manner as the said Inhabitants are now supplied with Thames and New-River Water; each Housekeeper paying so much per Quarter, as shall be mutually agreed on between them and this intended Society, who shall sit every Wednesday and Friday, from Nine in the Forenoon 'till One, to treat with their Customers. And, (to make this Undertaking still more useful,) it is proposed to erect a commodious Still-House, adjoyning to the said Brew-House, to supply the Ladies Closets, in the same private Manner, with Rum, Ratafia, Usquebaugh, and Right Nants; and for the convenience of the inferior Sort, to lay a particular Pipe, for the Conveyance of Right Holland Gin, or English Juniper, at very reasonable Rates. Sealed Permits to the said Subscription, will in a few Days be delivered out, at 2*s.* 6*d.* each Permit, of which timely Notice shall be given in the *London Gazette*, or *Daily Post*.

N.B. For the further Improvement of the said Undertaking, and to prevent the vast Expence of Horses, Drays, &c., the whole will be effectually carried on, not as other Things of this Nature, by Fire or Water; but by a new Invention of a Wind Engine, to be erected on the Cupola of the said Brew-House, which will be an incredible Advantage to the Proprietors.

The first Call, which will be but 3 per Cent., will be laid out in employing proper Officers for collecting and bottling Hampstead, Highgate, and other Airs, for the better working the said Engine in calm Weather.

The Virtuosi of Gresham, and the two Universities, will have the Preference for the first Fortnight.

Another Fool's Confession.

M. J., April 30.—Sir, Understanding you to be a Person of great Intelligence, and your Paper to be in universal Request,

I beg your Assistance; and, if the Afflicted has any Title to your Pity, I presume to expect that you will insert this by way of Advertisement.

Know then, that I like a bewitched Fool, (because, forsooth, I would be in the Fashion,—conform myself to the Customs of the *beau Monde*,—and be esteemed a Person of Intrigue,) must have a Mistress, a Madam, a ——, a ——, a what-d'ye-call it — Nothing bad enough, I am sure.—But, Oh! thought I, this will look Grand. The Lords *Nothingworth*, and *Harebrains*, have their Mistresses; Sir *John* has his, and even that old waddling Colonel *Clomsey* has his; and why should I want one, who am as well qualified as the best of them? These good Precedents, Mr. *Mist*, gave Encouragement to poor Pillgarlick to follow the same Clue, but with very bad Success; for, though the Face and Beginning o' th' Business seemed sweet and pleasant, it carried a confounded Sting in the Tail on't, and your poor Petitioner is reduced to the lowest Misery, viz., Poverty and Disease,—Body and Estate both ruin'd—beyond Hopes of Redemption. My Toad is an ungrateful Monster,—notwithstanding I had obliged her with all possible Marks of my Esteem and Respect, and Sacrificed my Welfare for her Smiles; had provided her handsome Lodgings, and everything suitable, as, the Tea-Table, and its Furniture, Coffee Pots, Tea-Kettles, Spoons, &c., and, for her Wearables, rich Satins, Gold Watch, and a hundred other Trinkets, which would be tedious to mention. She attracted the Eyes of all, every one wondering from whence came all this affluence and Grandeur; but, in short, 'twas I was the Source, I ruined myself to support her Extravagance, and see the Returns; for, notwithstanding all this, would you once think it, the Jade has jilted me, took her Opportunity to ease me of 300 Guineas, (the greatest part remaining of a plentiful Fortune,) with which, and her other convenient Moveables, she has moved off from her Lodgings there, to some private one; but, by the Description below, I hope, I shall have some News of her. I have been inform'd, Mr. *Mist*, that you tell Fortunes, calculate Nativities, and restore lost Goods and Chattles; but, being no Friend to Astrology, I am much afraid, that if you can't do my Business by the Help of your Acquaintance in this World, your Acquaintance with the Stars will be of little Advantage.

For, 'tis certain, that the Stars
No more can tell, than can a Horse;
Nor can their Aspects, tho' you pore
Your eyes out on 'em, tell you more
Than th' Oracle of Sieve and Shears,
That moves as certain as the Spheres.

What enrages beyond all,—ay beyond the loss of my Money,—is her Perfidiousness; for, I have been informed since this Misfortune, (which is too late) that my Skip-Kennel Tom had as much favour allowed him as myself. Devilish Jade! O Woman! Woman! But I've done, and the next time I am caught whining and fawning, upon any tawdry Wanton in England, may I be used ten times worse. Yours, &c.,

HARRY FOPLING.

As for her Name, she has so many that I know not which to give you; and, considering she may have a new one now, might be of no Use if I gave you all. As to her Person, she's indifferent tall, round-shoulder'd, inclining forward, and pretty thick in the Waist,—so that her Shape's not extraordinary,—but her Face is handsome enough, and might please a nicer Palate than mine;—'tis pretty round, black Eyes, high Front, and the most remarkable thing she may be known by, not to mention more, is a Mold just under her Left Eye.

Friend Fopling's Case, though the less strange, is really the more to be pitied, because it is a Misfortune that generally attends that Family. We have known many of them, who, at first setting out into the World, have cut very pretty Figures; but by Keeping Company too much with the Brainless Witlesses, alias Witlings, and others of that smart Society, have soon found themselves in poor Harry's Condition. If his Example proves of any Service to the Publick, we have so far our Aim; and if by this Advertisement he recovers his Money, we'll venture to say,—without consulting the Stars,—he is the first that ever did, out of such Hands. Nay, farther, we shall not scruple to affirm, that Venus and Cupid have done their worst to him; and that, for the future, he will be Proof against the pernicious Smiles of the one, or poisonous Darts of the other.

Letters from Paris give us an Account of a Tumult which happened last week in that City, wherein about twenty People

were killed, and as many wounded: The Case was this, the King having lately published an Arret, commanding all Beggars and Vagabonds to depart the City; which seemed not to have the desired Effect, for want of a sufficient Power to see it put in Execution,—the Government appointed a new Troop of Archers, composed of 300 Men, and raised upon that Account, to take up all those, within the Limits of that Edict, whom they should find in the streets,—pursuant to which, they seized a great many idle Fellows. Those of them that were disabled, they sent to the Hospitals, but they found no less than three hundred able to Work; and, being fit for their Purpose, shipped them all off for the Mississippi: The Inhabitants were at first mightily pleased with these Proceedings, and seemed glad to get rid of a gang of Rogues that infested their Streets, and lived by pilfering and stealing; but the Archers, it seems, who had been thus raising Men, as it were for the Service of the East India Company, and had found the Sweet of some private Encouragement; were resolved to do their Duty, as they called it, to the utmost, and, in short, pushed the Matter a little too far; and for want of Strollers and Vagabonds, they laid hold of substantial Tradesmen, their Workmen, Servants, and other Persons, not included in the Ordonnance, and hurried them away, in order to ship them for the Mississippi. This enraged the Citizens to the last Degree, as not knowing if they suffered this, whose Lot it might be to follow next; and, gathering in a Body, they furiously Attacked the Archers, and in the two Days that the Mob kept up, they killed and wounded the Numbers mentioned before, tho' not without some Loss on their own Side. But at length, having effectually done their Business, and rescued their Friends, the Ferment was over; and the People returned to their several Employments as before. How the Government there may look upon this Behaviour of the Parisians is not known. But it would appear hard that Men should be punished for defending their Lives and Properties against the illegal unjustifiable Attacks of Soldiers, who are maintained and paid by the People in Expectation of being protected, and not ruined or insulted by them.

But before we quit our Paris Article, we must take Notice of what they write us from France, relating to some Protestants, who were lately seized, only for praying together to *God*

Almighty, near the City of *Nismes*, and sent Prisoners to *Montpelier*. These poor People are now Sentenced; some of them are condemned to the Gallies for Life, others to be Slaves in the Settlements on the Banks of the Mississippi, and the Women to be confined in Monasteries.

D. P., May 7.—The University Court, or Bench of Collegiates Regent at Heidelburgh, sat on Monday last was Se'nnight, to enquire into the Fact, on the Complaint of the British Minister, against one of their Students or Scholars, for insulting the said British Minister's Servants, in a public House of this Town. The Witness, who was a Youth, and whose name is *Serrurier*, was brought to confront the Scholar that is accused of that Action; and he boldly repeated the charge, and all the Particulars that he had declared formerly before the Council, concerning that Matter, and also the Part which the Scholar acted in it. This very much embarrass'd the Jesuits, who were directly charg'd with encouraging the Scholars to raise that Tumult, and begin the Attack upon the British Minister's Servants.

Some Days after, the same young Fellow was examined before Monsieur Tillig, the State Rector of the same Part of the University, that is to say, the Roman Catholick Part; where they endeavour'd to awe and terrify him, and to confront him with cross Questions, and with many People asking him Questions at the Same Time. After that they carry'd him to the Senate of the College, before the Jesuits Professors; and yet in all these Places, he continued to assert his first Evidence, and stood boldly to what he had said.

But after this, the Jesuits thronging in upon him a great Number of Scholars, and disguizing the Person guilty, among the rest, challeng'd him to point out the Person immediately; and in that surprize he could not single him out, but pointed to a wrong Person, as indeed any one might have done as well as he. The Jesuits triumph'd immediately over the poor young Man, and pretended from that Mistake, that all the rest of what he has said was forg'd and false, and insisted upon it, that the Scholar should be set at Liberty, which it is said they have since obtain'd.

Upon the whole, they have carry'd Things so high, that the poor Youth *Serrurier* has been oblig'd to withdraw him-

self from the City, otherwise he would have been in Danger of being Murder'd by the Scholars; nor could the Magistrates, at least such of them as might have been inclin'd to do their Duty, have dar'd to interpose in his behalf. The Soldier also that abused the Dutch Minister's Servant, has only been set upon the Piquet, which is all the Justice that Gentleman is like to expect.

Platonic Love.

M. J., May 7.—Mr. *Mist,* If you can direct my Conduct, or find a Way to extricate me out of some Difficulties which you'll find related here, you shall have my hearty Thanks. You must know then, that I am a Husband, God help me! And have been married, irrecoverably married, these Six Years. Indeed my Wife is, take her as to her outward Person, perfectly handsome; and adorned with all the Accomplishments, of a fashionable, or well bred Woman. But yet she has Failings; for first she's fond to a Fault, very jealous, mistrustful, and has a little too much of the Woman, that is, a certain Levity in her Behaviour, a profound Obstinacy, a nimble Tongue, and a very weak Brain. You must pardon me for exposing her Failings, but this is not a time to dissemble; and I thought necessary to premise something of her Character, that you might make the better Judgment of my Case, with respect to a Cure. Again, she loves no Topick but Love, and Cupid is her only Deity; but to take her out of that, is to take her out of her proper Element. All rational Discourse is thrown away upon her. In short, she's a meer Conveniency, a perfect necessary Evil, and has no Charms, but what are extrinsical; so that I cannot properly be said to love her for her own intrinsick Worth. The Truth is, I endeavour to chain down my Affections, and am perfectly well pleased with her as a Helpmate; but then my serious Hours must be employed elsewhere. Childish toying, and trifling Discourses are not always seasonable; I must sometimes dismiss such Diversions, put on the Man, and contemplate on Things of some Solidity and Use; and this is what exposes me to a general Uneasiness. She would confine me perpetually to her own Company, and is extravagantly passionate and cross, if I entertain myself with any other; and says, I ought to have no Passion, Taste, or Relish for any Thing but her own dear self.

What has lately been her greatest Grievance, is my Intimacy with a certain young Lady, her Relation, whom, for her Ingenuity, good Nature, and delightful Conversation, I esteem beyond most of her Sex; in some Sense, I confess, before my Wife, and I hope innocently enough too. Though I love my Wife passionately, I am none of those absolute Lovers, to be quite blinded to so Material a Deficiency; for though Love may be blind to little Faults,—which have no Proportion to the other Perfections,—yet he sure must love with a Witness, and be certainly infatuated, to whom the Latin proverb may be strictly applicable, viz.:—

Quisquis amat Ranam, Ranam putat esse Dianam.

To give you the just encomiums of this Lady, is what I dare not attempt, her Perfections being a Subject for a more elegant Pen; but as I am obliged to say something,—in order to justify myself, as to my Intimacy with her, by showing some of the Motives,—I shall tell you, in short, that her Soul is purely masculine, her Judgment sound, her Wit most excellent, ready, and acute, her Knowledge unconfined, and all her Arguments, upon whatever Subject, strong, and truly rational. She delights herself with none of those little Vanities and Formalities, that commonly engage other Women; her Discourse is without the least Mixture of Scandal; not censorious, or apt to suspect, but generous and free. But what is beyond all, and proves her something more than Woman, is the Excellence of her retentive Faculty, a Secret being as securely reposed in her, as in the most tenacious Man.

I sincerely declare, that notwithstanding my Freedom with her, I never had a Thought but what was purely innocent; nor one loose Desire, or fond Conceit. For tho' her Person's not despisable, her Air and Deportment is unlike the Generality of the Sex, and does not excite the least wanton Reflection.

She's so perfectly Mistress of her Words and Actions, and so truly virtuous, that she rather deadens than creates a Passion, in any that has any other Engagements; which Conduct, would the rest of her Sex imitate, we might hope for an honester World: For though some daring Fellows may confront Modesty, and offer Violence to Virtue, there are but few

who would dare to attack, without some kind of Invitation. Now I would willingly do every thing to make my Turtle easy, and contribute to our mutual Satisfaction; but this is an Affair that so tenderly affects me, that I can't prevail with myself to consent to the abandoning the sweet transporting Society of my unparalelled *Socia*.

I am not insensible, that this Plea of *Platonic* Love, and a Sympathetic Unity of Minds, in Persons of different Sexes, has been by some licentious Wretches ridiculed as improbable, if not wholly impossible:—but, I hope, the sober considerate Part of Mankind has other Sentiments. I don't doubt, that though sordid Souls, whose Notions are all brutal and sensual, may censure it; the more refined and ingenious Sort will assent to the Truth of it. The greatest Obstacle, and what prevents my Arguments having the desired Effect upon my Wife is, the Consideration of some Stories told her, of several loose Mortals, who have carried on their Amours successfully, and transported themselves smoothly to the soft wanton pleasures of *Venus*, under Cover of the dull grave Rules of *Plato;* but what Wonder! the D——l can transform himself, &c.

And revealed Religion, as well as moral Philosophy, has suffered the same Abuses. Many an Intrigue has been carried on with Success in a Fryer's Habit; and good Reason, for the Sanctity of the Dress prevents all Suspicion, and the Wolf is effectually concealed under the Sheep's Fleece,—agreeable to what a young Debauchee says in one of our Modern Plays,—when under *the pious* Cover of a Fanatical Cloak, he brutified the Alderman. *I wonder,* says he, *why all our young Fellows shou'd glory in an Opinion of Atheism, when they may be so much more conveniently lewd under the Coverlid of Religion.*

But, I hope, you'll make no Arguments from Consequences; nor allow such Examples to be of Force enough to conclude an utter Impossibility of Innocency in such a Friendship.

Now, Sir, having given you a plain State of the Case, I am to acquaint you that my Wife has referred herself to your Judgment; and, that you are desired to answer in plain Terms, whether you believe such a Correspondence may be innocent, where both Parties are young enough for other Enjoyments than Talk and Prattle?

Yours, &c. LEONARD LOVE-WIT.

Paris News.

D. P., May 12.—They have seiz'd here, in a Bookseller's Shop, 2000 Copies of a Book, entituled, Religious Conclusions upon the Morality of the Actions; that is to say, in plain English, a Censure of the irreligious Practice of Stock-jobbing. That Book falls upon the General Scheme of the East-India Company, and upon Mr. Law himself; it alledges, that all the Contracts made in the Quincampoix Street are void, in their own Nature,—that the Estates gain'd by them are the Effects of Usury and Extortion,—and that no Religieuse, no Confessor, can give Absolution, without Penance, to any that have been concern'd in them. That as the Profession of Usury is Criminal in the Abstract, and ought to be condemn'd by all good Men, so the Estates gain'd by that unjust Trade, were unrighteously acquir'd; nor had the Parties any right to them by the Laws of God. It proceeds to Attack afterwards, the different Branches of the Management of the whole Affair; but does it with so much Imprudence, and so much Passion, that impartial People generally condemn the Book; and 'tis given out, the Author is to be prosecuted by the Lieutenant Criminel, and the Book will be burnt by the Hand of the Hangman.

We have a very merry Match made this last Week, and which entertains the whole City with its extraordinary Circumstances; this is a Marriage between the Marquis d'Oyst, Son of the Duke de Villars Brancas; and the Daughter of one Monsieur Andre, an over-grown rich Stock-Jobber, who has gotten an immense Estate by the Mississippi Affair; but that which is most remarkable in this Union is, that the Lady is but two Years and a half old, and the Gentleman is about 33. One of the Conditions of the Contract is, that the Marquis shall enjoy 20,000 Livres a year Estate, till the Lady comes to be 12 years old; and if she dies before she comes of Age, the Marquis is to have 10,000 Livres a year for ever; but if she lives to consummate the Marriage, he is to have 4 Millions of Livres.

The Unfortunate Brew-House Projector.

M. J., May 12.—Mr. Mist, *Ingratum Si dixeris, omnia dixeris.* Call a Man ungrateful, and you call him all the

Rogues and Rascals in the Kingdom. And he that will not pay his Debts, when a few good Words will balance his Accounts with his Creditor, deserves to wear a Stone Doublet all his Life-time. I am at a Loss therefore, to find out proper Terms to express my Acknowledgements for the Favour you so lately did me; not only in publishing my Project, but setting it in so fair and clear a Light. At the first View of it, I was highly transported, and my good Genius buoy'd me up with the Hopes of being caress'd for a second LAW: But my left handed one, taking Pleasure in Mischief, swore he would proclaim it on the Cupola of St. Pauls, for a d—d Bubble, and that I shouldn't get a Tester by the Undertaking;—and, I find, the malicious Fiend has been as good as his Word: For, I have made it my whole Business, to creep into all Places where your Paper meets with any Reception, and have listen'd with as much Attention as a Sow in a Bean-Field, to the various Remarks of the Multitude upon it. And, to my no small Mortification, am obliged to tell you, 'tis universally rejected; and treated with all the Tokens of Ignominy and Contempt. Having some Grace in me, I am hourly put to the Blush; and my Friends, by way of Bam, have dubbed me, with Don Quixot's Nick-Name, *the Knight of the woful Countenance.* The Tories damn it,—the Whigs protest against it,—the Quality will have nothing to do with it,—and the Commonalty are afraid on't. The Jews have given it their Anathema, the Greshamites blow upon it, and Oxford has declin'd it. The Tories affirm 'tis a Design upon the Church, and that St. Paul's is in Danger,—as 'twas in old Noll's time,—of being turn'd into a Stable. The Whigs have alarm'd all their reforming Constables, and given them express Orders to pull up the Pipes as soon as laid, as unrighteous Conveyances of Rioting and Drunkenness. The Quality are too squeamish, or rather too delicate to encourage the Malt Manufacture; but say, had Sack and Claret been provided instead of Beer and Ale,—and had 50*l.* per Cent. been intended to be called instead of 5*s.*,—that none but good, honest, Tilbury Roysters might be admitted, they might have been induced to favour the Subscription. The Porters and Hackney Coachmen cannot be prevailed on to believe, that my Liquor will have the Strength, and bear the Head that it does at present; imagining the

Spirits will evaporate in the Distance of the Conveyance. The Jews assert, it would have a direct Tendency to make Men Swine; and Pork, all the World knows, is their natural Aversion. The Greshamites, indeed, avow, that the bottling of Wind is practicable enough, but are of Opinion our English Air is too weak for carrying on so great a Work; and, that unless the Managers send over to Lapland, and give an Invitation to the Witches there, to come over with a Cargo of their boisterous Storms, the Project will never do. The Oxonians, indeed, are no ill Wishers to Malt Juice, but then, nothing but Mother Hacket's Ale will go down with them; and that is, Mr. Mist, under the Rose,—as *Spiller* says,—*main good, Pozzy, Rozzy*. In short, there are no Persons, that I can hear of, give it a tolerable good Word, but some of your fat Citizens' Wives, and a Knot of old Market Women. My Glass-Project meets too with the same unhappy Fate; for, some Nights ago, I squeez'd into the Withdrawing-Room at St. James's, where, amongst other Discourse, the Ladies were talking of my Stock-Barometers, and Half-crown Glasses: Says one of them,—with an Air of Assurance and Affectation,—methinks the Projector of that Whim-wham was but a shallow Politician; for,—for my own Part, and, I believe, I speak the Sense of the greatest Part here,—I had rather be seen in the Stocks once, than be a peeping at them a hundred times. In fine, I am mortified to the last Degree, insomuch, that tho' I had thought of being a great Man, and made, at least, Secretary to my own Brew-House; a Clerkship in any Hedge-House, that retails nothing but Rot-Gut Small-Beer, will be esteemed a Preferment. If therefore you can recommend me to any Place whatever, where I may eat and drink like a Christian, you'll save his Majesty a loyal Subject,—by preventing him from hanging or starving,—and yourself a sincere Friend, and faithful, tho' unknown, humble Servant,

A. Z.

P.S. To add to my Misfortunes, a young Gentleman has threaten'd me hard for stealing his Project; and says he has lost 500*l.* a year by my tacking so many Conundrums to the Tail on't, which has given the World an ill conceit of what he

swears, had he the Management on't, would be of general Advantage.

M. J., May 12.—We have an Account from Essex, that on the 2nd of this Month, a Company of 120 Men, Women, and Children met in a Barn belonging to Mr. England, at West-Thurach, where, after having provided themselves with six Half-Peck Loaves, and Cheese answerable, and about 80 Gallons of Punch, they sat down round their Tub of Liquor, with a Design to see the Bottom of it before they parted; but they soon found themselves very unequal to the brutish Task they had imposed themselves; and, in few Hours, no less than 41 were seen lying on the Straw, in the old Pickle. On this Occasion several Hats, Wigs, and other things were lost, besides one Life; for, at the usual Time of expecting them to wake from their drunken Sleep, a Woman of Sixty-five years of Age was found dead upon the Spot. Upon the Whole, it appears, that this Meeting was begun merrily, carried on Madly, and ended tragically.

The next Day (10th May) one Smith, who some years ago had the good Luck to be saved by a Reprieve, some Minutes after he was turned off at Tyburn,—and has ever since gone by the Name of Half-hanged Smith,—was committed to Newgate, for robbing a Cellar; how it may go with him this Time, we cannot pretend to say; but it looks as if he was not born to be drowned.

They write from Weymouth, that on the 6th Instant, such a large Quantity of Mackrel, of a good Size, was taken at Portland, that on the Place, they were sold at Six-pence per Hundred; and the Boats that brought them to Weymouth, sold them at Four Pence per Hundred. The next Morning they had them Twenty a Penny by Retail, all fresh taken. One Boat took, as computed, fifty thousand at one Draught.

D. P., May 17.—We told you lately of a very uncommon Marriage, between the Marquis d'Oyst, and the little Miss Andre, the former of 33 years, and the latter of 2½ years old. The rich Jobber, her Father, makes it appear that he is very well pleased with that Match, for over and above the vast Fortune which he gives his Daughter, he has settled a Pension of 6000 Livres a year on the old Duke de Brancas, the Mar-

quis's Father, who is but poor; and besides this, having bought an Estate of the said old Duke for 600,000 Livres, he generously, and without any Conditions, gave him back the Possession of the Estate for his Life.

Paris News.

D. P., May 19.—The Reduction of East India Actions and Bank Notes, is a most surprizing Step; and the more so, because, so closely did Mr. Law, (whose Project this is) carry on his Design, that the Arret was no sooner publish'd but it took effect; and the first News that was heard of there being such an Intention, was at its Publication. By this Law, all the Estates of the People, either in Mississippi or East India Stock,—and in Bank Bills,—sinks immediately 20 per Cent., or ⅕ Part of its Value; and so, Monthly, and every Month, they are to sink a twentieth Part, till by the 1st of December next they will be at just one half the Price which they bear now. All the Equivalent given for this is, that the Coin, which is indeed order'd to sink in proportionate Parts, by another Edict, will be at just the same Proportion to the Bank Bills as it was before; and the Price of all Foreign and Domestic Wares, Provisions, Manufactures, &c. will in Proportion abate in Price; so that the Money, or Stocks, or Bank Bills are likely to go as far as they did before; and the Coin and the Exchanges will be as equal to foreign Coins as they were before the first War. The Loss indeed will fall heavier in some Places, and on some particular Persons, than it did before at the rising the Coin; but for that there is no Remedy. Some suggest, that there is an effectual Relief given, by appointing all the Revenues and Taxes to be paid in Bills and Stocks at the full Value; and this will indeed go a great Way, for the King will suffer in the Reduction of those Taxes very considerably.

Boggle and his Band-Box.

M. J., May 21.—Mr. Mist, you may remember I gave you an Account some Time ago of a Band-box, sent me by an unknown Lady, full of very fine Linnen, viz. Ruffles, Cravats, &c. curiously wrought. I have not yet been able to discover who sent them. I am either the most fortunate, or the most unfortunate Fellow Living, I don't know which! For ever since I received them, I have fancied, that every beautiful Lady that

appears well-dress'd, and in her own Coach, and chances to cast about half an Eye towards me, is the Lady that sent the Band-box, and has some secret Kindness for me. Nay, I find, that if I see never so many; I always suspect the handsomest, or the richest Lady to be the Person. Yesterday, betwixt the Exchange and Temple Bar, I met a hundred and forty-nine Ladies, one after another, coaching to the Change to buy Stocks, who severally took their Turns in my Esteem and Affections, on this Account, in the Compass of half an Hour; and always the last Fair One continued her Affections over me, till another Fairer succeeded. Thus you see my Fancy stock'd with a Seraglio of the BELLES of the Town; and, by a Kind of Stratagem and Inchantment, I am brought under a Necessity of Loving all the fine Ladies I see, without a Possibility of fixing on any one, so long as there are to be found different Degrees of Beauty and Fortune.——And yet, methinks, all the Beauties, Virtues, and Perfections, which I have so critically observed, in the several Ladies that compose my Seraglio, seem all at present to centre and unite in one harmonious Compound, which constitutes the Fair BARNILIA; I never see her but at her Devotion, nor ever hear her speak but in her Prayers, nor ever see her laugh but at Vanity. But she is the last of her Sex that would send me a Band-box; and therefore, not in the Number of those I am to admire at. I envy that little Acquaintance my Apothecary Mr. Wat——n has with her. But to return.

You must know, Mr. *Mist*, that my Neighbour, Jack Honeysuckle, fell yesterday into such a Fit of the Spleen at my Folly, forsooth, (as he called it) that he fell a Laughing at me just after Dinner, and has continued it ever since. All the Occasion I gave him, was this, Mr. *Mist*; and I will submit it to your Judgment, whether he is the Fool, or I:—

The Countess of P——— coming out of her Coach yesterday near Temple-bar, just as I and Honeysuckle passed along, I took Notice of her, and thought her both handsome and rich enough to be the Person that sent me the Band-box. Whereupon I went up to her Ladyship; and, with the utmost Respect and Freedom, thanked her Ladyship for the Band-box I had received from her.——But Honeysuckle, having hold of me by the Arm,—and being surprized at my accosting a Lady

whom he was sure I did not Know,—gave me such a sudden Twitch, and snatched me aside in such a furious Manner, that he tore the left Sleeve of my Coat quite off at my Shoulder; and then letting go his Hold, down dropped the Sleeve in the Dirt, before I could recover it. Insomuch that a Tripe-woman at some Distance, seeing the Sleeve fall, cried out aloud, Alas! poor Gentleman, he has lost his Arm. You must needs think, Mr. *Mist*, this unlucky Accident, in the midst of my Gallantry, made me look a little bewitched, because I knew not how to stoop to take up my Sleeve, without the Mortification of seeing her Ladyship, and fifty more, laugh at me.

However, I made up to her Ladyship with the best Countenance I could, and did beseech her, that she would not be incensed at Jack Honeysuckle, for his affronting the Person thus, whom her Ladyship so well esteemed. Her Ladyship laughed all this while, but now recovered herself a little, and told me, with Abundance of Goodness, She pardoned him heartily, and if he had done ten Times more, she could heartily have pardoned him.

Now, Mr. *Mist*, this, you know, was such an Instance of her Ladyship's Affection to me,—such a plain Proof of her Goodness, in having pardoned him purely at my sole Request; —and such a Demonstration, that her Ladyship sent the Bandbox, that, unable to keep the Secret to myself, I went and acquainted Honeysuckle with it, who fell a laughing, and continues it to this very Hour. Nor can I, for the Life of me, stop him, to know what he laughs at: But let him laugh on, if he will, Heh! Mr. Mist. Your very humble Servant,

PHIL-ARGUROS.

Mr. Grisby, a Clerk in the South-Sea Company, who by Stock-jobbing has attained to the Character of a 50,000*l*. Man, has purchased the late Mr. Goff's House, and the Estate belonging to it, at Wanstead in Essex, for 7500*l*.

A Shrewish Wife.

M. J., May 28.—Mr. *Mist*, I am confident you have not a more sincere Well-wisher than I, yet you are so unkind as to make me the only object of your Neglect; though weekly I see you are very generous, in your Resolves to full as trifling Questions as mine, with as little a Tendency to the publick

Good; if you had intimated any Reason for your omission, it would be some Satisfaction, but to be entirely regardless, evidences a particular Slight to my Person, which in due time, must be personally disputed.

Whether the Cases you so frankly give your opinion and Advice in be fictitious, or are to be applied by Inuendo to certain Persons, is not my Business to enquire after, but every one is at Liberty to judge, whose Circumstances they may be properly adapted to, and in the main, they are instructive and commendable; and if People be not of too perverse a Nature, they may check the Violence of their Inclinations; and stroke down their unruly Appetites to a gentle Moderation.

In your last *Saturday's* Journal I took Notice of Mr. Lovewit's Relation; whether my Thoughts be foreign, as to the real Person whose Representative Mr. Lovewit would be, I will not be positive; but I know one who would fain make the World believe he is under the same Inconveniences, and affects the same Character and Description of himself, as represented to you. Now, perchance,—it may be the self same individual Person, I mean,—if not, there is no harm done; but lest it should, I think I am bound in Justice to vindicate so good a Woman as his Wife is generally known to be, and I can assure you, she is the Reverse of what she is described by him; and he is, in effect, the Reverse of what he describes himself. She is a good Housewife, a good Neighbour, and, in short, a patient, meek, courteous, affable, good, religious Woman; and if Levity and Vanity can be veiled under these Epithets, I leave you to judge, as also if Solidity and sound Reasoning can be conjoined with Gaiety,—I should say, Fantasticalness, and unlimited Love.

Mr. *Lovewit's* pretended Female Cousin, of such ripe masculine Understanding, is Mrs. Everyone he can wriggle himself into Acquaintance with; he is too often seen with different Faces, to be worthy of so good a Wife.

Let each of our Female Cousins take this for a warning, that the next time she is seen with Mr. *Lovewit*, she may have occasion to set all her Intellectuals at work, how to extricate herself out of the Dilemma she will then certainly fall into.

If this Mr. *Lovewit*, or more properly Mr. Lightwit, had as much Reason to complain, or expatiate on his misfortunes, as I

have, surely he would publish Volumes. I have a hard-favoured, hard-hearted, Iron-Sided, hard-humoured Helpmate, who is never in Humour with any Body but herself; and her dear self she loves so dearly, that she cannot spare one Dram of Love for anything else. She leads me a hellish Life; continually Seasoning my Ears with Variety of Railings and spurious Names, such as Platter-Face, over-grown Rascal, Horse-Face, *East-India* Brood of the Children of *Anak*, tann'd-Hide, scrap'd-Phiz, &c.,—which I am so far from being discompos'd at, that I only Laugh at her Weakness, and thank God it is no worse, since she keeps her Hands off me; for should she once finger me, I should crumble her to Atoms. Now Mr. *Mist*, could you lay this Storm, and prescribe a Way to redress these Grievances, I would say you were infallible.

But I almost doubt your Condescension to my Request, having been already denied of you; so it is not on my own Account I chiefly apply to you, but purely on the pretended Lovewit's Wife's Account, whom, being degraded by him, I am obliged in Honour and Justice to justify; and, as you profess your self a Friend to the Fair Sex, I hope you will give this Room in your next, if either you hope for Salvation, or have any respect for Your humble Servant,

COUNT KIDNEY FACE.

Lovewit Outwitted.

M. J., June 4.—Mr. *Mist*. 'Tis with the greatest Regret that I am forced to acquaint you, that your kind Endeavours to satisfy my Wife's Clamours (upon Account of my Intimacy with her Cousin) have not had the desired Success; for, though she was under an Obligation to Acquiesce with your Opinion, as having referred herself to be determined by it, and as a Consequence of it,—having professed that I am at my Liberty, —and may, uninterrupted, divert myself with her Cousin's Conversation, she has, notwithstanding this Condescension, taken such a Step as has disconcerted all my Measures, and given such an unexpected Turn to my Affairs, as has spoiled all my promised Happiness, and made, even my most desirable Divertisements dull and insipid. She says, that seeing my Resolution is to have other Company than hers; and, as you have declared, such a Correspondence may be innocent, she hopes

she shall not be censured, or thought in the least Criminal for taking the same Liberty. The Person she has made Choice of, is one whom I have the exceeding great Misfortune to be under some Obligation to; he's a Fop in Folio, a Rake of the first Rank, an insipid, brainless Animal, whose business is to delude poor Women, and Cornute every Husband who has the good (or rather ill Fortune) to have a handsome Wife; for, Beauty in a Husband's Arms, says he,

> "*Like a Treasure rusting in a Miser's Chest,*
> *Lies unenjoyed, yet coveted by all.*"

And, why should your dull, drudging Tool, a Husband, monopolize such himself, and debar us, who know how to prize the valuable Blessing? Now nothing in Nature can be more notoriously scandalous than her associating with this Creature, nor anything more impossible than for her to preserve her Virtue, from one who has no other Views than Debauchery and Brutality; yet nothing is more difficult than to perswade her, but her Correspondence may be innocent. Nay, I have freely offered to forego all my Happiness, and abandon her Cousin's Company, provided she'll entertain no Thoughts of this Spark—(For what won't a Man do to preserve himself from degenerating to a Brute?)—But all won't prevail; for, whether the Fop has took the Advantage of our Difference, to possess her with some Sentiments in Prejudice of me, or from whence proceeds the Change, I can't guess: But in this she's positive, that as I have so strenuously insisted upon the Reasonableness and Innocency of my Friendship, I may e'en proceed, and she's resolved to take the same Liberty. Ill-natured Jade! so unmanageable, and so obstinate! What Trouble do we involve ourselves in, when we take upon us that Grievous Load, a Wife! I can't help thinking, but the Lyrick Poet had some Experience of this sad Misfortune, he speaks so very feelingly, it being exactly true, to speak in the Words of his Song, that

> *We are just like a Mouse in the Trap,*
> *Or Vermin that's catched in a Ginn;*
> *We wrangle, and fret, and strive to escape,*
> *And curse the sad Hour we came in.*

Jealousy, till now, was a Passion I was an utter stranger to, and naturally abhorr'd; but I'll leave you to judge whether I

have not a great deal of Reason to be uneasy; for to have a Woman of her Weakness, have any Converse with a Fellow of his abominable Principles, are Thoughts too grievous to be borne with any tolerable Patience; and to Condescend to which, would be an Argument of the greatest Folly, and Indiscretion; and I should be esteemed the Author of my own Shame, and more culpable than her, should she be unfaithful to me; of which (if she pursues her Resolution) I shall have but little Reason to doubt. Oh dreadful thought!——Well, thus much I find by myself however, that I shall not be the very contentedest —— in the World, nor like some of my Brethren, pocket my disgrace, and caress the Villain for his Abuse. I feel the Lion rousing in me, and Vengeance will assuredly ensue; for, to bear that Injury with the Patience some do, is beneath the Spirit of a Man, — an Argument of a base sordid Mind,—and deserves to be branded with the Highest Degree of Infamy. Such an one is a *Monstrum Horrendum*, indeed, and 'tis that sort only that deserves to wear the very distinguishable Character of Horns in his Forehead.

I beg your Pardon, Sir, for troubling you again upon this Head; but the Necessity of my Condition will, I hope, make it excusable. I begin to think my Fate almost inevitable; and that I am already budding. I have but two ways to make use of, for preventing this threatening Fate, that is, of your kind Interposition, or a forcible Restraint; but the former, being the mildest Remedy, I am for applying; and therefore beg you would give her a few Words of Advice, which, I have some Hopes, (considering the Power you have over her,) will not be ineffectual; for, you must consider, that she complied with your last Advice, as to the Main, notwithstanding she has run me into this Extremity by a Cross Purpose.

Your Compliance with this, Sir, will lay the greatest Obligation imaginable upon one, who is, with the profoundest Respect, Your most humble Servant,

And Correspondent,

T. Lovewit.

The inherent properties of a Crown.

M. P., June 1720, *p.* 6.—There is certainly a wonderful hidden Virtue in a Crown, which it soon communicates to those

that do, or are to wear it. Bishops are said to receive the Holy Ghost at their Consecration, but that is not till the Imposition of Hands. I know not whether a Crown may be said to give the Holy Spirit, but that it enlightens the Understanding, and discovers the Errors of Religion, seems to be a Demonstration; and this it does at a Distance, before it touches the Head. When the Elector of *Saxony* was to be promoted to the Crown of *Poland*, he soon was convinc'd that the *Roman Catholic* Religion was preferable to the *Lutheran*, and accordingly he embrac'd it; who doubts but with all imaginable Sincerity? He promis'd to continue in, and to maintain the same, and there is no Reason to question but that he will perform it, as long as such convincing Arguments prevail. The new King of Sweden is enlighten'd by the same Rays. The approach of that Crown has laid open the Error he was in before, and fully satisfied him that the *Lutheran* he now professes is much more pure and evangelical than the *Calvinistical* Religion he was bred in, and adher'd to, till this Time. This great Discovery was not made as long as the late King of *Sweden* liv'd, nor had it been now perhaps, but by virtue of this infus'd Knowledge. His Conviction is so strong, that he seems to call all others false Doctrines. This is somewhat hard upon him that left the *Lutheran* to embrace the *Roman* Religion, and that by virtue of the same inspir'd Knowledge; so that between them, those who have not the same Advantage of a superior Light, are left quite in the dark, to judge which of those Religions is the best. It were easie to produce more Instances of Monarchs who have been inform'd by the same Method, and yet not made Choice of either of those Religions; nay, there have been some in the World who might properly be call'd Occasional Conformists, as professing one Religion in one Place, and the very reverse of it in another; but those are old Stories, and we have not Room here to enlarge upon that Affair. But that we may not be thought to speak altogether without Book, *Henry* IV. whilst King of *Navarre*, was a *Calvinist*, but the Crown of *France* soon enlightened his Understanding, and demonstrated that it was much better to be a *Roman Catholick*. But we must, for the present, adjourn this Subject, and may perhaps find an opportunity to proceed upon it in another Month.

Wise Sayings.

M. P., June, p. 15.—It has never been a good World since Politicks have open'd the Way to Ecclesiastical Dignities. Those were happy Times, and then Religion flourish'd, when Piety and Virtue were the only Recommendations to advance Men in the Church. But since the Revenues of the Church have been bestow'd as Rewards on worldly Services, Religion has always gone retrograde.

p. 17.—Private Men are oblig'd by Laws and Penalties to perform their Contracts; Princes and States are above those Cobweb Fetters. *Ultima ratio Regum* was the Motto on the late King of France's Great Guns; and nothing could be more proper. The longest Purse and the longest Sword decide all Right, and bestow Kingdoms; and Success, crowning the blackest Actions, gilds them over with the Shew of Justice. It is a Prodigy scarce ever heard of in the World, to restore what can be kept by Force, tho' ever so infamously gain'd.

p. 46.—It is certain that the *English* Nation has a natural Aversion to the *French;* not for any Reason they can give for it, but because they are bred in it, and receive the Impression as hereditary, from Generation to Generation. Yet notwithstanding this groundless Animosity, no People in the Universe are so fond of mimicking the *French* as we are. Nor do we only mimick, but even exceed them in any Folly. If they do any thing that is commendable, that is not look'd upon as worth our copying; but in what is blameable they must be exceeded, in the highest Degree. In Point of Clothing, *England* has been guilty of the greatest Absurdities. When the *French* brought up the Fashion of going open-breasted in Summer, the same was practis'd in *England* the Winter following; though it prov'd to be one of the coldest that had been known in the Memory of Man, &c.

p. 48.—The thirst after Gold is so insatiable that nothing can quench it; and consequently it is Labour lost to endeavour to divert poor Mortals from attempting to gorge themselves with Gain. All Passions, not curb'd, deprive Men of the Use of Reason. No Passion is more unbounded than Avarice. It is in vain to tell a covetous Man that there is a Precipice before him, when he is in Pursuit of Money: He then

sticks at nothing; he hazards what he has, in hopes of acquiring that which perhaps he never shall attain. He values not his Life; and, what is still more dreadful, he has no Regard to his Soul, so he may but increase his Treasure. What remains for such a Wretch, when he meets with a grievous Disappointment, and has parted with what he had, to grasp at that which he had not? The common Remedy in such a Calamity, among us, is a Razor, an Halter, a Pistol, or a large Dose of Opium; and this, it is to be fear'd, will be the last Resource of many, within a very few Years,—when they shall see their vast Fortunes moulder away, and themselves reduc'd, perhaps to Beggary,—after having built so many Castles in the Air, and projected to raise Families from the vilest of Circumstances to vye with the greatest of the Nobility. This we see some have had the Fortune to do; and thus, it is well known, great Estates are thrown away at Dice, and beggarly sharping Gamesters become Men of State and Quality.

Incidents from one Journal.

M. J., June 4.—Some Days since, a Soldier of the Marquis of Winchester's Regiment of Horse, after having robbed two Coaches on Hounslow-Heath, was,—in attempting the like on a third,—shot by a young Gentleman travelling therein; upon which unexpected Reception, the Fellow rode off, but by the Loss of Blood, which ran very plentifully from his Wound, he soon fell off his Horse; however, he was taken up by the Country People, who carried him to a Surgeon, by whose Care, we hear, he is in a fair Way to live to be Hanged.

Last Week, on the same Heath, a Highwayman met three Gentlemen singly, so that having but one to deal with at a Time, he took from them, in all, to the Value of 80*l.* in Rings, Watches, and Money, and secured his own Retreat by cutting their Horses' girths, and turning them loose.

This day Se'nnight, about eight in the Morning, a Gentlewoman coming to Town was robbed near the Turnpike at Islington; the Highwayman finding he was pursued by the Haymakers, who were then in the Fields, made the best of his Way to Exchange Alley, and so escaped falling into the Hands of Justice.

Two Days after, not far from Acton, an Old Woman was

robbed of a Shilling, which she complained of to all she met on the Road; upon which, some rode after the Robber as fast as they could, and he perceiving they would soon be up with him, that he might lose no Time in facing about, would have fired a Pistol at his Pursuers over his Shoulder; but in the Hurry he shot himself in the Head, and dropt dead from his Horse, to the Disappointment of 'Squire Ketch, who, in all Likelihood, would otherwise have had a Customer of him.

Last Saturday Night, a Gentlewoman, returning late from the Court of St. James's, was stopt, a little before she came to her Lodgings, in Cecil Street in the Strand, by one Capt. Fitzgerald, who would have taken her out of her Chair by force, but upon her making an Outcry, the Chairmen were about to pull out the Poles, in order to secure her from Violence, which the Captain seeing, drew his Sword, and sheathed it in the Body of a poor unhappy Watchman, just come to their Assistance, who instantly dropt down dead; the Captain was secured for that Night in St. Martin's Round-house, and the next Day committed to the Gate-house; the Coroner has since sat upon the Body, and the Jury brought in their Verdict Wilful Murder.

The same Day, two Gentlemen happening to quarrel, at a Coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, went out and drew upon one another, and before they could be parted were both wounded, one being run thro' the Wrist, and the other into the Tongue.

The Hackney Coachman, who lately in a dispute about his Fare, was wounded by Mr. Greenwood, in St. Paul's Churchyard, is upon Recovery; so the Gentleman is admitted to Bail.

Yesterday was Se'nnight, being the last Day of the Term, several Pamphleteers, who were upon Bail, appeared at the King's-Bench Bar, and were further continued on their Recognizances.

About the same Time a young Man, who was painting the outside of a House in Leadenhall Street, being seized with a Giddiness in his Head, fell down, and broke his Neck.

On Monday a Tradesman on Ludgate-hill coming from Richmond, in a Chaise drawn by one Horse, was met by a Gentleman's Coach, which drove so furiously against him, that it overset the Chaise, run over the Man, and Killed him on the Spot.

It is said that the Person committed last Week to New Prison, on Suspicion of being concerned in setting Fire to the Houses lately destroyed in Wapping, has made a Discovery of sixteen more Accomplices with him in that abominable wicked Fact.

Last Saturday Night, a Fire was discovered on the Ditch-Side, breaking out at the House of Mr. Pluckrose, an Upholsterer, which was extinguished without any considerable Mischief: There were several Circumstances concurred to give the Neighbours a Suspicion, that the Man had designedly put Fire to his own House; as his obstinate Refusal to admit Assistance, the Removal of his most Valuable Goods some Time before, and so much of the rest pack'd up, as must have taken him up some Hours. Upon the whole, he was on Tuesday, by virtue of a Warrant taken up and carried before the Lord Mayor, who bound him in £1000 Bond, and two Sureties in £500 each, for his Appearance at the Old Bailey, where, they say, some of the Directors belonging to the Offices of Insurance from Fire, are obliged to prosecute him.

On Monday, at the Session of the Peace for this City at Guildhall, the Grand Jury found a Bill against the Boy who attempted to Fire a House in Lombard Street.

As soon as the News was brought to Change Alley, that the Parliament had ordered the Bill for the Insurance of Ships and Merchandize at Sea, to be ingross'd, a general Consternation appeared among all the Bubble-mongers; insomuch, that whoever could get rid of that Sort of Traffick, tho' at any Rate, thought himself well off.

This Week, a noted Stock-jobber in the Alley, whose Merit lay altogether in the South-Sea, gave ten Guineas to receive a hundred, when he was made a Peer of Great Britain; upon hearing of which, a Person, who it seems understood Latin, and was no Friend to Stock-jobbing, expressed himself thus,—

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris & carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.

On Monday, a Servant Maid crossing Swallow Street, near St. James's Church, fell down, and was run over by a Gentleman's Coach, which killed her upon the Spot.

On Tuesday Night, two Men quarrelled about a Mistress of the Town, and fought in St. George's Fields, Southwark; one

of them was run into the Belly, and Killed on the Spot; the other fled, and is not yet taken.

The Grand Jury found a Bill against three Sheep Stealers, for stealing of Sheep out of the Grounds near Edmonton, which were found in the Garret of a House in Drury Lane, 4 killed, and 8 alive.

Mr. John Law.

M. J., June 11.—Mr. Mist, The late seeming Turn in Mr. *Law's* Fortune has thrown me into very melancholy Thoughts, on the unhappy Fate which commonly attends those Persons who have signalized themselves in the Service of a Country. For how few Examples do we find in History, of Men of any extraordinary Reputation, who have not suffered a Reverse of Esteem before their Death? I am not indeed in the least touch'd at the miserable End of some Court Favourites, whom the capricious Temper of a Prince, or base and indirect Means, have raised to a state of Grandeur far beyond their Merit; but when Virtue is the Foundation and Spring of a Man's Endeavours, and he has been successful in his Attempts either for the Church or State, and then to fall unjustly into Disgrace, will move a Soul that is capable of any Impression. Nothing is more evident, than that Mr. *Law* has been of an universal Service to France; and, that by his Genius alone, he has retrieved the Loss of the late long and miserable War, and put the Sinking Credit of that Nation in such a flourishing Condition as was never known before. Now, if, after this, the French should ever be so ungrateful as to neglect him, or (as some have lately insinuated) be so far prevailed upon by his Enemies, as to try him for imaginary Crimes (for I can believe him guilty of no other) let them draw his Charge in the nature of that which *Epaminondas* drew against himself; and I don't doubt but that he will come off with as much Honour as the Theban General. If we consider only the Difficulties which he must have surmounted, before he attained to that Eminence which he now possesses, being a Stranger, and in a Country too which has a very mean Opinion of Foreigners, that alone will shew him to be a great Man: And if, on the other Hand, we look into his extensive Charities, we shall find him equally Great and Good; and that, in losing

him, we have suffered the greatest Loss that England could sustain.

I am Mr. Mist, Very much yours.

M. J., June 11.—*The Ladies of* Northampton *to the Celebrated Mr.* Mist.—

The frequent Addresses of our Sex to Mr. *Mist* will make this the more excusable; and though we often receive Shocks from your Saturday's Performance, yet we have too favourable an Opinion of you to believe that you are an Enemy to any other Part of us than to our Follies. We are the fair Inhabitants of a very pretty Country Town, which has one Thing in common with most others, i.e. a great Plenty of Women, with as great a Scarcity of Men; but still we have always possess'd a sufficient Number, to keep us from Despair, and the *Red Coats*. But I know not what ill Dæmon has inspired them of late with a Desire of seeing London; so that we have now but one left of any tolerable Fashion, and he intends to leave us shortly, which will infallibly oblige us to familiarize ourselves with the Officers, whom we have hitherto shunned, as studiously as Popery and the Devil. Your Advice in this Affair is of great Importance; — it will cancel all former Injuries, and lay an eternal Obligation on all in general,—and me their Secretary in particular,—who am, with great Esteem, Sir, your devoted Reader, MYRA.

To the complaint of these Ladies, though we are not sure we can prescribe a Remedy, yet we presume it may be of some Service to point out to them the Reasons upon which it is grounded; for that being once done, the Disease is found out, and consequently, at least half cured. We desire them therefore to take Notice,—we are humbly of Opinion, that a Stock of Beauty alone is not, in this projecting Age, of Force enough to confine the Men within the Limits of a little country Town, especially if it be considered, that the Stocks which take most with the World at this Time are of a quite different Nature, and are to be met with no where else but at this Place; where, to one Love Intrigue, you hear of 10,000 Projections for Building Castles in the Air. This gives us a Hint of a probable Account that may be given of the Loss

of their Men, which is, that perhaps their Sparks are of too Volatile a Nature for the Region of Northamptonshire, and are as much out of their Element there, as a Fish out of Water; for which Reason, it is as natural, and as necessary, for them to crowd upwards to the general Receptacle of Bubbles, as for Cork,—by virtue of its native Levity,—to rise to the Surface; or a Stone,—by its Gravity,—to sink to the Bottom of a Medium unequal to it, in its Specifick Quality. If this be the Case, our Advice is, that the Ladies would either rarify themselves, or condense the Gentlemen; till that be done, the charm that robs them of their Happiness will never be undone.

M. J., June 11.—Most of our Projectors now-a-days appear plainly to have no other End, in pushing their Projections forward, but to keep them long enough on the Stage to fill their own Pockets; and afterwards leave the poor credulous Bubbles to jostle up and down in Change Alley, till at last,—in the Encounter, some few burst all the rest, rob them of the great Expectations they were blown up with,—and leave them only a scrap of Paper, which entitles them to nothing but dear bought Repentance. Upon this Accouut it is, that we have suppress'd an ingenious Letter sent us this Week, which extols the Undertaking of one Captain Smith, who has had the Curiosity to search so far into Nature, as to find, that from the Seeds of Poppies, may be drawn an Oil, equal to, if not exceeding Florence, or any other Foreign Oil whatever. It is true, we have seen and tasted the Oil, and find it to answer in every Respect the Character of the best; but yet we hope it will be no Affront to tell the Gentleman, we cannot come easily into his Measures, before we have more nicely examined his Calculations; which, should we find just, we shall not scruple to call all those fortunate who are, or shall be, permitted to be Sharers in the Profits, which must be the Consequence of this Discovery, especially since the Inventor can be in no Fear of the Alley Merchants, or of a Rival, having his Majesty's Letters Patent for the sole Working and Making of it.

M. J., June 11.—This Week there has been a great Stroke in the Alley; a Multitude of new Bubbles, Projects, Subscriptions, &c. have been set on Foot, and every single one has been publickly advertised to exceed all the rest. The several Sums

proposed to be raised in this Manner, amount to, since Saturday last, about 224,000,000 Pounds Sterling, but we hear that as soon as the Bill for the restraining these extravagant and unwarrantable Practices has passed the house of Lords, and his Majesty's assent been given to it, a Proclamation will be published for suppressing the Traffick so vigorously carried on in Change Alley, reciting the Time and the Penalties to those that shall either buy or sell, or Subscribe to anything of that Nature, one half to the King, and the other to the Informer. This must needs be good News to the industrious honest Traders of this Kingdom; who began to fear lest in a short Time, not only the Money, but Trade itself would all be turned into that Channel.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to create John Blunt Esq., one of the Directors of the South Sea Company, a Baronet of Great Britain, for his extraordinary Services done that Company; and thereby raising the public Credit to a Height not known before.

M. J., June 18.—The good Folks at Paris, that have lately got large Estates by the Mississippi Stock, are at present in a strange Consternation, upon a Report that has been spread there, of the Government's being resolved to come in with them for a Share of their Profit, and to lay a Tax upon every one of them, in Proportion to their Acquisitions; of these, they tell us, there are a Hundred and Ten, whose Estates are valued at Twelve Thousand Million of Livres, most of which, they got this Way; and out of which 'tis proposed they shall pay One Thousand Millions, for the Government's Use. But as the Matter is but at present in Embrio, and there may be little more in it than Report, we shall leave it as we find it, till future Intelligence confirm or contradict it.

By these Letters, we have an Account of a little War which has been carried on between the French and the Spaniards; out of the knowledge of this Part of the World, as it were, about the Fort of Pensacola, in the Gulph of Mexico. The Spaniards, being in Possession of it at the beginning of the late War, the French attack'd and took it,—upon which the former fitted out a Fleet at the Havanna and took it from them again; the French attack'd it again and got Possession, but had not secured their Conquest before the other dispossessed them, and

turned them out, as before. The French, having been thus successively Victors and Vanquished, were determined, it seems, to give the finishing Stroke, and attacking it a third time, with a great deal of Fury, they made themselves Masters of the Place, but finding they were not able to keep it against the Spaniards,—who were resolved, it seems, to allow them no Rest, —they have demolished the Fortifications, taken away all their Artillery, with every thing else of Value, and erecting a Pillar with an Inscription,—declaring, that the Harbour belongs to the Crown of France,—they have quitted their Conquest, and gone off with their Booty. But whether that may be sufficient to answer the Expence of Blood and Treasure they have been at, we don't hear; though if not, their Case is not singular, it not being the only fruitless Attempt without any great Probability of Success, that has been made at a Nation's Cost.

London, the Day after Suppression of Bubbles.

A. J., June 25.—I do not know what Change the Gentlemen at your Part of the Town may find by the suppression of Hubble Bubbles, but we who live near the Centre of those whimsical Transactions find a considerable Alteration; now, as we pass by *Zedekiah Neather Soal's* Stall, about noon, we find him whistling and singing, whilst he is tapping a Cook-Maid's Heel of her Shoe, with a great deal of Satisfaction; whereas, the vain Rogue, as soon as he had got Sixpence, used to run to the Hubble Bubbles, and pay it in for a hundred Pounds Stock, by diverting the current Course of his Money from the Ale-House and Geneva-Shop, to the purchasing of a Membership in some Project or other. Now, the Small Coal Man cries his Small Coal at all times of the Day; and the Chimney-Sweeper returns with Content to his old Sooty Occupation, without any Dreams of large Shares and Profits from his Permits. You may now, at a Tavern, have a Mutton-Cutlet broil'd by *Blousabella*, the Kitchen Damsel, without being teaz'd with her Enquiries of what new Subscriptions are come out that Day. You may go to the Coffee-House, and call for a Dish of Tea or Coffee, and have it without Difficulty; whereas if you said, *Jack* give me a Dish of Bohea, he would presently say,—without taking Notice of what you call'd for,—Sir, will you buy a thousand Pound Stock in Rock Salt, or the Grand Fishery,—

and so through all the rest. If you came not to his Price, the Blue Apron'd Dog would cry, Sir, I'll give you a thousand Pound a Share for as many as you will bring me, and so in proportion for every Bubble that was on foot. If you call'd a Porter to send him of an Errand,—tho' but to the End of the *Poultry*,—and offer'd him Six-pence for his pains, the Dog would refuse to go, but at the same Time tell you that he could furnish such and such Stocks, at such Prices; nay, if the Humour had continued, the Market-People of *Leadenhall-Market* must have carry'd out their Commodities themselves. The very Basket Women, as fast as they could get Sixpence together, were setting up for Stock-Jobbers. If you went like a sober Citizen into an Ale-House for a Pint of Drink, or into a Tavern for a Nipper Kin, or half a Pint, you could scarce get it; but now the Case is alter'd, for if you call for half a Pint now, the Master and Drawers shall cry, till you are quite got out of the Tavern, "Welcome Sir, Welcome Sir!" and everything seems to return to its old Channel. Your Barber will now Shave you, and brush your Clothes into the Bargain. Your Cobler mend and black your Shoes, with "God bless you Master!" In short, your Servants go on and mind their Business; your Apprentices are quiet and obedient, without being puft up with hopes of being Aldermen's Fellows before they are out of their Time; your Maid Servants run no longer Mad after getting Fortunes by Stocks, but are content to get Sweethearts and Husbands when they can, after their old Manner. These are some few of the many Benefits, which we the Citizens of this Metropolis derive from this wise Destruction of Hubble Bubbles, and which, in Gratitude for the Benefit receiv'd, I recommend to your Publication: Who am, Sir, your constant Reader, and humble Servant,

OLIVER OLDWAY.

It is thought, that no less than a Million and a half of Money will be lost by Change-Alley-Goods, now prohibited by Act of Parliament.

Yesterday at Noon South-Sea Stock was 1000. Bank 270. India 450. African 135.

M. J., June 25.—Last Saturday a Gentleman riding over Epping Forest, fell in with three brisk young Fellows, who for

some Time seemed to be very good Company; but coming to a Place not far from Low Layton, they gave the Gentleman to understand, by the Sight of a Pistol, that they were resolved to be paid for riding along with him, upon which he took out 20*s.* and gave it 'em; but they told him plainly they would nôt part with him unless he made an Addition of some Gold. To this the Gentleman returned no Answer, but clapping Spurs to his Horse, rode directly for Low Layton; the Sparks pursued him, but he, being the best mounted, got so much Ground of them, that desparing of overtaking him, they made the contrary Way as fast as they could. The Gentleman however got into the Town so soon, that, with Assistance raised there, he in a short Time came in Sight of the Sparks again, two of which quitted their Horses, and by that means made their Escapes; the other was taken, and upon Examination before a Justice of the Peace confessed, that his Accomplices were an Innkeeper's Son in Bishopsgate Street, and the Son of a Woman who keeps an Ale-house in Houndsditch. Charles Pool, the Person taken, was immediately sent to Chelmsford Gaol; the others are not yet taken, tho' he of Bishopsgate Street very narrowly escaped, for his Father's House, being searched the same Night, and the Officers happening to lay hold of the wrong Person, caused such a Hurry in the Family, as gave the Young Fellow an Opportunity of getting off.

Suppression of Bubbles.

A. J., July 2.—Friday last, being the fatal Four and Twentieth of June, there has ever since been a most profound Silence in 'Change-Alley, with respect to the Bellowings of *Garraway, Rock Salt, National Permits, Globe,* &c., the Effect of the late Act of Parliament. The Market has hereupon grown so thin, that a man may venture through without Insuring his Pockets; and the South-Sea Mongers towards Garraway's Coffee-House, have extended their Lines from thence into the lower Alley, and taken Possession of the Bubbles Camp, where they are Accommodated with a little more Air and Elbow-room than formerly. Nor are these all the consequences of their Suppression, for Mother Jones's little flying Pamphlet (or News) Shop, which had suffer'd such Shipwreck during the Storm of Bubble Jobbing, that it was in

great danger of being expell'd the Alley,—as being frequently toss'd about to most uncertain Stations,—is return'd in Peace and Triumph to its ancient Situation under *Jonathan's* Coffee-House.

Amongst the many Persons that have raised themselves by Stock-Jobbing, 'tis credibly reported, that a little Fellow, call'd Duke, a 'Change-Alley Porter, has got above 2000*l.* by the Bubbles, and is about to set up his Chaise, with a handsome Equipage.

We are inform'd, that a certain Widow Lady, not 20 miles from Golden Square, who has got into the way of the World (*i.e.*, Stock-Jobbing) hath, since her Success therein, trebled the numbers of her Servants, cloathed the Naked, fed the Hungry, and Sent the Rich (who came to Pledge their Jewels with her) empty away; and that her Goodness and Charity rise every Day in Proportion to the Stocks.

Mr. *Knight*, Treasurer of the South-Sea Company, was lately pleas'd to make a present of the Benefit of one of the Thousand Pound Subscriptions to a Gentleman who had formerly taught his children to Dance, and was now reduc'd to Poverty.

M. J., July 2.—To excite a holy Emulation in others, who possess large Portions of this World's Goods, Mr. Good of Kingston upon Thames, (who had got 40,000*l.* by the South Sea,) has lately given Two Hundred Bibles, Two Hundred Whole Duties of Man, Two Hundred Expositions of the Church Catechism, and Two Hundred Crown Pieces, to Two Hundred of the poorest Inhabitants of that Corporation.

Ambition Thwarted by Love.

M. J., July 2.—Mr. Mist, *Scribere jussit Amor.*——A pretty Motto faith! I wish I could get Mrs. Jenny out of my Head, I would tell you what I would be at. You must know, Mr. Mist, I am a spruce handsome young Fellow, and appear with a most elegant Indolence every Day at my Master's Shop Door, upon Ludgate-hill, where,—with the Advantage of a graceful Cringe,—I have had the Honour to hand many a Lady to her Coach. My Ambition to make myself agreeable was so great, that I have not missed a powdered Wig and clean Ruffles one Day these two Years, to my great Expense; and when my

Endeavours proved so successful, as to procure a Curtsy from Lady Charlet, and many a Nod from the Aldermen's Daughters, as they drove by, and I thought myself within three Months of a great Fortune, it was my unlucky Fate to be sent with a Piece of Brocade to a certain Countess near St. James's. Mrs. Jenny was ordered to treat me with Tea, (I should tell you Mrs. Jenny is the Lady's Lady,) and so she did, but behaved herself in such a bewitching Manner, that I scalded my Fingers, spoiled my Ruffles, and came home so full of Mrs. Jenny, that I could scarce sleep; and ever since, Mr. Mist, instead of the charming Reverie I used to entertain myself with, of being one Day Knighted, by the Interest of my Wife's Friends, and such like, I can think of nothing else but marrying of Mrs. Jenny; the Consequence of which will be, I shall be a Journeyman Mercer all my Days (*Heu! quanta de Spe decidi!*) Now, Mr. Mist, the Reason of my Writing to you, is in Hopes you will publish it; and as all my Fellow Prigs read your Paper, they will all Know who this comes from, and consequently ridicule me most immoderately, which is the only Expedient I can think of to be put out of Conceit with Mrs. Jenny: Pray do not fail, and you will infinitely oblige,

Your humble Servant, R. R.

M. J., July 2.—They write from New Market, that several of the fine Race Horses have been converted into Notes and Specie, for their more convenient Running in Change Alley.

Last Saturday, at White-Chapel, a Stock-Jobber, just about to take Horse for an Airing in the Country, was seized and carried before a Justice of Peace, who committed him to Newgate; it seems he was impeached by a Highwayman taken some time since, for being concerned with him in robbing on the Highway.

The same Day, the Gentlewoman who lost 6000*l.* worth of Bank and Goldsmiths' Bills, at the South Sea House, recovered them all again by the Mediation of Jonathan Wild; for which Piece of Service he was considerably rewarded.

There happened t'other Day a remarkable Occurrence in the City: A certain Jolly *Scale Maker* by Trade, one Mr. S——lt, not far from *Snow Hill*, a bold Briton, of as much Pleasantry as Veracity in Conversation, came into *Exchange-Alley*, in full

Time, about three o'Clock, with a Pair of *Scales* in his Right Hand, extended, with a Motion of Business; and the Brass-Weights, with the King's Arms, hung on his left Shoulder, as if he had been going to weigh STOCKS, either in Burlesque or Reality. But all on the sudden, upon his entrance into that famous Mart of Ingenuity, he cried out; *make Room for Justice; I sell Justice; who buys Justice here?* And so the Jest went off. There was but one, in all that numerous Crowd, who had the Conscience or Honour to bid him any Thing for it; and that was a JEW, by the most probable Conjecture. Only *he would buy Justice,* but he spake so faintly Low, that he was unfortunately not heard by the Person who acted the merry Story; and had as much *Justice* to *sell,* as the whole Company could have bought for the Honour of the ALLEY.

'Tis said that in three Weeks' Time the South-Sea Company will take in farther Subscriptions, for the Augmenting their Capital Stock, some say at 1200, and others at 1580.

Summary of Results of the Bubbles.

A. J., July 9.—We are inform'd that since the late hurly burly of Stock-Jobbing, there has appear'd in London 200 New Coaches and Chariots, besides as many more now on the Stocks in the Coach-makers' Yards; above 4000 Embroider'd Coats; about 3000 Gold Watches at the Sides of Women and Wives; some few private Acts of Charity; and about 2000 broken Tradesmen.

M. J., July 9.—Yesterday was se'nnight, a Footman and a Porter quarrelled in Exchange Alley, and at last came to Blows; in the Scuffle the former got the other down, beat his Head most unmercifully against the Pavement, and used him so roughly with his Knees on the Stomach, that he soon left him for dead; upon this a Surgeon was sent for, who let him Blood, but to no Purpose, for the poor Patient died under his Hands; and his Adversary found Means in the Hurry to make his Escape.

We hear that divers poor Authors are at present extremely busy in writing Odes, Panegyricks, and Dedications to some certain great Men, which looks as if there was going to be another Subscription at the South-Sea House.

D. P., July 12.—Paris.—The Council have caused the Pay-

ment of the Bank to be regulated, and order'd, that Offices shall be appointed in distant Places of the City for that purpose. They were oblig'd to this by the excessive Throng of People for Money, several of whom have been crowded to Death. They reckon about 20 were Yesterday Smother'd, and trod under Foot, so that they were Kill'd in the Crowd, and some of them even after they had received their Money; two or three of those who were taken out for Dead have been recover'd, but not more.

D. P., July 14.—Paris.—The Rabble, who take Things as they understand them, be they right or be they wrong, threw it all upon Mr. Law; and, had he return'd into his Coach, there had certainly been an End of all his Designs and Projects at once, for it had been out of all doubt the Rabble had *De Witt*-ed him, or something like it. The Chancellor, who is belov'd by every Body, did his utmost to appease them; but had not the Guards assisted, 'tis much doubted whether they had not pull'd the House down, and perhaps the Tumult might have gone farther.

It is impossible to describe the pressing and thronging for Money at the Bank. The Outcries of those who were almost Kill'd were most affrighting, and the Number who lost their Lives is so great that 'tis surprizing; for in the several Days the Bank has been open, seven and twenty have been Squeez'd to Death, or Stifled. The Government is under great Concern how to remedy this, but see no method effectual; the Demand is so prodigiously great for the Money, and the Notion that every one has in their Heads, that they will stop Payment again in a few Days, is such, as makes People even Mad to get their Money, and hazard their Lives to come at it.

A. J., July 16.—There are 15 persons who are employed as Messengers by the Hollanders, in carrying them Intelligence of our South Sea Affairs; one of whom is dispatch'd every 12 Hours to Helvotsluys. Two Messengers are also employ'd by the French on the same Account, who are dispatch'd twice a week with an Account of the rise and fall of South Sea Stock.

Precursor of Moll Flanders.

A. J., July 16.—Sir, I find many People send their Cases to *Public Writers* for their Advice, and I suppose receive Satis-

faction by the Answers their Eminences give them back again; or, that the making their Cases Public is *in itself* something of Assistance to them in the several Circumstances they are in, otherwise they would never give themselves and the Authors of *Journals* so much Trouble; now my Case being very Extraordinary, you will easily see I have at least as much reason to make it Publick as other People, and therefore I desire to be heard with Patience.

I am, Sir, an *Elder*, and well known Sister, of the *File*, but lest all the Readers should not understand the Cant of our Profession, you may take it, in plain *English*, I was, in the former part of my Life, an eminent *Pick-Pocket*, and you may observe also, that while I kept in the Employment I was bred up to, I did very well, and kept out of Harm's way, for I was so Wary, so Dexterous, kept so retir'd to myself, and did my Work so well, that I was never detected, *no never*, was never pump'd, never taken, and I may add I began to lay up Money, and be beforehand in the World; not that I had any Thought of leaving off My Trade neither; no, nor ever should have done it, if I had been as rich as the best of my Trade in *Exchange Alley*.

But, *Curse of ill Company!* I was unhappily drawn aside out of my ordinary and lawful Calling, into the dangerous Business of *Shop-lifting*; and, not being half so clever and nimble at that as I was at my own Trade, I was nab'd by a plaguy Hawks-Ey'd Journey-Man *Mercer*, and so I got into the Hands of the Law.

It went very hard with me upon that Occasion; and, to make my Story short, I run thro' all the *several Ways of being Undone*; I mean the *Newgate* Ways; for I was Tryed, Condemn'd, pleaded my Condition, had a Verdict of the *Jades* they call Matrons in my Favour, and at length having obtain'd suspicion of Hanging, I got to be Transported.

How I was sent over, or whether sent over or no, and of what use the little Money I had laid up, *as above*, has been to me in all my Tribulation, is not to the present Purpose, and besides is too long a Story to tell in a Letter; it may suffice to the Case in hand to let you know, *and the World by your Means*, that I am, at the present Writing hereof, among the Number of the Inhabitants of *Old England*: Whether I was

Transported, what Adventures I met with abroad, *if I was abroad*, and how I came hither again, I say, are too long for a Letter; *But here I am.*

Now as my being here is a new Trespass, and may bring me back to the Gallows,—from whence it may be *truly* said I came,—I am not quite so easie as I was before; tho' I am prudently retired to my first Employ, and find I can do pretty well at it; but that which makes me more in Danger is, the meeting Yesterday with One of my old Acquaintance. He salutes me publickly in the Street, with a long out-cry; *O brave Moll*, says he, *Why what do you do out of your Grave? Was not you Transported?* Hold your Tongue, *Jack*, says I, for God's Sake! What, have you a mind to ruin me?—Me, says he, *you Jade* give me a Twelver then, *or I'll tell this Minute.* I was forc'd to do it, and so the Rogue has a Milch Cow of me, as long as I live.

But this is not all, for it may happen, that I may miscarry in my Business too, and if once I come into the Hands of the unmerciful again, I am gone for ever. Pray give me your Advice, how such a dexterous Sinner, *as I am*, must go on, for this kind of Life does not do now, so cleverly as it us'd to do.

Your Friend and Servant, MOLL.—Rag-Fair, July 14.

D. P., July 23.—Paris.—The King appears every Day on Horseback; rides very well, and will not let the Pages lead his Horse as usual; also, he will have Spurs made for his Boots. The Mareschal Villeroy will not consent to that yet, but the King says he will not ride like a Boy, he will ride like a Man; and 'tis thought they must be oblig'd to let him have Spurs, tho' they may perhaps contrive some Way to keep them from pricking the Horse so as to hurt him.

On Grave Questions of European Policy.

A. J., July 23.—Sir,—I observe you Writers of Journals take up the first Part of your Papers with what you call "Letters Introductory;" and, whether you write from your Selves to your Selves, or what other Method you take to bring such Papers forth, is not much to my Purpose. If the Letters you Print were but really Improving or Instructing, or were they always Merry

and Diverting, it were well enough; but, I confess, if my Taste be good, it is very seldom that they are either of these.

I would therefore, as a Friend, give you the Hint, and if you can find out but the Way to let something Solid and Instructing appear in the Front of your Paper, whether it always makes your Readers Laugh or not, yet I cannot but think you would please as many People as you can do any other Way, and you must acknowledge it would by far be the better, so the Readers would be oblig'd by you.

> Let Wise Men's reading be my Choice,
> And leave the Mirth to Fools and Boys.

Advance something then Profitable to your Readers, and worthy a Paper of good Intelligence, and let no trifles take Place in your Work. If *Chloe* is in Love with a Basket-maker or a Beau, it matters not to us, let her take the first Comer; and if Quality courts a Dish-clout, let the Boy go on, and pay for his Rashness and Folly; let him suffer for the Acrimony of his Blood, and buy his Experience; these things are not to our Purpose. The World is now engag'd in Things of another Nature; namely, in Treaties and Negociations, and those of the greatest Consequence. Conquest seems to be adjourn'd from the Camp to the Cabinet; and Princes, by the exquisite Policy of their Councils, make Acquisitions equal to those of Victorious Armies. Arts are found out to settle Kingdoms by Interest, as men get Subscriptions to South-Sea Stock, by their Friendship with Powers able to settle them.

I was Reading, the other Day, among the Foreign Papers, a Memorial, or kind of Remonstrance, said to be deliver'd by the Agent or Minister of the Great Duke of Tuscany; complaining, in several Courts, of the giving away, or settling, the Succession to his Dominions, after the Extinction of his Family, without his Concurrence: The Memorial uses many Arguments to set forth the Hardship of this, and claims, tho' in respectful Terms, that he may have the Privilege of disposing his own Estate. What Answer his Serenity may receive to so reasonable a Demand, I do not know; but as those Things seem to be settled upon a View of the public Tranquillity, 'tis very likely the Princes concern'd will take care to make good their Appointment of the Matter, whether the Great Duke

give his Consent to it or not. This, however, may be worth your particular Observation.

Since then the World are thus engag'd,—settling Right and Possession by the Rules of Convenience,—let us look at Home, and Honour the Constitution of our own Country; where the Right of Dominion is so happily settled, and in a Way so peculiar to itself, that we are in no Danger of having any foreign Powers interfere with it; and where we are only Dependent upon our Selves. This also, may deserve your Notice in a proper Manner.

In the Succession of Courland, we see something of the same Case, the Success of which depends entirely between the Czar of Muscovy, and the King and Republick of Poland; who,—as the most Power falls into this or that Scale,—may determine the Right, this Way, or that Way, with as little Regard to the just Right of Devolution as can be imagin'd; and all this by the Influence of Power, without the Exercise of it.

From these Views, cast your Eye upon the near Prospect of a General Calm all over Europe; when the Temple of Janus may be shut, and when the jarring World shall enjoy an universal Tranquillity, by the happy Councils now on Foot, and in consequence of the two famous approaching Treaties of Brunswick and Cambray.

Then, take a Time to consider the Circumstances of Europe,—the Temper of the Nations,—their Civil and Religious Interests and Inclinations; and tell us, if you can, whether we may hope the Peace that shall be made, *if it comes to such a happy Point*, will be Solid and Durable; and how long you think the jarring Principles and Tempers of Mankind will suffer them to enjoy that Peace they shall have made; and, in a Word, how long it shall last.

Speak honourably of all those Princes and Powers, who contribute to the Settling the Tranquillity of Europe; which, for 30 years, has been overwhelm'd in Blood; and, without flattering our own Princes, do Justice to every Party.

These, Sir, are Solid and Weighty Subjects, and will bring Reputation to your Paper, Delight to your Readers, and Profit to your Self; more than ever your Neighbours can pretend to by Ribaldry and Scandal.

If these Heads are acceptable to you, I may offer you other

Subjects; Solid and Worthy a Pen of Fame, and which yet may be pleasant and agreeable to your Readers. In the meantime I am your Friend and humble Servant,

A. B.

Amusement preferred to Instruction.

A. J., July 30.—Sir, I find you are prompted by one of your Letter-Writing Friends, to enter upon Grave and Sober Things, and write upon Matters of Weight; which, he says, will both Profit and Instruct the wisest of your Readers. Now I must be plain with you, that though I may be one of the Thinnest, I do not take myself to be one of the Foolishest of your Readers; and yet I am mighty apt to expect something to make me Laugh, of a Saturday Morning, above all Days of the Week. And I look for it in your Journal, particularly because it generally comes to me in the Morning pretty early; and I have heard say, that to begin Merrily is to end Merrily. Besides the Doctor has prescribed it me for Physick, —who am a Filthy, Lean, Scrag of a Thing, with but just Skin enough to cover my Bones, and no Fat to *shape it* in the least, —so that I look like one that had been hang'd up a drying in the Sun; I say, the Doctor has prescrib'd it me as Physick, (viz.) *Laugh and be Fat;* and you will be very unkind to your lean Customers, if you forget to make us Laugh very heartily, at least once a Week.

I am desirous also, *as above,* that it should be of a *Saturday* Morning, above all Days of the Week; and this is principally owing to my being often very subject to be put out of Humour of a *Saturday;* and a good Stock of Laughing in a Morning will lay a tolerable Foundation by way of Prevention. *The Case is this,—Saturday,* you know, is dunning Day, as they call it in the City,—and I am sometimes horribly plagu'd with those Folks,—especially when I am pleas'd to be Modish, and have no Money in my Pocket,—and then, when the Rogues are Saucy, they provoke me to Wrath, and I am hardly myself all the Day; this a good Morning's Laugh may prevent, by laying in a Stock of good Humour for the whole Day.

Again, if you write sober and grave Things I'll have you Indicted for *Sabbath-Breaking;* for your Paper, coming out of a *Saturday,* and a great part of Mankind having their Time

pretty heavy on their Hands a Sunday Morning, their Case will be this; they'll just dip into your Paper, and then throw it by, and say, *O this is mighty Grave, this will serve me to-morrow!* Come, give me *Mist's* Journal, or *Read's* Journal, for there I can have simple stuff enough to laugh at; I conjure you, therefore, good Mr. *Original*, let us have some simple Stuff to be Merry with, that we may *Laugh and be Fat.*

But over and above all that has been said, I must tell you, Sir, your last Week's Adviser is but an *Ignorant Wise-Fellow*, make the best of him, and gives you very Piteous Advice; for, to be brief, we that read your Paper are part of the laughing World, and if you will not Write to make us laugh, you will make us laugh at your Writing; for, depend upon it, you will never stand half a year, your Paper will never Sell, and you will be indeed *laught at for a Fool;* for who do you think lays out three Half-pence once a Week for dull Philosophy, or grave Morality,—Things proper perhaps to keep the World Sober, and make People have the Vapours? Prithee, do not mistake, Mr. *Applebee*, we lay out this three Half-pence for Mirth and News, and when you turn Philosopher, pray put down your Lecture at large, and bless the World with Eleven Volumes in Folio; and we may, perhaps, come and Subscribe for them. But if you will write *Journals*, write them as *Journals should be written*, (viz.)—1. Write a great deal of News, when there is the least to be heard of. 2. Be sure a great many Highwaymen be taken. 3. A great many Old People die Suddenly. 4. And carefully introduce all with something very Merry, that may dispose us to swallow the rest without rising in our Stomachs; for what do you think has made so many Writers miscarry, but this very dull Mistake, that they cram their Nonsense down the Throats of their Readers, without making the least Preparation for their Patients digesting it? I give you this Warning, that you may not run into the same Mistake, and so fall unregarded, with the rest.

A. J., July 30.—We hear that the Right Honourable Mr. Secretary Craggs was lately pleased to make a Present of a thousand Guineas to a Clergyman, who had formerly been his Tutor; and has distributed as much amongst the chief Servants of his Family; and likewise, given the Benefit of a large South Sea Subscription to the Clerks of his Office.

A Tory Husband and Whig Wife.

A. J., Aug. 6.—Mr. Applebee, I am a Tory, and I resolve to marry a Whig, that we may never want something to brangle about; and, that when we fall out, we may know what it is we quarrel about. For upon my Faith, Mr. Journal, most of the marry'd Folk that I am acquainted with, fall out with one another they know not why, and fall in again they know not how; *which, by the Way,* is the keenest Satyr upon Family Breaches that can be. Now 'tis my Opinion, If my Wife is a Whig, she will be *False, Ignorant, Positive, Revengeful, Never-forgiving,* and so by consequence, you know, she can't expect to be forgiven; and we shall agree to disagree most comfortably as long as we live. For I hate this Way of marry'd Folks Quarrelling, where People fall out, and fall in, Scold, Fight, call Names, and Kiss, Laugh, and call *my Dear,* and *my Love,* and all in the very same Breath. I don't understand it at all. I love to do everything seriously, and in earnest; and,—if we must quarrel every Day, as I see such People do,—like it as well to quarrel *all Day* too, and then a man's Life is all of a Piece. For to be every Day both making and making up new Breaches, is the wildest kind of Life that ever was known, and operates strangely upon my Spirit; for to speak Physically of it, 'tis an alternate Concussion in Nature, that the Constitution of the Soul cannot always support. Here I must be in a Storm, and in a Calm, perhaps, three, or four, or ten, or twenty Times a Day; my Passion must be in a Flame this minute, and the next, upon a Smile, a Tear, or a Kiss, (and all without one Dram of Sincerity,) am oblig'd to be a passive, meek, quiet Ass, and must not forgive, *for that would be to extort a Confession of a Crime which cannot be,* but must forget the very Thing that gave the Occasion, and be as quiet, and as pleas'd, as if nothing had happen'd. These are really, *Sir Journal,* impossibilities in Nature, and cannot be perform'd upon any foot but that of an Angel; and I am no Angel, I assure you, but a meer Composition of Flesh and Blood, and that as real and Natural, with all its Consequences of human Passions and Infirmities, as any other sublimate Creature can be supposed to be. For Example:—

First, They call me a good-humour'd Fellow, and by Conse-

quence, two Things follow in my Temper. (1.) That I am not easily provok'd, and (2.) That I am never angry without a Cause; that is to say, without what I think is a good Reason or Cause for it. But then, *for I must tell you both sides of me,*

Second, When I am thoroughly anger'd I cannot be perfectly unmov'd again, and turn'd into Quiet and Calm in half a quarter of a Minute, and that without the Satisfaction of the least Acknowledgment; this would be to equal my Conduct to that of Miracle, and to suppose me able to say to all my Powers and Faculties, Passions and Affections, as our Saviour did to the Sea, *Peace, be still,* and make all submit in a Moment. And now, since I am not able to do this, and cannot answer for the Consequence in the Case of a Wife,—who may think it for her Convenience, to put me into these violent Agitations ten or twenty Times a Day, as above,—expecting that I should calm my Temper, and reduce my Passions to the same absolute Sway, as often as she pleases to disturb them; *I say,* since this is the Case, I have maturely consider'd the Matter, and upon the whole, come to this Resolution, *viz.* That 'tis much more eligible for me to marry a true Termagant, one that was born in a North-wind Storm, that loves Bluster by her very Constitution,—that if ever she is quiet, 'tis only Sullen or Sleeping,—and of whom it may be said, her Spirits circulate *à la mode à Whirlwind,* boxing the Compass continually,—and lives by Noise, as the *Salamander* does by Fire,—that will not provoke by Fits, but make her Life one whole Fit of Provocation and Strife; and for this Reason I propose to marry a Whig,—that I may never fail to give her Occasion, or she to take it,—and that we may enure ourselves so to differ about everything, that whatever Hour of the Night we wake, we may be ready to begin where we left off, and so leave our Quarrel to our Posterity to make an end of, just as they tell us the *Spaniards* do the Game at Chess. Now if you have anything to object against this laudable Resolution of mine, pray let me hear it. If not, I think you can do no less than recommend it to the Practice of the Times; that the Tories may all marry Whigs, and Whigs may all marry Tories, and the General Peace may be effectually preserv'd, by a Conjunction of Contraries.

A. J., Aug. 6.—We hear that Mrs. Barbier, the famous

Singer at the New Play-House, having gain'd above 5000*l.*, by South Sea Stock, has Sung her last Farewell to the Stage.

The same Day (Thursday Aug. 4th) a Clergyman presented an Ode to the Directors of the South Sea Company, and was rewarded with about 200 Guineas.

Our South Sea Equipages encrease every Day. The City Ladies buy South Sea Jewels, hire South Sea Maids, and take new Country South Sea Houses; the Gentlemen set up South Sea Coaches, and buy South Sea Estates,—though they neither examine the Situation, the Nature, or the Quality of the Soil, or Price of the Purchase,—but only the Annual Rent, and the Title. The rest they take all by the Lump, and give 40 to 50 Years Purchase. This has brought so many Estates to the Market to be Sold, that the Number of Land-Jobbers begins to encrease to a great degree, almost equal to the Stock-Jobbers that we had before.

One Mrs. Baily, House-keeper to Sir Theodore Janssen, Knight, Sub-Governor of the South Sea Company, was some Days since Married to a Custom-house Officer, who had with her 8000*l.*, which she had acquired by the South Sea Affairs.

D. P., Aug. 12.—Our last Letters from Marseilles give Ground still to be apprehensive of the Distemper there. Our Government are not willing it should be call'd the Plague; but they acknowledge from thence, that it has swept away abundance of People in that City, and that it is contagious in its Nature. All possible Measures are taken to prevent its spreading any farther, and the Country are so shy, that they will not bring Provisions to the City, but bring everything to a Village 3 Leagues off, from whence the Citizens send People to fetch it. The Gallies are ordered to be remov'd out of the Arsenal, and to go immediately with all the Slaves and Seamen to Toulon, where they may lie in a small Creek at Seven Leagues from the City, for fear of the Distemper. The Commerce is universally stopp'd, and not a Ship comes in to Marseilles from any Place that has heard of it.

Love is an Antidote to Party Spirit.

A. J., Aug. 13.—Sir, You gave us a long rattling Epistle in your last, from a *Tory*, about his Marrying a *Whig*,—intimating how certain a Foundation of an eternal Quarrel, such a Con-

junction of Atoms would be, and they'll then fall out, as your witty Author has it, *they know not why*, and fall in *they know not how*, and the like. Now I expect the same Justice from you in publishing my Letter, as in publishing that; otherwise, I shall set you down in my Book of Rogues, for a partial Devil, that loves no Body but those who please you in your Taste of Parties, and will do Justice to no Body but those you like.

In the first Place, I am to tell you, I am a *Tory*, and I have Married a *Whig*, and yet, (which your mad Man's Principles will not allow,) we never quarrel, neither about State-Affairs, or any Affairs whatsoever; neither do we spend our Time in taking Parties on either side so much as to discompose ourselves in the least, nor do we see any Reason why other People should do it. I sometimes smile at my Wife, and tell her I wish she was a *Tory*, and she will return with the same testimony of Affection, *My Dear, I wish you were a Whig;* at other Times I tell her, with all the good Humour I am Master of, that I am sure she will be a *Tory*, some time or other; and that she has too much good Nature to continue a *Whig*. Then she will take me in her Arms, and with a Kiss tell me, I have too much good Sense to be long a *Tory;* and thus it is we quarrel, and no otherwise, I assure you. Some times, to ruffle her a little, I toast the *Pretender's* Health to her; then she cries, *Fie*, my Dear! *Fie*, here's King *George's* to you! and thus we go on. Pray, where's the Quarrel, and the Brangle of all this? Does your *Letter-Writer* think, a Man and his Wife cannot love one another, and live quietly, without *Capping Politics* every Day, after the manner of *Billingsgate?* Pray tell him, he may be a *Tory*, but he must be a Fool; for between two Relations of suitable Temper, and a proportion of good Humour, there's no more need of a breach on the Account, than there is between two People of different Religions; in which Case we oftentimes see no manner of disquiet, or want of Affection on either side.

Upon the whole, your Letter-Writer seems to have more Malice than Charity for the Sex; to think that a Loving, Tender, Modest and agreeable Wife can be,—or make a Man—uneasy, tho' their Opinions in State-Affairs may differ: Tell him, there's neither *Whig* nor *Tory* in Love, and State Affairs take no

place between the Married; unless where both Parties are Fools, or one of them a Tyrant. Now since the *Letter-Writer* calls himself a *Tory*, I wou'd not have him suppose himself a Fool, or a Tyrant,—especially a Tyrant to a Wife; which, by the Way, is the most unnatural of all Tyrants; because, tho' she may be a *Whig*, she may yet be a good Wife, and what must he be then, that uses her ill for being of a different Opinion only?

Be it known to you, therefore, Sir, that though there are some Things incompatible between a *Tory* and a *Whig* as to their Politicks; yet I see no Reason why a little good Humour, and a great deal of Affection, may not cover all the disagreeable Part, and make the *Tory* Husband and the *Whig* Wife very good Friends, and make them agree perfectly well. And so, on the other hand, if it was a *Whig* Husband and a *Tory* Wife; a just respect to the Relation of Husband and Wife will take off all the edge of the little Disputes that may happen upon those Points; and a little Discretion, mingled with much Affection, will make both sides perfectly easy. So pray tell him, if he marries a *Whig*, with a design to be always a Quarrelling, he may chance to be disappointed in his Choice, and therefore I would advise him to consider very well of it.

As for his Notion of choosing to be all Day long, together by the Ears with his Wife, rather than a little at a Time by Intervals, as it may happen, when jarring Tempers chance to meet; I take him to be Raving, and a little Maddish, and therefore I pity him in that Part, and say nothing to it. If a Man and his Wife fall out twenty Times a Day, and fall in again; tho' 'tis bad enough indeed, yet 'tis not so bad as to jarr for ever, and make Life one continual scene of Strife and Distraction. As to the Reason of it, I see none in it but this, that of two bad Cases, that Man chooses the Worst; the Prudence of which I recommend to him to consider of.

I am Your Humble Servant,

QUIETNESS.

A. J., Aug. 13.—We are certainly inform'd, That the Right Hon. Mr. Secretary Craggs, hath given lately to necessitated Gentlemen, &c., to the value of 40,000*l.* in South-Sea Subscriptions.

An Elegant Eulogium.

M. J., Aug. 13.—On Friday, the fifth Instant, died at her own House in Cleveland Row, the Right Honourable Anne Countess of Winchelsea, and was on Tuesday following (privately according to her own Desire,) carried down to East-Well, in Kent, the ancient Seat of that Noble Family, and interred there. She was a daughter of Sir William Kingsmill of Sidmonton, a very ancient Family in Hampshire, and had been Maid of Honour to her late Majesty Queen Mary, (when Duchess of York,) till married to the Honourable Colonel Heneage Finch, who on the Death of his Nephew, the late Earl of Winchelsea, succeeded to that Honour. To draw her Ladyship's just Character, requires a masterly Pen, like her own; we shall only presume to say, she was the most faithful Servant to her Royal Mistress, the best Wife to her noble Lord, and in every other Relation, public and private, so illustrious an Example of all moral and divine Virtues:—In one Word, a Person of such extraordinary Endowments both of Body and Mind,—that the Court of England never bred a more accomplished Lady, nor the Church of England a better Christian.

Success of a Female, in Stocks.

A. J., Aug. 20.—Sir,—I thought you could not have been so unjust to the request of a Woman; and, in short, as I am inform'd that your Contemporaries in Journal Writing take great Care of the Ladies' Affairs, I am resolv'd, unless you make me immediate Satisfaction in your next, to apply myself to them. Nay, I'll go to the *Whigs* rather than not have Justice done me; so *I will,* that *I will,* marry *will I,* and pray take Notice of it.

I am the Person that sent you a Letter sign'd *Florentina,* wherein I told you, among other things, that I had been long slighted by the Fortune-Hunters of the Town, for no other Reason, but because I had not a good Share of Money,—*that only current Beauty of our Sex!* But that, at last, *Heaven be prais'd,* my Card was come up Trump; and, that some of my good Friends having help'd me into some Subscriptions in the South-Sea Stock, I had got some Money together,—and I told

you the Sum, in so many plain round O's, was 20,000*l.*, I say, Twenty Thousand Pounds!

Now was ever any Thing so Malicious as you have been in publishing my letter; and, by leaving out one whole Cypher, or round O, to reduce me to 2000*l.*? Can you be such an ignorant Son of a —— as not to know that 2000*l.* is no South-Sea Fortune, and is no more than 200*l.* was two Years ago? Was not this very Cypher the Cream of all the Jest, the Burthen of the whole Song? And was it not a barbarous Thing of you, to cut me off 18,000*l.* at one Blow? I say, Eighteen Thousand Pounds, *for I am resolv'd to trust you no more with my Figures, or with my Cyphers either, without Explaining them.* Perhaps you'll tell me it was your Man's Fault, and that it was overlook'd; a good Story indeed, and so I must be overlook'd too, *must I*, for the neglect of your Blockheads? Pray tell the Dog then that overlook'd me, I'll take care to have him overlook'd, when I send my Bounty to your Work-house; which I certainly intended, if I had the expected Success of my Letter.

And why had you not cut off another round O, and reduc'd me to two Hundred Pound? Then indeed my Letter had been of as much Signification towards getting me a Husband as 'twill be now; for 'twas but then taking me for a Chamber-maid, and a good South-Sea Footman might perhaps have had some kind Thought of me.

Be it known to you again, Sir, that I sent you Word, I had rais'd about 20,000*l.* by South-Sea Stock, I say again, *Twenty Thousand Pounds in Money*, besides some Stock yet to sell; and I expect you will let the World know it, for the Reasons inserted in my first; not that I shall gratify any of those Fortune-Hunting Things, who they call Lovers, with it, who put their Slights upon me before, for want of it. *No, No!* I assure you, I design to make the best of my Stock; and, if I have wherewith to buy a South-Sea Husband, I will have one that *has Money*, as well as *seeks Money*: For the Men have of late put so hard upon our Sex, that even those that have had no Money themselves, had the Impudence to talk of Fortunes, and to expect Wives with Portions, as if our Sex was bound to the Drudgery of making Beggars rich; and, that the Market was so much against us, that we must take up with anything,

whether with Money, or without; while every Jack-Pudding,—with his whole Fortune dangling about his Ears, in a long Wig,—pretends to ask what Fortune a Woman has, when he vouchsafes to look at her.

Now, Sir, to deliver myself from this Contemptible Race, I desire you'll do me Justice, and let the World know what I wrote before: (*viz.*) that my Cash is *Twenty Thousand Pounds*, and for the rest, leave all that to me. Your Servant,

FLORENTINA.

South Sea Tide turned.

A. J., Aug. 27.—Sir,—Among those who have great Shares in the Bubbles and Projects of the Day, it would be no wonder to hear them complain of the Losses they are in Danger to sustain, those Things being come, in some respect, to a general Shipwreck in Exchange-Alley; and if some considerable Number of those that escape, should be so free with themselves, as to take a Swing out of the World, by way of Relief to their Vexations, I should not wonder. But you will be a little surpriz'd when I shall tell you, that even the Felicity of Getting, is far from being a compleat Good; and those who have got safe on Shore before the Storm, are in as much Danger, or are at least as far from the Satisfaction of a Security in their Circumstances, as those that are yet involv'd.

One would think, when a Man had been involv'd in the Stocks to a sufficient Degree, had seen his Advantages, and sold out, and had laid by about Twenty, or Thirty, or Forty Thousand Pounds of his Gain, to purchase his Repose; I say, one would think he might have it, and might comfort himself with the Hopes, at least, of his being safe in this World; especially, if this Person was one that having drawn off thus, was resolv'd to keep clear,—and being out, to remain out,—to run no more Risques, but to sit down by what he had got, and have no more to do with them.

But such is the little Satisfaction that Mankind reaps from the Views of the Gain they make, and either so little Confidence have they in their Gain, or so boundless an Avarice in their Getting, that the Fear of Poverty does not always leave them, in the height of their Wealth.

An eminent Instance we have had in a certain Suffolk

Knight, who, they tell us, upon the first News of the Stock falling to Eight Hundred, has hang'd himself,—for fear of Starving,—with about Eleven Thousand Pounds Capital Stock in the South Sea Company, in his own Property.

But *Camberwell*, they tell us, has some better Christians in its Neighbourhood; near which Place, I hear, two certain single Persons, having already clear'd from Thirty to Forty Thousand Pounds by Stocks, and out of all danger of Loss by any Revolution in those Affairs, yet,—in their conscious Sense of the Uncertainty of human Affairs, and in their Anxiety for what might befall them,—have caused Bills to be put up in the Church, desiring the Prayers of all good Christians, that they might not be brought to Want. I must confess, this is a most religious Application; and may have some secret Reasons for it, which my Information does not furnish me with: And I send it to you, that you may recommend the Practice to Sir *John Bl*(ount), Sir *Theo. J*(ansen), and to all the Directors of the South Sea Company, and such like People; or to those of them who are in most Danger of Poverty and Starving. Perhaps you may find them out better than I can.

Your Friend and Servant, MISER.

A. J., Aug. 27.—Last Week the Lords Justices gave express Directions to the Attorney General to bring Writs of Scire Facias against the Charters, or Patents of the Companies following, viz. York Buildings, Lustring Company, English Copper, Welsh Copper and Lead.

'Tis computed that by the Suppression of the four Bubbles aforementioned, the Projectors have lost about ten Millions Sterling.

The Lord Castlemain's Porter hath got 4000*l.* by South Sea Stock.

'Tis said the South Sea Company, in the great Hurry at the Subscription last Tuesday, took above a Million and a half more than they intended.

Distress of a Loving, Virtuous Woman.

A. J., Sept. 3.—Sir,—I am an Unfortunate Girl, and have told my Grief to several of you Printing Doctors, some in one Manner, and some in another; but you all make a Jest of me,

and Banter me, instead of giving your Sage Advice to me in my Distress. I have been advis'd to represent my Case to you. What Humanity there is in you more than in other Men, or whether there is something in my Distemper that neither you or any body else can Cure, that I know not. If I try you, and am disappointed, 'twill be yet no Disappointment, because I expect it; having found it so in all my former Applications, as I tell you above.

In short, Sir, I am in Love, it is no matter with who;—and the Man I love is in love with me, and yet I am the unhappiest of all creatures. I would have him above all the Men in the World, and in a Word, can never think of having any Man in the World but him. He will have me, he says, and will have no body else, if I will consent; but the Difference lyes here,—I would have him a Husband, but he would have me a ——, *not a Wife.* He has Courted me two Years, with all the resistless Application of a charming insinuating Tongue, a most obliging affectionate Behaviour, and the most amiable bewitching Person in the World; and hitherto I have resisted him, nay, I have almost convinc'd him that I am able for ever to resist him; tho' by the Way, he is not Ignorant that I love him most Passionately, and he is not wanting to conclude from thence, that my Affection will one time or other conquer my Virtue. Hitherto he must acknowledge, 'tis a presumption upon the Sex only, and not upon me in Particular.

Well however, I suffer, in this, intolerable Abuses, such indeed I esteem them, and I let him know in very warm Terms, that I take them as such,—*and yet I love.*

I hear him daily urge me to give him leave to ruin me, and his Importunities have hardly any shame in them;—*and yet I love.*

I bear his simple weak Excuses, for desiring this Way, rather than a Legal and Honourable Enjoyment; and his pretensions of trusting to Honour, instead of lawful Obligations, which tho' I have Resolution enough to resist, yet I cannot resent,—for *yet I love.*

Nay, I have gone so far with him as to offer to marry him, and have had the Mortification to have him, as he calls it, *decline it for the present;* which I ought to take for a most scandalous rejecting and despising me,—which, in a Woman's Case is, and ought to be, unsufferable,—*and yet I love.*

Beyond all this, I have not been without some testimonies of a Design to use a kind of Force with me, that is, to force me to a Complyance, and at least to get some Advantages which no Man of Virtue would seek, and these I have detected and upbraided him with; *and yet I love.*

Upon these things, and some other misbehaviour in his Conduct, I have had Resentment enough, and Resolution enough, to refuse keeping him Company; and have positively, tho' with Respect, forbid him to Visit or Converse with me, which indeed, on many Accounts, I thought myself oblig'd to do; *and yet I love.*

Upon the whole, Mr. *Journal,* I not only love, but this Love is a perpetual Torment to my Mind; it engrosses all my Thoughts, it Sowers all my lawful Pleasures, it discomposes all my Retirements; I am perpetually desiring him, and desiring to converse with him, and yet Virtue, and Honour, and indeed common Discretion forbids me. I mortify the Affection, and preserve my Distance, and have thereby both honour'd my own Character, and dishonour'd his,—for the thing is no Secret in the Place where we live;—nay, he has been Fool enough to own he had designs upon my Virtue, and that I have defeated him, and cast him off, for the Attempt. What Addition that can be to his Reputation, or what disadvantage to mine, you can judge as well as I; but I have done this, and continue to do this,—with infinite Reluctance, and with a constant struggle between Honour and Love, between Conscience and Affection, —and the Uneasiness is inexpressible.

Now if you are an Oracle,—if you have any Witchcraft, any Knowledge beyond what is common to other Scribblers,—let me have some Tryal of your Skill; and tell me, by what Method, how, and in what manner, shall I learn to hate what I always lov'd, learn to forget what I Night and Day remember, and learn to contemn what I think of with the utmost tenderness: Do this speedily, Sir, or confess you cannot, to your Importunate Servant, ELEANOR.

Criticism on "The Last Guinea, a Poem."

M. P., Sept.—The Address, which he begins to make to his *Last Guinea,* is very artful and copious; discoursing of the metal, of its make, of the effigies on the one side of it, and

the Arms, the Sceptres, and the Crosses on the other. He goes very naturally, Line by Line, from one Moral to another; which is constantly either enlivened with a Simile, or illustrated with an Antithesis. So that, for the space of the first Hundred Lines, there are almost as many morals, fitted to all degrees and stations of life, and full of as many lively Strokes of Ingenuity, as there are Lines. The rest of the Piece has its equal Excellencies; and, if the author has his deserts, he ought never to see a *Last Guinea* but upon the Title Page of his Poem.

The Bubbles.

A. J., Sept. 3.—We hear that one of the Directors of the South-Sea Company has agreed with a Goldsmith to make him a compleat Service of Gold Plate.

We have the melancholy News from Exchange-Alley,—where affairs have a very dull Aspect,—that Copper, Iron, and Brass, whether of Old Britain or of New Britain, is grown tarnish'd and rusty, and like to turn to its original dross. Besides this, the War is already broke out in Exchange Alley, among the People concern'd, and light Skirmishes happen every Day between the two Nations called, the Transferrers and the Acceptors. The first of these are a sort of People formerly said to come from D——land, and transferred hither by William the C——r; where some of them, as Fame reports, have been employ'd in biting and bubbling ever since. As for the Acceptors, they are a sort of Cullies, that have been let into the Secret; but being most of them Whigs, they have taken up Arms, (as it has been usual for those Animals to do,) against their Masters the Transferrers; and, to make the History brief, they have refused to perform their Bargains, on Pretence, as 'tis said, that they shall incur a Premunire if they are Honest. But, 'tis said, the Army of the Transferrers being more powerful, and having some Advantages from the Nature of the Thing, are like to have the Victory.

Gold is not Omnipotent, a Story.

A. J., Sept. 10.—Sir, I am an eminent *South-Sea* Man, and tho' I began but with very little, have gotten a Plumb or two, that is to say, a Hundred Thousand Pound or Two, by my

good Management; and I am as sensible of my good Fortune as any Body, and perhaps value myself as much upon it. I am as vain as any Body can desire me to be; and particularly, I have the Vanity to believe of my self, what I have heard other Men say is the common Course of Nature, and of the World, viz. That having Money, I have Merit. That to be Rich, is to Deserve; and, if I have a Bag of Money as long as my Arm, I may recommend myself to any thing, and any Person in the World, and ought not to be deny'd.

Now I have receiv'd the most intolerable unsufferable Provocation from a certain Person,—even since my new Qualifications,—that I cannot but resent it to the highest Degree; and, because I am resolved to expose the Person that has been guilty of such gross Rudeness, I apply myself to you,—of whom I expect Justice, I assure you, and question not but you will effectually answer my End;—especially when you reflect how able I am to deserve it, and how well I can reward your Performance, if I find it to my Purpose.

You are to know then, that I was pleas'd to be in Love, when I was in Mean Circumstances, with a Woman; I call'd her Lady then, but I know my Dignity now, and am above calling Women Ladies: I treat them now according to my own Figure in the World, and their Meanness.

This Woman, you must know, was pleas'd to use me Scurvily enough then, because of my Circumstances; for she refus'd me, tho' I courted her honourably, on the foot of Matrimony. Nay, when I sent a Friend to her, she went so far as to tell him she would have nothing to say to me, and that she could not think of me but with Indignation; and, besides, told him, that I ought to be in a Condition to maintain a Wife, before I went about such Things. She wonder'd how I, that did not pretend to be worth 100*l.* in the world, should pretend to talk after that rate of any Body who was above me in Fortune, to the rate of two or three Thousand Pounds; and that if I had spoke to her for her Chamber-Maid, she would scarce have consented for her to have me, seeing she thought I had nothing to recommend me, even to her.

I, who always thought better of myself than I deserv'd, took this Repulse very ill, but had then no Remedy; but since I have got Money, a *South-Sea* Chariot, and four Horses, (with

new Liveries also,) which I first caus'd to be drawn empty about Five or Six times a Day before her Door, to insult her; —having this new Addition of Merit, I took another Course with my old Mistress than before, not doubting but the Reason of her refusing me being taken away, I should have a most ready Complyance with whatever I pleas'd to demand of her.

So I sent my Friend to her again, to make a Motion to her,—not upon the old Foot, but to let her know that the Case was so and so,—that I had remov'd the Cause of her Dislike, that I was now worth 200,000*l.*; and, that I intended to come to see her. She gave my Friend but a Saucy Answer, however, notwithstanding the Figure of 2 and the five O's, above; so I resolv'd to go myself, and go I did.

I was admitted into her Company, and she was so civil as to let her Maid withdraw,—so I began, and gave her an ample Account of my good Fortune; at which she said, very civilly, she was very glad. I went on, and told her that now I expected that I should not be deny'd, and offer'd to Kiss her; I did it a little roughly indeed, however she bore it; but when I went to Kiss her again, she desir'd me to forbear. "Forbear," says I, "why I have 200,000*l.* I did not come to forbear!" and with that, began to lay Hands on her; but she thrust me away, with unsufferable Insolence. "Why, Madam," says I to her, "I did not expect this, for I tell you I am worth 200,000*l.*" "Well," says she, "what then? Must you be rude, and treat me at this rate?" "Why, Madam," says I, "you know I courted you honourably to marry you before, and you refus'd, because I had not so much Money as you; but now, I am sure you have not so much as I, and therefore I hope you will let me have you without marrying you."

Now I spoke it, Mr. *Original*, in the original language, I assure you, and immediately went to take hold of her; but how do you think this nimble Quean used me, before the Words were quite out of my Mouth? She started up, in a kind of Fright, and was flying to the Door; however I caught hold of her by the Clothes,—at which she spit in my Face, and reach'd me a devilish Blow on the Head,—but she could not get away for all that. I was going to speak something to her, and also meant to do something too, that I shall not mention now,—at which she took hold of a little Bell that stood on the Table,

and after ringing it for Help, she threw it full in my Face,—which cut me on the Nose with the Blow, making the Blood run down my Face, and then indeed she got away from me. Her maid coming in, at the Noise, she bad her call her Footman; when immediately came in a great swinging Fellow, and after him another, who, without saying a Word to me, laid violent Hands on me, but they did not at first strike me. Turning to their Mistress, who was by this Time got to the Door, they ask'd her what they should do with me; "Do with him," says she, "have you ne'er a Horse-Pond?" And away she went up Stairs. Immediately the two Devils carry'd me into her Stable-Yard, and dragging me to the Horse-Pond, most impudently dows'd me four or five times, over Head and Ears; nay, though I told the Dogs I had 200,000*l.* Now if I have not been sufficiently abus'd, judge you. Your Servant,

HUBBLE-BUBBLE.

The Plague.

A. J., Sept. 10.—*Paris.*—We are no longer able to conceal our Apprehensions of the Spreading of the Plague hither from Marseilles; and the Cardinal de Noailles has order'd Public Prayers in all Places upon that Occasion, as in a Time of common Calamity; to implore the Mercy of Heaven to the whole Country, which is now threatened with a Desolation so dreadful as has hardly ever been heard of before. 'Tis impossible to express the Ravages this Contagion has made in the Country of Provence; or the Misery of the People as well at Marseilles as in the other Infected Places. There are already 30,000 People dead at Marseilles; and tho' the Town is almost empty of People, by the universal Flight of the Inhabitants, as well as the Mortality, yet there continues to dye near 1000 a Week. The City of Aix is utterly abandon'd; the Inhabitants, poor and rich, are fled to the Mountains of the Upper Provence, in hopes that the sharpness of the Air,—those Hills being always cover'd with Snow,—may preserve them from the Infection; the People in the Villages do the same. The Fury of this Distemper can't be describ'd: It begins with a light pain in the Head, and is followed with a Cold Shivering, which ends in Convulsions and Death; and, (which is more terrible,) we are inform'd that not one Person, no not one, (to use their

own Words,) touch'd with it, has been Known to recover, and they seldom live above Six Hours after they are first taken. These Circumstances are so frightful, that it makes the People fly from one another, and wander about the Country single and alone; by which means many perish from Want and Distress in the Mountains, that are not infected with the Plague. All possible Measures are made use of to Prevent the spreading of this Distemper, but they are not without fear that it will be ineffectual. Large Collections have been made and are making in the Cities of France, for the Relief of the distressed People at Marseilles and other Places; and the City of Montpellier only, has sent them 50,000 Crowns; but the Charity of the City of Genoa is very particular and almost unheard of, who have not only sent a very considerable Sum of Money, but a whole Ship load of Provisions and Medicines for the Relief and Supply of the Poor. On Board this Ship are also some Religious People, whose Zeal has prompted them to believe, that their Charity, in this extraordinary Case, will merit Heaven if they should dye in the Attempt; their Business is, as well to administer Comfort to the Souls of the Sick, as Physick also, where there is room for it, for the preservation of their Health. This extraordinary Charity of the Genoese is so well taken here, that, we hear, the Regent has ordered a Letter of Thanks to be written to the Senate, in his Majesty's Name, on that Account.

Courageous Plea for a Company under Government Prosecution.

A. J., Sept. 17.—It occurs necessarily to me, by my Profession, being a Country Clothier, to be sensibly touch'd with every Thing that influences the British Clothing Trade and Manufactures; and therefore, tho' I have not a petulant complaint to make,—*for I am no meddling Whig, nor am I going to write Satyrs upon our Government,*—yet I have a Misfortune to condole with our Manufacturers and Clothiers upon, a Trading Calamity to represent, and that I hope is a Liberty I may be allowed, without giving Offence to this Government, or any Government. This relates to a Piece of Intelligence which I lately met with, which, if it be true, is very considerable (*viz.*) That the Lustring Company, having lately call'd in 10 *per Cent.*

upon their Capital, which, had it been paid in, would have amounted to no less than a hundred thousand Pound Stock, had determined to apply that Stock immediately to the encrease of Trade, and for the Encouragement of the Woollen Manufacture in England. I have heard it related, they had intended not only to set the Poor to Work for the making such Manufactures they proposed to Trade in, but to find Means to have the said Manufactures consum'd abroad, namely, to export them on their own Account and Risque to Foreign Markets, (*viz.*) to Leghorn, Naples, and Messina, from whence the Return would be in Silk, for the carrying on the Manufacture of Lustrings, *&c.* which is their peculiar Work, and for which they enjoy the Charter and Privileges of a Corporation; as also to Russia, and the Dominions of the Czar of Muscovy, from whence they would return great Quantities of Naval Stores for the Use of the Government as well as of Merchants, and by which Trade they say they would not only have employ'd great Numbers of Poor at Home, in the said Manufacture, but would greatly have encreased the Shipping and Navigation of the Kingdom, and extended our Commerce beyond what it was extended to before. But that all this is defeated by the late Blow given them in the Publication of a Prosecution design'd against them, concerning their other Proceedings.

This, I say, is the Substance of the Intelligence I have receiv'd; and I am for the present to suppose it to be true, because I have not seen it contradicted.

I must acknowledge this is a Misfortune to us Manufacturers; and the more particularly so, in that I have not observ'd one Bubble of them all, that has had the least Consideration for us before, or that has so much as talk'd of doing us any good, though many of them have had it pretty much in their Way.

The Fishing Bubbles, whether they were to help us to Fish ALIVE or DEAD, for I look on them to be alike Bubbles, whether *Gudgeon-Catchers*, or other *Fish-Catchers*, they all talk of bringing great Matters Home, and in that I doubt over-talk themselves too; but I never have heard any Thing of what they would carry out.

Now 'tis most certain, that we live and thrive in these Nations, by what we carry out, not by what we bring Home;

and were it possible for us to want nothing from Abroad, and bring nothing but just such Things as relate to the Manufactures which we carry out, or such Things as we were to export again to other Nations, our Trade must be then much more profitable than it is now, because all the Returns of Foreign Goods which are expended among ourselves, are, *so far as the Consumption at Home extends,* so much Dead Loss to the Common Stock; and nothing is Gain to us, the Labour of our Seamen excepted, but so much of our own Produce, whether of Labour or of Land, as is consumed Abroad, or the Returns of which are exported again, to be consum'd Abroad.

What then is the Trade to us, that fetches all in, and carries nothing out? And what is a Voyage for Lobsters to the Coast of Norway, or for Live Salmon to the Coast of Orkney? All which is a Supply to our Luxury and Extravagances at Home: I say, what is this to our Trade, but a meer Bubble, according to its Title, that cheats and deludes ourselves, and picks the Pocket of the Publick Stock, to gratify Sensuality and Vice?

If then the Lustring Company had laid such a Scheme, I must acknowledge I am very sorry if they have done any Thing to defeat themselves, and counteract so beneficial an Undertaking; but why must the mischievous Trade of Bubbling come in the way of so valuable a Proposal? And why should the Prosecution which is talk'd of, against the Corporation, injure such a Design, if they have not gone beyond their Bounds in any Thing else, *as I must acknowledge I do not see they have, tho' that is none of my Enquiry?* But if they have trespass'd, yet I am perswaded that were the Government fairly apprix'd of the Matter, and told what they were doing, they would do all that reasonably might be expected from them, or proposed to them, to encourage so valuable a Design; and if they did not stop the intended Prosecution, would certainly so regulate Things, that they might go on in so useful a Design, as that of Encouraging the Woollen Manufacture.

Why then have not these People represented their Case to the Government, and demonstrated to them that they were really upon such an Undertaking? Certainly the Government would never have slighted a Thing of that Nature. And why did not the Company let the Thing be made Known to us

Country-Clothiers? We would have endeavour'd to have prevail'd with the Government for some Favour in behalf of our Trade; but methinks this Part having been totally neglected or omitted, it looks as if it was only a Piece of Bubble Policy, and there was nothing at all in it. Pray let us hear your Opinion both Ways.

A. J., Sept. 17.—We hear that two eminent Bankers in Cornhill, *had* bought 14,000*l.* Capital South Sea Stock at 1100*l.* per Cent., to be deliver'd in October, (a hopeful Bargain,) and that two as noted Gentlemen were the sellers. The Stock is now fallen to 360.

'Tis said the Rev. Mr. Shorey, Lecturer of St. Laurence by Guild-Hall, has got 30,000*l.* by South-Sea, and has been gone some Time into Holland, in order to double his Money there.

This Week above fifteen Coaches have been Robb'd coming from Hampstead and Highgate.

M. J., Sept. 24.—All our advices agree in an Account of the most horrid, execrable Practice of a Set of Villains in the Town of Marseilles; who, taking the Advantage of the publick Calamity, went about undisturbed,—and entering the Houses of the Sick, under Pretence of assisting them,—not only robb'd and plunder'd, but murther'd incredible Numbers of the most distressed People, *giving out, that they died of the Plague.* A Gang of these Ruffians have been seized by some Officers, who, with about two or three hundred Men, ventured into the Town on purpose. They immediately hang'd about forty of them, all of whom confessed themselves guilty; and one, who was broke upon the Wheel,—as the most notorious Criminal,—acknowledged, that he had himself robbed and murthered about a thousand Men, Women, and Children, for the sake of their Wealth.

'Tis reported, that last Week several People finding themselves unable to pay the great Differences occasioned by the sudden Fall of South Sea Stock, retired into the Mint, to shelter themselves from the impending Storm.

They tell us also, that of forty Coaches which were bespoke of one Coach-Maker, no less than twenty-eight are countermanded.

D. P., Sept. 27.—On Sunday last, (25th) between 3 and 4 o'Clock in the Afternoon, a Mercer in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, threw himself out of a Window two Pair of Stairs backwards; being under great Disorder in his Head, occasion'd,

as 'tis said, by the Fall of the Stocks; but it is hoped that he will recover.

M. J., Oct. 1.—'Tis impossible to express the vast alterations are made here, by the sudden and unaccountable Fall of the South Sea, as well as other Stocks; some few, indeed, of the Dealers in them, had happily secured themselves before the Storm arose, but the far greater Number who are involved in this public Calamity appear with such dejected Looks, that a Man of little Skill in the Art of Physiognomy, may easily distinguish them. Exchange-Alley sounds no longer of Thousands got in an Instant, but on the contrary, all Corners of the Town are filled with the Groans of the Afflicted; and they who lately rode in great State to that famous Mart of Money, now humbly condescend to walk the Streets on Foot, and instead of adding to their Equipages, have, at once, lost their Estates. Even those of the Trading Rank who talked loudly of retiring into the Country, purchasing Estates there, building fine Houses, and in everything imitating their Betters, are now become Bankrupts; and have, by Necessity, shut up their Shops, because they could not keep them open any longer. However, for the comfort of such whose Conditions will admit of a Remedy, 'tis said a certain Gentleman has formed a Scheme for the Relief of those concerned. In the mean-time, for their present Consolation, we advise them to consult Seneca upon Losses; who, perhaps, may be as useful to them as to the Gentleman in the Play called "The Gamester," on the like Occasion.

Several Bankers in this City have stopt Payment, and some of them are declared Bankrupts; how or where these Misfortunes will end, the most sharp-sighted Politicians don't take upon them to determine.

A Country-Man's Account of the Stock Exchange.

A. J., Oct. 1.—Sir,—I am a plain Country Fellow; tho' in my own Country they call me Sir, and say I am a Gentleman. I came to this great Town of *London* to see your new Fashions, about getting of great Estates all at a Lump, of which I had heard much at Home. I came also to sell some Bullocks, for I am a little of a *Grazier* in *Leicestershire;* and I have been, an't please you, in Town about a Month, for I had a mind to

see everything that was to be seen of this Matter I tell you of. In pursuit of my Enquiries I came to the *Change*, and after I had seen the Folks assembled there, at high *Change* Time, I went athwart the Street, and there I saw a World of Folks crowded together, and mighty busie, and upon Enquiry, was told they were *Stock-jobbers*, which it seemed were the People I wanted.

I found them very full of Business, dress'd up in very fine Cloaths,—some with Gold and Silver upon their Coats, and others had great broad Ribbons hung over their Shoulders,—some Blue and some Green; I observ'd abundance of Coaches and Footmen attended them, and they generally look'd merry, and chearful, and gay enough. I ask'd what sort of People they were, and I was always answer'd, they were *South-Sea* Men; Words that I did not well understand, no, not in the least. I found the Men all busie indeed, and they did their Business pretty quietly for ought I saw, for I knew nothing of what they were doing.

From hence I went into a Place call'd *Threadneedle Street*, and I was carried to a great House, where I saw the like Crowds, of the like Sort of People, and they look'd just as the other did. This you must *Note*, was about a Month ago, or there abouts.

I took my Walks again over those Places but yesterday, and tho' I found the Crowd was as great as ever, yet I found such a strange Alteration in the Folks, that I am frighted at them. It is true, upon *Change* among the Merchants, I could see little or no Alteration; but when I came *athwart the Street again*, I saw the strangest Alteration that ever I saw in my Life in the People; and I concluded they were not the *Bubblers*, and *Stock-jobbers*, and *South-Sea* Men that I saw before, for they were a jolly, merry sort of People; but I concluded these were either some honest sorrowful Persons, come together to some great Burial, and so they had put on the most dismal Countenances they could frame for themselves; or, that some Sickness was broke out in the Place, and these walking Ghosts were all infected with the Plague; for never Men look'd so wretchedly. As to their Postures, I can't describe them. Here stood one against a Post, with his Arms across, and said not a Word to any body, but mutter'd to him-

self, and shook his Head; so I concluded he, *good Christian*, was saying his Prayers, and I, being loth to disturb him, pass'd on. A little way off of him, stood a Man wringing his Hands, and crying out, *I am Undone, I am Undone!* and round him stood five or six, not condoling him at all, but one said *so am I*, and another said *so am I*; and, in short, so they said all.

I left them, not knowing what to make of it, and went to the other Place at *Threadneedle Street*, where the great House stood, and there it was ten times worse. Then, amaz'd and confounded, *as I was*, I went to a Church-Wall a' t'other side of the Way, where, as I afterwards learn'd, some black Fellows they call *Chimney-Sweepers* usually stand; and calling one of them to me, said I, "Prithee Friend, what Place is this, and what Crowd of People are these?" The Man acquainted me presently with the History of the House.

But Friend, said I, *what the D—l is the Matter with them*, they seem to be all Angry, and raving at one another, as if they were distracted? O, SIR, says he, *you know nothing of the Case*, I find; *those angry raving Folks*, are call'd *South Sea* Men, you may know them wherever you meet them, as well as you may a *Chimney Sweeper* by his black Cloaths. *Look there*, says he to me, pointing to a Man that look'd dismally, *there goes a South Sea Man*, you may see he has a *South Sea Face*, he looks Pale, Frighted, Angry, and out of his Wits. Why Country Man, says he, *don't you know a South Sea Face?* Why you may know them from all the black Sheep in *Leicestershire*.

I took my Informer for the D—l presently, not by his Colour only, but thought I, how should he know I came out of *Leicestershire?* But be he the D—l, or what he will be,—and all his black Cloaths,—he did not look so dismal as these *South Sea Men* that he shew'd me; and if ever I meet one of them in *Leicestershire*, as the *Chimney Sweeper* said, I shall certainly know him again, for I shall remember a Man with a *South Sea Face* as long as I live.

Your Servant, LEICESTERSHIRE.

A. J., Oct. 1st.—Our Letters from Marseilles continue to bring very bad news; the dismal Accounts of the Plague in

that City are such, that they are scarce credible; three most dreadful Evils attend the People of the City, besides the contagion. (1). The dead Bodies lying in Heaps unbury'd, the Stench of which is unsufferable; and tho' the Slaves of the Gallies, and Carts appointed by the Magistrates, have carry'd away thousands, yet the Numbers are very great, where they are so putrify'd and perish'd, that no Body dare come near them. (2). The second Disaster is the Want of Provisions, which is such, and the condition of the Inhabitants has been thereby render'd so desperate, that the Country People not daring to bring Provisions to them, the several Bodies of the People,—furious and raging for mere Hunger,—have cut the Guards in Pieces at the Gates, have broken out, Sword in Hand, and made their Way into the Country to seek Bread. (3). The Third is the Troops of Thieves and Murderers, that range the infected Streets, there being no Guards or Officers who dare come into those Places; and these break into the Houses where the Plague is most raging, murder the Sick and Sound, and rob and rifle them of all that comes to Hand. 'Tis incredible what Mischief these last have done, and how many they have destroy'd, the Particulars it is impossible to know; but they say that one of these Wretches, who was executed for his Thefts and Murders, confess'd that he had been concern'd in the Murder of above a thousand, many of whom he had destroy'd with his own Hands. Several of these have been kill'd, several taken and hang'd; and they tell us one Passage, which, if true, is remarkably just, tho' a very terrible Execution; namely, that the Troops having fir'd upon some of these Bloody Creatures, besides the slain, five were wounded, and lay in the Streets disabled, but alive, whom the Magistrates order'd to be thrown upon a Heap of dead Bodies who had died of the Plague, and there suffer'd them to lye and languish till they died, whether of their Wounds, or of the Infection, they do not write: It is true, the Thing is shocking and terrible even in the Relation; but if it be true, that they were such a cruel harden'd Sort of Villains, as is related, nothing can be esteem'd severe to such. N.B. *We do not assert this Part of the Story at all, but relate it as we find it.*

A Statute of Bankrupt has been taken out against two Bankers in this City; who, before the Fall of the Stock, were

reckon'd worth 300,000*l.* Many others have stopt Payment, and some are gone off.

On South Sea Faces.

A. J., Oct. 8.—Sir, I gave you, some Days ago, the History of my Travels thro' this Stock-jobbing Town; and particularly, my Observations of the remarkable Thing call'd a *South Sea Face.* I have heard formerly, that some of our *Quakers* undertook to be so influenc'd by a kind of Spirit, that they would, for the future, have Children with a *Quaker's Face,* and I do not know but the Thing may be true; for we see in some of them apparent Marks of *Quakerism,* even in their Infancy. Nature seems to have drawn some thwart Lines in their very Countenances, that they may be truly said to be born *Quakers.*

I have heard much said of the *Presbyterians* too, who were formerly call'd, the *Prick-Ear'd Party,* as if they were born with longer Ears than other People; all which I leave to the learned Determination of Posterity, Naturalists having not yet given us their Thoughts upon those Heads.

But as to the new Phiz of a *South Sea Man,* when Stock is falling, especially as it was when the degree of its Declination was from a Thousand and Fifty, to a Hundred and Thirty *per Cent.,* this, I confess, may require a particular Description; I think it was about *Thursday* last was Seven-night, when, had any Man observ'd the Countenances of the Dealers in that Stock, under their particular Dejections, he wou'd never have forgot the Figure of a *South Sea Face* as long as he had liv'd.

I have had some Thoughts of advising our *South Sea* Gentlemen, in general, never to have any Conversation with their Wives, when the Price of Stock is down; for it would certainly fill the next Generation with such a breed of sour *South Sea Faces,* that the very Age would seem morose, and the Temper of Mankind be quite alter'd: For, according to Naturalists, the very Dejection of Soul, which appears now in their Faces, would be convey'd by Generation, as well as the Countenance; and so all the next Generation would be a melancholy gloomy Race of Creatures, that would have neither Life or Soul in their Faces, or Mirth or good Meaning in their Intellectuals; but that would always be flegmatick, dull even in the very Consequence of their Nature; a *South Sea Face* wou'd be con-

vey'd to Posterity, and our Children's Children would feel the Effects of it, in the Dulness of their Temper.

Not but I must allow the Gentlemen, who have had the Disaster to carry their Stocks upon their Backs, from 1000 to 130 *per cent.* have really Cause enough to walk about dejected and disconsolate; for to sink a good Estate at one Blow,—by the mere ill Fortune of an Adventure,—is enough to chagrin the Temper even of a Philosopher; and to jump from an Estate of 200,000*l.* with a Coach and Four,—down to the very low Step of a Lodging in the *Poultry Compter*,—is a Change that wou'd perhaps mortify a Cynick, and puzzle a Man of the greatest Self-denial, to conform himself quietly to. I cannot therefore but consider these unhappy Men, who have taken such a dark Leap, as Objects of Commiseration,—not Objects for Jest and Buffoonery,—and therefore I mention this Part with the utmost Caution.

But to return to the *South Sea Countenances* I spoke of: I would again entreat the Jobbing Gentlefolks, to take care of entailing what they call a H—ging Look upon their Posterity; and this is another weighty Reason, why they should take great Care, how they and their Wives manage their Affairs at this Time; for it may be of great Use to those who come after them, especially if they should at any time have Occasion to have a Jury pass'd upon them at the *Old Bailey*, or elsewhere; for who knows but *South Sea Looks* in this Age, may produce Ty—n Looks in the next Age; and a poor Wretch, having a Father with Guilt in his Face, and a Mother with Fear in her Face, may be H—d for want of an honest Countenance, which would be a great Hardship indeed.

On these Accounts, and for these Reasons, I think the Jobbers ought to be very careful of themselves; and I would have you caution them for their Good, that they give the present Figure that they make, Time to wear off, and let them wipe their Eyes, and wash their Faces, that the Price of the Stock at the time may not appear in the Faces of their Posterity, and their Children may not be reproach'd with being begotten when Stock ran low. *Vale.* Your Servant,

CALLIPEDIA.

This Week a noted Banker in the Strand, of great Credit, fail'd, and is gone into the Mint.

Last Saturday (Oct. 1) a very gay Chariot, with two pair of Horses, of none of the ancientest Date, late the Property of a noted Banker, in Lombard Street, were seiz'd, by Virtue of a Commission of Bankrupt issued out against the Owner.

The Band-Box Again.

M. J., Oct. 8.—Our Obligations to the Ladies are so great, that it is not possible to deny them any Thing in our Power to grant; the fair Barinda, who at this Time sues for Admission, is desired to take Notice, that we look upon her particular Way of making a Request, equal to laying a Command on us, to let the World see she has a Mind to express herself after this Manner.

Mr. Mist, I am no longer able to keep the Secret. Pray let Mr. Philarguros know Barnilia is wonderfully obliged to him for the many pretty Things he has spoke in her Praise, tho' he is no more acquainted with her than with you. 'Tis very possible she may be very deserving; but then that is more than he knows, and consequently he injures the Truth in speaking beyond his knowledge.

But you know, Mr. Mist, it's very common amongst your Sex, to praise those they know not, and dispraise those they ought not.

I can now cease my Surprize at his not guessing the Person that sent him the Band-Box. I protest, Mr. Mist, he never visits at our House, but I generally take Occasion very strictly to observe his Cravat and Ruffles; and, viewing the Needlework commend it to his Face, then giving it a Twirl at going off, I ask him with a Smile, Pray who is your Milliner? Yesterday he told me, Kitty P—— of Westminster Hall.

The last Time he was here, he told us the Story of the Band-Box, stript of all its mysterious Tropes and Figures, wherein he had cloathed it in one of your Journals. As soon as he began the Relation, I fearing my Countenance might betray what I would not, presently got up, and taking off the Tea-Kettle, I poured out each one a Dish, and cry'd out, away with your Nonsense, and do not expect we'll believe you one Word. Mr. *Mist,* you would do well to lend him your Spectacles; for I verily believe he is blind of an Eye.

BARINDA.

A Story of the Evils of Stock Speculations.

A. J., Oct. 15.—Sir,—It would be ridiculous, at this Juncture, to write Letters to you, or give you the Trouble to print anything that did not relate to *South Sea Stock;* this is the only Theme of all the Pens that are now at Work; the Press is wholly employ'd about it, and, as you will see presently, it may soon come to be Matter of Work for the Pulpit. My Story is short, and if you enquire into the Truth of it, the Answer will be short, (*viz.*) you shall hear the Particulars of it very quickly. There has, it seems, been a sad Blow given to a Gentleman in this County, by the Stocks; and this Gentleman has lay'd it so to Heart, that the Grief threw him into violent Passions and Convulsions, and carry'd him off.

He had, it seems, been so rous'd with the Rumour of getting vast Estates in a few Days, and jumping into a Fortune of two or three Hundred Thousand Pound at one Clap, that he sold a noble Estate of Two Thousand Pounds a Year, and a most Compleat Seat, or Mansion House, upon it,—the Inheritance of an ancient Family, from his Ancestors,—and vested the whole Money in Capital Stock of the *South Sea* Company; I think he bought the greatest Part of Stock, at the rate of 860 *per Cent.*

He sate him down thoroughly pleas'd, and fully possess'd with the Belief that it would, at the Opening of the Books,—or very soon after,—come up to 1500 *per Cent.*, or perhaps to 2000; and he sate down, I say, reckoning up his Gain as a Thing certain, not suffering himself so much as to believe it to be possible that it could fall, as many other People, indeed, besides him have done.

I need not repeat to you the several degrees of Declination, by which this new Planet has sunk almost out of our Horizon; but our Gentleman,—seeing at last the utter Downfal, and that there was, in his Notion, no more Possibility of its rising again, than he thought there was before of its falling,—came back into the Country, and, in a Word, fell sick, and dy'd. Indeed, it was fear'd, he would have dy'd by no other Hands than his own; but Providence order'd that Part otherwise.

The Parson of his Parish, a sober, grave Man, preach'd a Sermon upon the Occasion, *not a Funeral Sermon, pray note, that*

I mention that before hand, but he preach'd it; and, whether his Text was to the Purpose, or not to the Purpose, his Proposition or Doctrine was this,—*Blessed be God, that the* SOUTH SEA STOCK *is fallen!*

The good Ecclesiastick, in short, made such a Piece of Work of it, that I wish it were wholly in Print; for certainly, if what he has said to our Neighbours is true, your jobbing of Stocks has been a most abominable Thing; and, 'tis in Favour to the whole Nation that the Stock is fallen.

It is, indeed, a Doctrine, that, perhaps, few of your People will relish; and even the Relation may be thought too sober, and too flegmatick for your Paper; but I may make your want of Mirth up to you another time, if you will allow this serious Part a Place in your Paper, for it makes a great Noise in our Country.

1. He told them, the excessive Gain made upon the Advance of the Stock was unlawful.

2. That the Manner of raising the Stock up to those Prices was unlawful.

3. That the unbounded Avarice with which they pursued the Trade, was utterly unlawful.

4. That the luxurious Application of the Wealth they gain'd was unlawful.

5. That the immoderate Grief at losing it again was unlawful.

In a Word, he told them, it was all unlawful, from the Beginning to the End; that the very Desire was Covetousness, in the most intense Degree; that the Possession was founded in Fraud, enjoy'd by Oppression, and lost by Distraction, and so he brought his Discourse down to the Occasion, I mean, the unhappy Gentleman's Death.

I do not take upon me to argue upon these five Particulars, but I must tell you this, That I recommend to any one to consider—if all these unlawful Parts attend the Sin of Stock-jobbing,—I protest I do not see anything left in the whole Conduct of a Stock-jobber, which can be said to be lawful: which, by the Way, is a dismal character of the Thing, both in general, *and in the Particular.*

Your Servant,

ANTI-JOBBER.

A. J., Oct. 15.—This Week we have about Eleven considerable Merchants, inclusive of a Goldsmith or two, have thought fit to shut up their Exchequers for a Time: Most of their Disasters are placed to the Account of the South Sea Stock; and we hear that some other tottering Tradesmen are preparing to take this Opportunity to go off with a Bon Grace.

Miseries of the Plague.

A. J., Oct. 22.—Letters from *Spain* give an Account of the desperate Condition of several Ships from Marseilles, which have come upon their Coast,—and making Signals of Distress, have implored supplies of Provisions by the help of speaking Trumpets, but have been refused,—no Body daring to go off to them to carry it, or to take their Money if they had done so. They give an Account, that one Ship, having been refused as above, landed 20 Men in the Night near Carthagena, and plunder'd two Villages; taking all the Provisions they could meet with, by Force,—carrying off as many Sheep and Cows as their Boats could take in, and telling the People they were obliged to do so, being not able to get Admittance any where to supply themselves by the ordinary Way. Another Vessel, they tell us, is driven on Shore on the Coast of Majorca, all the Seamen on board being dead of the Plague, some of them were found lying dead in their Cabins, and some on the Decks, in a most deplorable Manner; and,—that the Governor of the Island had caused the Ship to be set on Fire and burnt, with all the dead Bodies in it,—the Priests saying the Office for Burial of the Dead on the Shore, at the Time of setting the Ship on Fire. The Condition of the poor Inhabitants of Marseilles has been particularly miserable every Way; those who have been able to make their Escape to Sea, having been thus reduced to the utmost Distress. They speak of another Ship from the same City, driven a Shore on the back of *Calabria*, in the Kingdom of Naples, the Men belonging to which, had suffer'd inexpressible Hardships and Miseries at Sea, by Storms and want of Provisions; that many of them being dead at Sea, the rest that were left, tho' not at all infected, were yet almost dead with Hunger and Hard Labour. They remain, it seems, lock'd up in an old ruin'd Castle, where Provisions are carried to them by the Officers appointed, but none are permitted to visit them,

neither for the Relief of their Bodies, or Comfort of their Souls, —that is to say,—neither Priest or Physician; and there, it is said they are to perform a triple Quarantine, viz., of 120 Days, by which Time, it may be supposed, some of them may die for Want of Help, whether they had the Plague or no.

South Sea Miseries in London.

A. J., Oct. 22.—Honest App.—You that are a News-Writer, and a Teller of strange and surprizing Stories, why do you not walk about the Streets of this half-ruin'd City, and make Observations upon such frequent and just Occasions, as the present Circumstances of Things would present you? Certainly no Age ever gave the like Instances of human Misery, or the like Variety for Speculation. 'Tis next to impossible, that you shou'd go along the Streets, or into any Company, or public-House, but you must see, or hear, or read, of Things you never had Opportunity to meet with before.

There you may meet with the melancholy Trophies of an eminent Merchant's Fall, a Pair of his remarkable Coach-Horses driven about the Streets in a Hackney Coach; and some say, to aggravate the Cruelty, that it was done on purpose to insult that unfortunate Gentleman in his Miseries, tho' that, methinks, looks so inhuman, that I cannot give full Credit to it.

In truth, I must say, that tho' the Calamity is great, and almost universal, yet, I do not see much Compassion move in the Minds of Men, one towards another, but a certain Kind of Stupidity, and Unconcernedness of Temper, rather talking Men down, than commiserating them when they fall; and, even in the Case of this Gentleman, whose Coach-Horses are now sold, he was, before this, a Man of an unblemish'd Character, and who every one spoke well of. Not the least Injustice, or design'd Knavery, is found in his Conduct; but he is rather fallen, as I understand it, by the unfair Treatment of other Persons to him Abroad, and by the surprize of Things here at Home, which no Man, no, not the most politic Man in London, cou'd foresee. If Pity was ever a Tribute from the Hearts of Men unconcern'd, to Men in Disaster, now is the Time to shew it; but to triumph in the Calamities of our Neighbours is not only hard, but 'tis unchristian, 'tis Moorish, and Barbarous; it

might be expected, indeed, at Sallee and Mequinez, or at Algier and Tunis, but to find it in London, is a very great Satyr upon the Humanity of our Nation.

But this is only one Part of the Observations which I recommend to you, in your walking through the Streets of London. In all the proper Places where such Things are to be look'd for, you may see second-hand Coaches, second-hand Gold Watches, Season'd Coaches, cast-off Diamond Necklaces, and Ear-rings to be sold; Servants already want Places, who were, but a little while ago, so saucy and insolent, no Wages, and no kind of Usage cou'd oblige them; Long Lane, Monmouth-Street, and Rag-fair, are full of rich Liveries to be sold, nay, and full of rich Brocaded Gowns and Petticoats, rich embroider'd Coats and Waistcoats; in a Word, every Place is full of the Ruins of Exchange-Alley, and the Desolations of the Bubble-Adventurers; and, I am told, you may buy second-hand Goldsmith's Notes, and Dutch protested Bills, very reasonable. Indeed there is no doubt, but in a little while, some of the Lands which have been bought at 50 Years Purchase, and upwards, may come to be sold at second-hand too; and that the Price of Land Stock may fall as well as other Stocks. If these Things are worth your Observation, make what Use of them you think fit. Your Servant,

T. SADLER.

On Wednesday last (Oct. 19th, 1720) a Jew, at the South Sea House, pretending to sell Stock at 212, much below the then Value, and a Gentleman offering to buy, found he had none to dispose of; so that it appearing he was set on to run down the Stocks, the Gentleman hired a Mob to Insult him, who first very handsomely Bastinadoed him, and then decently dipt him in a Horse-Pond.

'Tis reported that the Dutchess of Ormond hath got above 50,000*l.* by South Sea Stock, her Grace selling off in Season, by the Advice of a certain great Man.

On Wednesday, one Mr. H——, a Merchant in Crutched-Fryers, who had lately acquired 100,000*l.* by South Sea Stock, but was reduced by the Fall, hang'd himself in his Chamber; but his Maid coming suddenly into the Room, cut him down, and he is likely to recover.

Narrative of the Plague in France.

A. J., Oct. 29.—Sir,—I met the other Day with a particular Friend of mine, who is just come from Spain, by Land, over France; and, as I have had a long Conversation with him, or rather, many opportunities of Conversation,—on the present state of Affairs in those Countries,—I thought it might be of great Use to you, who are a public Person, to send you some Part of his Observations, as my Memory serves me, and, as I think, are for your Purpose in your Paper.

He says, the Plague is indeed very terrible in Provence, and a great many People are dead there; tho' he says, not so many by Thousands as our People make them. He says, 'tis scandalous for our News Papers to give such terrible Alarms, and to affright the People here, as if the Plague was spread as far as Bordeaux into the Country of Poictou, and I know not whither. He says, he was at Bordeaux on the fifth Instant, and there had not been the least appearance of the Infection; neither, as he could hear, was it at all enter'd the Province of Languedoc, or come over the River Rhosne. That all due Precautions were us'd to prevent its spreading, and that no Creature, Man or Beast, was suffer'd to come over the Rhosne; which, being a very great and rapid River, is not passable without great Danger but in certain Places. That not a Boat is left on the Provence Side of the River, and Troops are posted all the way from Arles to Vienne in Dauphine, to prevent all Communication. He adds, that they are in no Doubt, but that the cold Season, which now approaches, will put a stop to it; the Country of Dauphine, and that part of Languedoc adjoining to it being all mountainous, and those Mountains all cover'd with Snow. As to Marseilles, he grants the Plague has desolated that City; but as for its having swept away above 80,000 People in that one City, he says, 'tis impudent in the highest Degree, and that there was not 80,000 People in Marseilles before the Plague began, exclusive of those that fled from it; and that it is known, there are a great number of people left there, and that the Plague is very much abated in that City, tho' it may still carry off some People in the Villages about it, and about Aix.

He adds to all this, that the Government is going to regu-

late the Communication with those Parts, so as to make Trade and Travelling very easy, except only in the Places which are really Infected; and that an Arret was preparing for that Purpose, and was expected to be published the Day after his coming away.

When I ask'd him of the Condition of their Stocks and Credit, he acknowledg'd, that the Blow given to their Credit, by the suppressing the Bank Bills was very great; but, he said, it fell chiefly upon the wealthy sort of People. And as to the Tradesmen, Handy-Craft Men, and Manufacturers, they were very glad of it; for that now, tho' their Wages were small, yet it was duly paid in Money, whereas before, they had it in Paper, which was very perplexing, and sometimes of but little Value. That as to their Stocks or Actions, that was a confused Thing, laying chiefly among the Gentry, and was negociated wholly at Paris; but that it had no great Effect upon the Common People. He laugh'd at all the idle Rumours of the French Nation being Starv'd and Beggar'd; if it was, he said, he saw nothing of it where he came. It was true, he said, that the poor People of France did not live like the poor People of England; but neither, added he, do they live like the poor People in Spain, whose Condition he represents as the most despicable of any People in the Christian Part of the World.

But as the chiefest Thing I enquir'd after was their Mississippi Stock, and their Bank Bills, he answer'd,—it had been a very great Misfortune to France,—but, said he, 'tis all owing to their Despotic Government; for if Mr. Law had been let alone, and the Government there had not intermeddled, and by their Edicts and Arrets, the one contradicting another, puzzl'd the Cause, and at last destroy'd the Credit of it, by taking in all the Money, and issuing out Paper, and then reducing that Paper to be worth Nothing;—had it not been for this, the East India Stock had been the most flourishing Thing of its Kind in the World, nor had the Price of it ever fallen, or at least not considerably,—not so as to ruin the Adventurers, —and reduce them to Misery. The Fall of the Bank, he says had the same Original; and had it not been for the Court's intermeddling with it, by which, first of all, the Money in the whole Kingdom fell into their Hands, and then, having paid

the People in Paper, render'd that Paper uncapable of passing current;—had it not been for this, says he, their Royal Bank had been the greatest of its Kind in the World.

Now, Sir, my Friend having plac'd all the Cause of the Misfortunes in the Stocks of France to the Account of Arbitrary and Tyrannick Power, and whereas 'tis Known we have no such Thing exercis'd in our Country; I desire you would let us Know, if you are able, from what Foundation have all our Misfortunes proceeded, and what has sunk the Credit of our Stocks? They had once as fair a Prospect as those in France, and yet have sunk to so low an Ebb, without any intermeddling of the Government, or of absolute Power; sure there must have been some Folly, or some Knavery practis'd, that was never heard of in the World before.

A. J., Oct. 29.—Paris, October 28. Our Disorders, occasion'd by the Reduction of Bank Bills, encrease every Day, and are esteem'd a Calamity second to, tho' not equal, with the Plague; they are now so little worth, that no Body cares to discount them or exchange them for Money, no not at 80 per cent. Loss. The Distraction this brings among the People, is not better to be describ'd than by this, in few Words: It has reduc'd thousands of Families, who liv'd tolerably well before, to want Bread; and has fill'd our Streets with Objects of Misery inexpressible.

Last Sunday, a Woman of Distinction, who kept a very great House in Brentford-Buts, hang'd herself; the Cause whereof is said to be the great Fall of South-Sea Stock.

Consequences of Tyrannical Government in France.

A. J., Nov. 5.—Sir, I cannot but recommend to your Observation, a Story published in the Post-Boy of Tuesday last, dated from Naples the 8th October, giving an Account, that four Frenchmen, having been put on shore there out of a Ship, —tho' they did not say from whence that Ship came, much less that affirmatively she came from any infected Place,—only that they had not a Certificate of Health, they were shot to Death, and their Bodies afterwards burnt.

I am not troubling you, or myself, with enquiring whether this Story be true or not. If it be a Fable it has a Moral, and may be made as useful to my Purpose as if it were true in

Fact; for I lay it down as a Rule to all Readers, that they should not lay too much Stress upon any of the Stories related in such a Manner, with the ordinary Introductions of, *We hear, they write, they say, it is said, we are told,* and the like. I shall explain those Things hereafter, by a general Rule of Liberty which you Writers take with your Readers; and which, by the same Rule, your Readers ought to take with you: But I return to my Story.

What a miserable Condition is the Kingdom of France, and the whole French Nation in at this Time! At Home they are forbid going abroad upon Pain of Death, and Abroad they are forbid coming in, upon Pain of Death. They are forbid going abroad, lest they should carry their Money with them; they are forbid coming into other Nations, lest they should bring the Plague with them. Miserable Nation, that are condemn'd to Death or Poverty, whether they go Abroad or stay at Home! If they stay at Home, they are either exposed to the Plague, which makes horrible Devastation in the most fruitful and populous Provinces; or, to be stript of all their Estates by the absolute Dispositions of their Government, which some call Tyranny. Two such Enemies who can withstand? And, if they fly from these, as who, indeed, would not;—see their Fate Abroad! How dreadful is the Case of a French Man at this Time, and to what Exigences are they driven!

But in the Middle of these Exclamations, let us look a little into the Case, and examine where is the Justice, where the Humanity, where the Christianity, of treating the poor distress'd Refugee People of France in so severe a Manner, as to shoot them to Death, because they seek Relief and Protection somewhere, and because they had not a Certificate of Health, which, in short, it might be impossible for them to procure? For Example: Suppose those four Men really came from some Part of France which was infected with the Plague, what are they to blame? Is it a Crime, to fly from it? Let those that think so tell us how long they will stay when it is their own Case. If the Crime be, not having a certificate of Health, pray how should they get it? Would a Certificate from any Magistrate, in an infected Place, be allow'd as a Bill of Health? When perhaps the very Magistrate that sign'd it ought to be suspected of having the very Plague upon him while he was

signing it: What then is the Crime? Is it their coming to the Kingdom of Naples? Where should they go? They must land somewhere, or perish at Sea. If they had gone farther, it might have been the Same thing; and we see some have been driven from one Place to another, even as far as Flanders and Holland.

But why must the poor Men be Murder'd? Are Men to be shot to Death because the Hand of Heaven is upon them? Are they all to be look'd upon as Enemies of Mankind that fly from the Judgments of God? Let Christians have a care what they do, lest the same measure be meted out to them, which they have thus measured to their Fellow-Creatures in Distress.

Certainly some Methods may be thought of in Christian Countries how to deal with Strangers,—who are driven by such dreadful Distresses on their Coasts,—without Murdering them; and it would be worth the Consideration of our Government, and all other Governments, (before it be the Case of their own People,) to resolve upon the Methods that should be taken in such Cases, without bringing innocent Blood upon their own Country and Posterity, and without practising such Cruelties as Human Nature shrinks back at the very thought of.

It is a Consideration likewise worth our Reflection, (viz.,) What we would be willing should be the Case of English Men Abroad, in case Heaven should visit us at Home, as it has done our Neighbours. I think you should publish this, Sir, for the benefit of Mankind.

Your humble Servant, S. B.

A. J.—Paris.—The Exchequer is shut up, the Bank dissolv'd, their Bills turn'd into Dirt, even to just Nothing; and now, their East India Actions are to be in a Manner little less than dissolv'd, by a new Arret, or Edict, which vests the Property in the King for three Years; so that the Proprietors can neither keep them nor dispose of them, which fills the Kingdom with horrible Lamentations, and not without Execrations and Curses at Mr. Law, and one higher than Mr. Law.

On Thursday, one Mr. Allen, a Noted Stock-Jobber, in Change Alley, cut his Throat from Ear to Ear, and died the same Day.

Law the Projector, a Vain Boaster.

A. J., Nov. 12.—Sir, I quoted a Letter to you last week, which, I think, was of great Consequence to you, and to all your Readers: I am now to make a few short Remarks to you on a Passage which I have by me, in another Letter from France, which I think it is very much for the Good of our own Country to make publick; and, that I may remove the general Objections against all Letters Introductory, placed in yours, and other Writers' Journals, to wit,—That they are forg'd by yourselves, or by the Persons who you employ to write for you,—I am ready to produce the Original of this Letter, for your Vindication, on any reasonable Demand. The Words of the Letter are these:

Mr. Law went yesterday to the Council of the Regency, and, I am inform'd, he pull'd out Letters there, from his Agents in England and Holland, giving an Account of the Fall of their Stocks, the Ruin of their Credit, and the Number of their Merchants which were broke and gone off. He represented, that there were Merchants broken or stopt Payment in Amsterdam and London, for above five hundred Millions. He had the Assurance also, to challenge to himself the Agency of the whole Matter; and to boast, that it was by his Management that the Stocks in foreign Countries were fallen to that Degree. What I tell you he had the Arrogance to say, in the said Council, I can have but by Hearsay, tho' my Authority is such as I cannot question the Truth of it; but this I can assure you of, That after the said Council was over, he was pleas'd to say openly at Table, that he had ruin'd the South Sea Project in England, and the West India Project in Holland, and he would, in a little Time, overthrow the Commerce of both those Nations, and make them tremble, in Satisfaction of the Injustice they had done him, and the Attempt they had made to overthrow the Credit of the Royal Bank of France. The latter of these, it seems, he places to the Account of some Dutch Merchants, whom he charges with contriving something against the Bank here at Paris, which gave the first Blow to their Credit.

By way of Remark on these French Blusters, we may, I hope, admonish our Countrymen, that now, Sir,—if there are

such Things as French Agents at work among us, and that they have it in their Power to sink and overthrow our Stocks and our Credit,—'tis very much our Concern to have it discover'd, and the Persons expos'd, their Designs countermin'd, and all the Plots they lay blown up, &c. And, if not, I think it behoves us to let the World know, that such a Bankrupt impotent Gascoign as this LAW, is in no Condition to add or diminish in an Affair of such Weight, as that of the South Sea Stock in England; but that his Bluster is laugh'd at and despis'd, and deserves to be expos'd, as he himself would be, if he could be catch'd,—I mean, brought to Justice.

It may be true, indeed, that while our Stocks are thus unhappily sold below the real Value of them, as by the Weakness of our Jobbing People, and the Fright some foolish unthinking Men have been put into, has been our Case; I say, it may be true, that if Mr. Law had Money by him to remit hither, and buy our Stock, it might be to his Advantage, and our Loss, and the like to other Foreigners. But as to Mr. Law, I have this to add,—that as it is well known, he lost before, above 100,000*l.* Sterling, by his wise Endeavours to keep our Stock from rising,—which Sum it can be prov'd, his Agents paid here for Difference-Money on their Contracts; he must lay out more than 300,000*l.* Sterling again before he can get up his Losses, though our Stock was to rise again higher and sooner than we have Reason to think it will. Where Mr. Law will find Money to do this, or where he found Money to do that, let those that know how Things stand at this Time in France guess for us; and where, after he has done this, he will find a Million or two Sterling more, for less will not do it, to overthrow, as he insultingly calls it, our Credit, and the Credit of the Dutch together, is not easy to imagine, nor have we much to fear, in a Man of Mr. Law's Circumstances. The truth is, Mr. Law, at present, has so much upon his Hands, to retrieve the irretrievable Credit of France, and to keep himself upon his Legs, while powerful Parties at Court are endeavouring to supplant him, that he is in a Condition to be pity'd, not to be fear'd. The only Way that I see Mr. Law, or any of his Emissaries and Agents can take to hurt our Stocks, is by buying the Stock when it is cheap, and selling it out cheaper than it cost him; buying it in Small Parcels, and

bringing it to Market again in Bulk. By all these Practices they must be constant Losers out of Pocket, and, at last, when they have thrown away two or three hundred thousand Pounds by this Method, they can make nothing of it, but to go on to lose to the End of the Chapter, unless, at last, they keep their Stock for a rising Market; and then, to lick themselves whole again, they will undo all they have been so long a doing, and leave the Stock higher than they found it.

Upon the whole, Sir, I see no room for us to suggest that Mr. Law, or his Agents, are able to influence our Stocks, one Way or other, except by Methods which must, in the End, be ruinous and destructive to themselves. They have made the Experiment once already; and, as I have said above, have lost above a Hundred Thousand Pounds sterling for their Learning. Let them buy such another Parcel of Wit, at the same Price, when they please, it will do us no Harm, but what we shall recover at last at their Expence; and they will find that the Credit of Great Britain, however wounded by our late Follies, is too bulky and too weighty a Thing for them to meddle with, one Way or other.

Yours, R. S.

Oxford Society in London, for Educating Poor Children.

A. J., Nov. 19.—I cannot but make a Remark to you on this Occasion, which I believe you will acknowledge to be just; *namely*, That from this very Thing may be seen something of the Reason and Cause of the short Period of other Societies of this Nature. How comes it to pass, that the numerous Meetings and Societies of People, set up in *London* by your Example, are so generally sunk and come to nothing? That they who made such vast Appearances for a few Years, talk'd so loud of their great Collections, their just Applications of what was gather'd, their Charity, their Bounty to the Poor, and other good Actions,—Things really good, had they continued as they began: (*in short*, they talk'd too much, and did too little,) *I say*, How comes it to pass, that we hear no more of them? That their great Cavalcades thro' the City of *London* are forgot, their Colours and Streamers laid aside, the poor Orphans pretended to be taken into their Care, neglected, disabled from setting up the Trades they were put out to, and so

left in a worse Case than they were found? How comes it to pass that not a Society but yours, and that of the Sons of the Clergy, *in whom, we hope, we may also claim some Share, as an Honour to our City and University;* I say, How comes it to pass that none but these two Societies remain? Posterity will join with us in saying, 'Twas because your early Design was laid on the solid Foundation of Virtue and Charity; others on the loose and weak Surface of Pomp and Ostentation, to say nothing of the Luxury and Excess constantly attending their Assemblies; Things equally unsound in Principle, and consequently destructive of themselves: Things tending Naturally to make the Sober and Religious Part of Mankind decline them, and to bring their whole Design to an early Dissolution.

Vanity and Vice are born of Vapour; are the Mushrooms of a Day, and dye of themselves.. But Virtue and just Principles are the Daughters of Time, derive from the Fountain of Life, and have a native Tendency to Duration; nay, so far immortal are they, that besides the Eternity of their Reward with good Men,—*whose Works follow them,*—they live in the Memory of just Men, thro' all the Ages of Time; and are preserv'd to be spoken of, both for Reverence and Example.

A. J., Nov. 19.—Letters from Paris give an Account, that they have begun to put Soldiers into the Houses of some of their great Stock-Jobbers, who have not brought in their Stocks according to Order; and the Soldiers are to live there at Discretion till it is done, or till they are Ruin'd. Some that made an Attempt to fly out of the Kingdom, are taken upon the Roads, and some upon the Frontiers; and they talk of Punishing those with Death, according to the Arret that was Published, to forbid them on Pain of Death, to so much as Attempt an Escape. These Things cause an universal Lamentation, and Multitudes of flourishing Families are utterly Undone. They write that there are above fifteen hundred Coaches laid down already in the City of Paris.

Queries on the Approaching South Sea Investigation.

A. J., Nov. 26.—Sir,—You are one of our Weekly Oracles, *God help us!* and, for want of a better, we are fain to come every now and then to you, and the rest of your Journalists,

and such like Conjurors, to tell us our Fortunes; as men did to the like senseless Devils, in the Days of Yore, at *Delphos, Atri, Chios,* and other places,—to the Weekly Journals of *Diana, Apollo,* and the rest of them.

Now, since we have such infallible Scoundrels to go to, we humbly hope you will all put your Heads together. Tell the Town a little what is like to be their Fortune in the great Transactions of Trade that are now coming upon the Stage, and of which we are at this Time so very doubtful, in which so many Thousand Families are so deeply concern'd, as, for aught we know, to be over Head and Ears in the Mire of it; in short, we mean the *South-Sea.* Tell us, O ye sage Journal Scribblers! what will be its Fate this approaching Time of Tryal; and will the Company come out of the dirty Mizmaze they have brought themselves and their Adventurers into, or will they not? That is to say, Will they come out with Applause?

We are told, that the *Dutch,* who are Fellow-Sufferers with us, have made Pictures and Hieroglyphicks, to represent Things by, and to strike the Fancies of the Common People, *viz.*

1. Several great Ships, deeply loaden with English Merchants, all sinking in the Ocean; and upon the Ocean where they sink is written, *Mare del Zur,* or the *South-Sea.*

2. Twelve English Carrs, with each of them two *Old Women* going to Execution, and over their Heads written, *Den gross Copmans,* or *the Great Merchants,* which, some say, in English may be call'd DIRE . . ORS.

Whether this is true or no, we do not affirm; for we come to enquire of, *not to inform,* the Oracle. But let that be as it will, my Questions to you are plain, if you can give a plain honest Answer, such as may be depended upon, *Magnus Apollo* shall be one of the least Compliments the Town shall bestow upon you.

1. Will Petitions be presented to the Parliament, when assembled, to pray them to make Enquiry into the Conduct of those People, who, last Session, were establish'd anew, and who have since been entrusted to such a Degree with the Estates and Fortunes of the weak People of the Town? *Or will they not?*

2. Will the Proprietors of the Redeemables, *&c.* commonly

call'd Annuitants, make Application for Relief against the Company? *Or will they not?*

3. Will the Subscribers on the several Subscriptions lose the Money they have paid into the Company upon their first Subscribing, rather than stand to their Subscriptions, and take the Stock at 400? *Or will they not?*

4. Will the Borrowers, to whom the Company lent Money upon their Stock, after the Rate of 400 *per Cent.* redeem their Stock, and repay the Money? *Or will they not?*

5. Will the Company make any new Proposals to the Parliament, in order to Satisfy the People? Or, will they insist upon the Reasonableness of their last Offers, and expect the Event?

6. Will the Company declare a New Dividend for Christmas Half-year, before they come to have the Resolutions of the Parliament in their Favour, or otherwise; or, will they stay to see what the Parliament shall resolve before they meddle with it?

7. Will Paper Credit revive any more? And can the Parliament do any Thing to restore it as it was before? And if they should, Will it be better for us, or worse?

8. Will the Contract stand good, which was said to be made between the Bank and the South-Sea Company, to take three Millions, three Quarters, of their Stock, at 400 *per Cent.* or near it? *Or will it not?*

9. Who now best deserve the Name of *Old W—men*, the Directors of the Bank, or the Directors of the South-Sea Company?

10. Is it not possible to dissolve this projected Scheme of the South-Sea, and yet to have the Property and Advantages of the Proprietors be preserv'd in other Hands, and under better Management?

These material Questions we desire you may Answer us by yourself, or your Representative, in your next Journal; and we must tell you, that upon a substantial Answer, very much of your Credit will depend; for if nothing can be done or said to relieve us, in the present Distress of our Stock, we shall have as little Opinion of your Work, as we had of the Dir . . . ors themselves.

We have many other significant Things to bring before your

Eminences, but do not think fit to trouble you with too many at a Time; besides, we know it is not proper to ask you Questions of what the Parliament will, or will not, may or may not, do or determine, at this Time, in an Affair of such Consequence. We take it upon ourselves to say, we believe the Parliament will do all that lyes in them to establish a better Understanding among us; which will be, for aught we know, the only Way that is left to save the Property of the Adventurers, and the Credit of the Company. But whether even the Parliament itself can effectually do these Things or not, we cannot tell.

No doubt, it would be of great Service, at this Critical Juncture, to establish a new and mutual Confidence between the Company and that World of Subscribers which are now concern'd with them; and as this shall, or shall not, be brought to pass, the Credit of the Stock will necessarily rise or fall. How this shall be done, you will be a greater Conjurer than we take you for, if you can tell. However, if you know any Thing, we pray you to communicate it, for the Good of your Neighbours and Friends.

ANTHONY TOM RICHARD.

Satire on Apocryphal News.

A. J., Dec. 3.—Sir, I cannot but take Notice to you of abundance of merry Fellows, who appear in Print every Day, that have drawn Schemes, and prepar'd Proposals, for the approaching Meeting of the Parliament, in order to their regulating Matters for the South-Sea Company. Every one of these facetious Gentlemen talks as familiarly of it, as if he were of Counsel for the Company; and tells us, this is agreed on, that is concluded, this is to be the Condition on one Side, and that on the other, when, in my Opinion, Mr. Journal, the wisest of them knows nothing of the Matter. This Arrogance is only to be corrected by Time: But that which is worse, is this, that when these Men are contradicted, and the imposed upon,—the World,—finding themselves abused, begins to reproach them with it;—what is it we get from them? Nothing but this,—O dear Sir, I was misinform'd; but they did say it was so.

Thus you, Scribbling Doctors, like a staunch Huntsman, have your Way out of every Wood; for all you value, when

you have imposed upon the World in the grossest Manner imaginable, is to say, we hear'd so,—they tell us,—it was reported, &c. Now, upon the whole,—the long and short of the Story,—the Fraternity are in general a Pack of Canary Birds, that tell any Thing for Fact, to make up a Story, and to make something formal, that may have the Face of authentic, tho' it has nothing to support it but the Assurance of the Author, or tho' he be oblig'd, for fear of a Bastinado, to recant it the next Time, which has been frequently the Case with the best of you.

Now, Friend APP, I recommend it to you, as you value the Reputation of your Journal; Prithee hold back a little, and tell the World honestly, that as to the Schemes which are concerting, 'tis hoped they will be effectual to restore the Credit; but that as to the Particulars, they are yet entirely conceal'd, and that you do not pretend to enter into those Things; which you can with Satisfaction say, as you do not guess at them yourself, so you believe they who do have very little Authority for what they say.

The South Sea Stock is a Thing that at present nothing but a Parliament can restore; so we may be assur'd those who have the Management of these Things, either know better than to let any of your Journal-Men come at the Particulars, or the least Part of them; or know so little, that they ought not to be trusted with any Part of a Thing of such Consequence. To expose the Particulars of a Thing of such Weight, would be a Scandal to their Understandings; and to have those Particulars handed about to be the Subject of Conversation, to be bandy'd about by every Jobber, and every Exchange-Alley Juggler, would be, to have them exposed, and made the Subject of Banter and Jest,—though they were the best concerted in the World,—even before they were debated in the House.

They know little of England, and of their own Business, that would let any Measures they are upon, be made Publick in this Age, before they were thoroughly concerted, and agreed upon in their Cabinets; any more than a General, laying a Stratagem to surprize his Enemy, will let it be known in his Army before he puts it in Execution, which would be the ready Way to have it immediately betray'd to the Enemy, and exposed? Do you think the Treasury, the Secretaries of State,

the South Sea Directors, or any of those People, would let you Journalists be able to publish their Councils and Resolutions in these Things? How monstrous would it be, and how unfit would they be to manage if it were so! It is enough that we know for the present, there are Methods and Measures concerting and consulting between the Persons concern'd, to establish these Things, in order to present them to the Parliament; which, it is hop'd, will be effectually to relieve us in the present Exigence; and, in a little Time, we shall have it brought before the Parliament, and then we shall have it made Publick.

In the mean Time, Patience and a little Reflection, will tell us, that really 'tis much better, in the whole Affair, that we should stay and wait for this Discovery in Parliament, than to be forming Whimsies of our own, or listening to those of other People, in order to flatter and deceive ourselves.

Depend upon it, that either the Town knows nothing of the Schemes that are on Foot, or those that have them in their Hands, are not worthy of being trusted with them. Secresy is the Life of such Councils. To expose them beforehand, would be to signify to the World, that they are not equal to the Trust, and know not what they have to do; for to expose the Schemes is to destroy the Schemes. Assure yourself, that what is doing is no more known to these Men, than to the Czar of Muscovy, or to the Grand Seignior; and I refer you to the Issue of Things, to judge who is in the right.

Your Friend and Servant, ALL-HIDE.

On Measures to Restore Public Confidence.

A. J., Dec. 10.—Sir, I do not love to dwell so long upon the same Subject; but this being a Crisis in which the World have their Eyes all bent one Way, it seems to be a Time when nothing else would be much taken Notice of.

The Measures which are taking *by some Body or other, we know not who,* in order, as it is said, *to restore Publick Credit, and make every Body easy,* are publish'd in many of the Prints; but hitherto, as we have no Body's Word for it but the News Writers, methinks the World gives but small Credit to them. The Reputation of printed News is so low, that it has not been able to raise the *South Sea* Stock 5 *per Cent.*, nor indeed hardly

to keep it where it was before; whence it comes to pass that your Credit, *I mean of all you Writers together,* runs so low, that it is indeed, as you Gentlemen have it, the Subject of divers Speculations. *But, in short,* the Truth of the Case is, that we have been so often amused with printed Nonsense and Falsehood in Public, that nothing there comes to us now by that Way of Conveyance, can go above Skin deep in any of our Understandings, and yet we think it gains as much Credit too as it deserves.

However, Sir, we have something to observe to you upon the Part of this News-Writing Intelligence (*viz.*) That they tell us the *Bank* and the *East India* Company are to join in this Proposal. We find, by Saturday's News, that the latter of these have not yet enter'd upon the Matter; and that, having call'd a General Court, that General Court has been only desired to empower their Directors to receive Proposals, and report them, which we, in the Country, thought they might have done before. Our Parson says, this is no more than if they had empower'd the Directors to do nothing at all, tho' indeed I differ from him there too; and I observe, *tho' I confess we in the Country wonder at it,* that some People are discourag'd much about it.

But I come to the Particulars: One of your Papers tells us, "The Stocks cannot rise till some Method shall be found out to take off a Quantity into Hands that shall keep it from coming to Market; the prodigious Number of People who, by their Calamitous Circumstances, are at this Time oblig'd to sell, let the Price be what it will, being so great, that an equal Number of Buyers are not to be found, nor Cash or Credit equal to the Sum demanded for the Payment." If this be true, then he should have told us where those People are to be found. If he had said the *East India* Company are to be one Branch of the New Alliance, I should have Cross-question'd him upon that Head, and *have ask'd him,* How a Company, whose Bonds are already at 3 or 4 *per Cent.* Discount,—whose Sales have, as we are told, run so low, that they get but very little,—and especially if something else should be true of their last Sale (*viz.*) *That they have bought some of their Goods themselves, no Matter how many,*—and who have been oblig'd more than once to coin Bonds to pay their Dividends,—whose Stock

is at 100 *per Cent.* lower than it has been, and may find a Time to be 80 *per Cent.* lower than it is, and yet may not run much below its real Value;—I say, I might perhaps have ask'd such Questions as these (*viz.*) How such a Set of Men should be able to help the *South-Sea* Company, or to raise the Price of their Stock? And for this Reason I can never think, nor do I believe, that the Government, while they are carrying on a Thing of that Consequence, have their Dependence upon the *East India* Company at all; and therefore, I think, they are much in the wrong, who receive any Discouragement from the Notion of the *East India* Company coming heavily into the Matter. I dare say the Gentlemen concern'd know the *East India* Company better; and that the Government will easily enough carry on the Scheme they have in their View, though there was no such Thing as an *East India* Company in Being. In a Word, we must look to a superior Management of Things; the Government, no doubt, will bring this Matter to pass their own Way. The Bank indeed are able to assist, and fit to be made Use of; and I cannot fear but the Government and the Bank are sufficient to the Work, yet I would not sell my Stock for one Shilling the less, if the *East India* Company had haughtily answer'd they would not meddle with it. On the other Hand, I am perswaded, that as their Help is not essential, so the Government will never put it into their Power to put their Negative upon them; or to let them act in that Magisterial Way which some People would have them act in. There are Ways and Means in Being sufficient to restore this Affair without them; and, I hope, we shall never have it said the *East India* Company deny'd their Assistance.

The *South Sea* Company have many Ways left to restore their Affairs, if the Parliament pleases to hear Proposals which may be offer'd them; and therefore to have People be discouraged, because the *East India* Company do not comply, *if there should be any Thing that they do not comply with,* is a much greater Compliment to that Society, than I think they are any Way able to deserve, and making them seem to be of greater Weight in it, than they ever were, or, I believe, will be. This, I think, will be of Publick Service, even to the Government, to be made publick, and likewise to the weaker People, who are so apt to think such great Things of the *East*

India Company in this Affair, and who, perhaps, upon reading this Letter, may find Cause to alter their Opinions a little; if not, I hope, it will give offence to no Body.

A. J.—Paris, Dec. 11.—Our Money Affairs here are all still in the usual Pickle: It was said Mr. Law was order'd to retire, and quit the Court; but it proves a Mistake. They continue to use the rich Mississippians, or Jobbers, with the utmost Severity; and several of them are quite ruin'd, their Houses are ransack'd, and all the Money, Plate, and Jewels, which can be found, is carry'd away by the Soldiers; so that some of them are entirely stript of all they have in the World, and that to a very great Sum.

On Saturday, a certain Nobleman's eldest Son was arrested by Mr. Nash, a Sheriff's Officer of Middlesex, for 27,000*l.*, and it is remarkable, that is the greatest Action that has been enter'd in the Sheriff's Office for these two hundred years. It is said to be on a Stock Jobbing Account.

The Monetary Panic Irrational.

A. J., Dec. 17.—Sir, In this extraordinary Juncture, when People are declaredly run Distracted, and that in a Degree fatal not only to others, but to themselves; I think you cannot do better than publish in your Journal, which is more known, and more extensive, a Part of what was Yesterday said in a Paper, call'd The Director, upon the Subject of the unreasonable Fall of our Stocks.* I am of the Opinion that Paper was written with a good Design, and deserves to be recommended as such. But the End for which I mention it to you, goes farther than so mean a Part as that; namely, to recommend by your Hands these Observations, which he makes upon the present Occasion, in which, as I take it, the whole Nation are equally concern'd; for that if this Blow to Publick Credit is carry'd on much farther, I fear it may indeed be fatal to the whole Kingdom. The Part I recommend to you is as follows, viz.:—

"When a Man is talking to a Nation infatuated, and out of their Wits, he must not be surpriz'd if they take no Hints from him; he must not think it strange if they cannot be prevail'd with to exercise that Reason, which, it is evident, they are not

* *The Director*, from which Essay is quoted, was also a Journal written by Defoe.—*Ed.*

Masters of. If Nature cannot guide them; if Arguments, drawn from Things in their View, and equal to Demonstration, will not influence them, the Case is plain; it is not for want of the just Force in those Reasonings, but want of a Power in the Persons to whom they are spoken, to make use of them.

"In a sick Body, when the Mass of Blood is corrupted, when the Constitution of the Body is subverted, and the Motion of the Spirits stop'd and stagnated, the Patient finds no Benefit by Medicine; he must be left to the Secret Operations of Nature, either for Life or Death.

"The Body of South Sea People seem to be in just such a Crisis at this Time; the Distemper is strong upon them,—they sink under it, and 'tis in vain to offer Reason or Arguments to them; the Patient must be left to Nature, and to the ordinary Operation of his own demented Understanding.

"One Thing may be mention'd, however, at this Time, that perhaps will touch these People hereafter, tho' they cannot be sensible of it now; and this is, how they are crying, O Yes! to the Sharpers of the Town, and to all the World around them. O Yes! *All you French, Dutch, Hamburghers, Spaniards, Italians, and, in general, also all Strangers and Foreigners, of what Country, or Nation, or Religion, soever, as well as all you* Bites *and* Sharpers *at Home, come hither immediately;* and, if you have any Money, *come and buy our Estates here for one third or fourth Part of the Value of them, and keep them but a little while, and we will come and give you three or four Times as much for them, and you shall go home again clear with two or three Millions of English Men's Money in your Pockets;* O Yes! *&c.*

"Add to this, O Yes! *Again. Come just now, or in a very few Days we shall be wiser, and come to our Senses again, and then you will have lost your Opportunity.*

"These are Things indeed astonishing and surprizing, and much might be said here to explain, and expose popular Frenzies: But this is not a Time for it; the present Surprize is, that this should happen just when the Parliament are met, and have given the King Assurances, that they will apply themselves to the great Work we now stand in so much Need of. This Work I understand to be the restoring Things to the ordinary Course; to bring back Credit, that is in a Manner fled from us; or, in short, to put in a Stile proper to the

Case; that they will endeavour to bring back the People to their Wits, in the Affair of the Stocks; and will, if possible, put Things upon a Foot of such certainty, that may establish the Minds of the Trading Jobbing World, at least of such of them as are disposed to be established, and as are capable of receiving the just Encouragements and Satisfactions that a Parliament Establishment is, and ought to be, to Men of common Reasoning. What then, but a demented Fury, can run us down to these Extremes, at such a Juncture, as this? It must be something uncommon; there must be more in it than we ever yet thought of; and I think, indeed, 'tis high Time to enquire into the Matter; and I shall speak more to that Part of the Case in its Order; but at present I look another Way.

"The surprizing Fall of the South Sea Stock, down to a Degree beyond what it was some Times at,—even before the bringing their great Schemes upon the Stage,—gives room, as the News Writers have it, for divers Speculations. And first, I must take Notice, that this ought not, and, I dare say, will not, be any Discouragement to the Parliament to apply the Remedies, which are, or will be, laid before them; but will rather prompt them to the greater Resolution, Unanimity, and Vigour, in that good Work.

"If a settled Revenue upon the Stock may be found out and establish'd, as I do not question may, and will, be done, the Discouragement of the People,—as well those whose Necessities, as those whose unaccountable Frights and Apprehensions drive them to these Discouragements,—will be no Hindrance to the Parliament to proceed to a settling this Affair on such Foundations, as may support those who have not been carry'd on to such Distractions; I say, it will be so far from being a Hindrance, that it will be the greatest Spur, if such a Word may be allow'd me, not to their doing it, for Nature dictates that Part;—but to their doing it immediately, that is to say, as soon as possible, that Foreigners may not come in and buy us out of House and Home, as our Proverb has it; may not come and buy our Estates with our own Money, sell them back to us again as above at treble the Price, and carry away the Overplus to other Countries, and laugh at us.

"Secondly, this ought not, and, I dare say, will not, discou-

rage those who are able to stand still and look upon this Madness, from doing so with Temper, and from keeping their Stock by them, not giving away their Estates in a Fright and a Hurry; the same Reason which they have hitherto exercis'd, in keeping their Stock ever since it fell at Market below the probable Interest of it, will certainly be their Protection under the present Delusion; and they will not forget what was early advanc'd in this Paper, and what grows every Day more demonstrable than before, (viz.)

"That they who sell their Stock now, lose Estates;

"That they who buy their Stock now, get Estates;

"That they who keep their Stock now, save Estates.

"I observe some People spread strange and incongruous Notions about the Town, as if on purpose to prompt the present unreasonable Fears of their Neighbours, or perhaps thro' the crazy Temper of the Times; by which, like Men over-run with Vapours in their Heads, they are daily fancying frightful Things to themselves, and forming in their Imaginations such Ideas, as are proper only to their own Discouragement, and the Discouragement of others.

"These wild Notions are, that the whole Scheme will be dropt; that the Government, or the Parliament, will enter upon new Measures, set up new Foundations, and build Credit upon the Fund of their own Reputation, which has not been ever tainted with the least defect, but what has been made good again by Parliament; that in the Sum of the Matter, all the South-Sea Affairs will be sunk; that the Publick Affair will be taken out of their Hands; and the South Sea Company will be left in their primitive State, and to do as well as they can, and the like; all wild Deliriums, and inconsistent with itself, or any Thing else that is in Agitation any where.

"Now I shall be the last to fill People's Heads with Notions of Plots and Conspiracies in these Things, being fully perswaded that no designed Villany can in any Way affect us in this Matter; or, that any Body of Men, from Abroad or at Home, can be considerable enough to be Agents sufficient to this Mischief. I rather place it all to the Account of our own Want of Temper and our Folly; I mean a National kind of Madness possesses us at this Time, and, which indeed is too much our Peculiar, (viz.) to run away with our own Notions

and Fancies, in a violent Fury, even against ourselves, without considering either Reason or Remedies.

"There was something of this even in the impetuous Rising of the Stocks,—much more is it so now in their precipitant Fall,—but still more in the present discouraging Temper of the People upon themselves. Deaf to all possible Arguments, Deaf to the Remedies, which their own Reason would offer, and which, 'tis evident, the Government will offer, if they would but have Patience to wait for it.

"The Truth is, there is so much Folly in this Part, that 'tis a terrible Satyr upon the Temper of our whole Nation, that when abandon'd to a Fright, they are as capable of finishing their own Ruin, as any Nation in the World.

"Of all the inconsolable Tempers,—of all the Frenzies and Follies that ever I saw the People of Great Britain overwhelm'd with,—I never observ'd them to come up to this before; which indeed amounts to no less than to the throwing away their Estates in a kind of Desperation, just when the Government, or Parliament, or both, are considering of Ways and Means to restore them, and to prevent all the Mischiefs which they could pretend to be apprehensive of.

"For God's Sake, and our Country's Sake, let us consider what we are doing! And when we are doing it! 'Tis all against ourselves! 'Tis all setting the Knife to our own Throats! Setting Fire to our own Houses! Destroying our own Estates! Our own Commerce, and our own Hopes! We hurt no Body but ourselves; Impoverish no Families but our own; and Ruin no Country but Great Britain.

"And when is this doing? Is it not now, in the very Moment that we expected to be encouraged? Are not the Parliament met? Have they taken any Step towards discouraging and dispiriting us? Have they resolv'd they will not relieve us? Have they not, on the contrary, address'd his Majesty, with dutiful Assurances, that they will use their utmost Endeavour to recover us? Certainly, if ever we had Deliverance in View it must be now. Let us Stop a little in our Madness, and but wait a little, 'tis impossible any Thing should be done in Parliament to the general Injury; they are by Office, as well as by Inclination, the Healers of our Breaches; the King has recommended to them the Healing

this Breach in particular; and we cannot but, in Justice to them, as well as to ourselves, wait a little to see the Issue.

"If we will not; if our Impatience prevails over our Interest, —let us depend upon it we shall Ruin ourselves first; we shall but sell our own Shares of the Advantages, and our own Hopes, and Heaven shall deliver the Nation when we shall have no Part of the Blessing."

A Duel at Hamburgh.

A. J., Dec. 17.—A desperate Duel has been fought, between Major Ribaw, a Danish Officer of Horse, and Captain Kahler, a Swedish Captain of Foot: They fought at Sword and Pistol on Foot, and without Seconds. They contended, some Time after they met, who should receive the Fire first; the Swedish Captain insisted that the Major should Fire first, which, after some Compliments, he accepted; and, having fired, miss'd the Captain; after which, the Captain firing, shot the Major on the outside of his Haunch, the Bullet not going deep enough to the Bone, but pass'd thro' the Flesh; after which they fought with great Vigour with their Swords. The Major receiv'd three Wounds; and yet after the second Wound, ran the Captain quite thro' the Body, at the same Time receiving a very dangerous Wound in his Neck, so that they both fell together. When lying on the Ground, near one another, and believing themselves mortally wounded, they embraced, as well as they could; forgave one another,—and pray'd to God to forgive each other,—and declar'd themselves thoroughly reconcil'd. Unhappy! That two Gentlemen so brave, and so good Christians, had not done so before! They are both brought into the City, and lye very ill. Last Night it was said the Captain was dead, and the other just expiring; but they are both yet alive; and the Surgeons give some Hopes that they may recover.

Mr. Law Banished from France.

A. J., Dec. 24.—The affair of Mr. Law is now come to a full Issue; the Court has thought fit to disappoint us all in that Case. We were amused a great while with a Discourse that he was confin'd to his Apartments in the Royal Palace; that he had a Guard set upon him; and, that he would be call'd to an Account. Some said he would be sent to the

Bastile for his Life; and others to the Castle of Pierre Encise, which is a Prison where few go that ever remove again, any farther than to the Church Yard. Others said he was let go entirely at Liberty, and left free to take what Route he pleased; and that he had the Regent's Pass to go out of the Kingdom. Upon this we expected he would go directly to Rome; and People began to say it was a more favourable Exit than was expected, and much more than he deserv'd, and that he had a Fate different from most Men, seeing few that ever rose so high had come so gently down again. But the Truth of the whole Affair is now made Publick. The Regent having signify'd to him, that he should immediately depart the Kingdom, an Officer of the Guards was appointed to attend him to the Frontiers; and to see him out of the Limit of France, and there to leave him. This officer is come back, and has given an Account that he left Mr. Law and his Son, in a Village in the District of Ypres, in the Austrian Netherlands; and that he had hired a Post-Chaise to go from thence to Ghent. The officer says he could not learn what Route he would take from thence, but believ'd he intended to pass Incognito into Lorrain, and from thence into Germany, and so towards Italy. Two of his principal Men, who were Agents under him, have been since taken up, and are sent to the Bastile, all their Papers being seiz'd. It is said Mr. Law has been permitted to carry away in specie 50,000 Crowns, and 90,000 more in Bills of Exchange, for which he has been oblig'd to deposit an infinite Mass of other Treasure, on pretence of their examining his Accounts, and perhaps to obtain this Liberty of going away free.

Banter on Whiggish South-Sea Directors.

A. J., Dec. 31.—I put an Enquiry upon you in my last Letter concerning the South-Sea Directors, and the Ringleaders of the Stock Jobbing Affair, (viz.) Whether they were not WHIGS; and Fame seems to Speak very plainly and naturally that they were all Whigs; that is to say, call'd themselves so. I hope their credit will go for that, tho' otherwise for little or nothing.

I cou'd now, very easily, trace them back to several Circumstances of Time and Action, in which these particular Men

distinguish'd themselves by the Title of Whigs; or at least most of them did so, and in a Manner very remarkable. The inference which I draw from the Premises is this: That all the Whigs then are not such spotless Saints as your Whiggish Writers of Journals and News Papers have pretended.

The Conduct of these People seems, at this Time, to be given up by all good English Men in City and Country, taking Men of all Parties, Whigs and Tories are against them. And tho' it is Truth that it does not denominate a Party, that we find some honest Men, or some Knaves, among them; yet it must be some Satisfaction to any Person to have it said of the Party which he espouses, that when there is a great Piece of Villany practised, the Persons concern'd in it, or guilty of it, were not of the Party.

There are among the present People, of whom such Complaint is made, some of the vilest and most abhor'd Pieces of Roguery carry'd on, that I believe, have gone unpunish'd in a Nation of Christians, or among any People, that I have read or heard of, who have made Pretensions to a distinguish'd Honesty. Had these Men been High Church, eminently so call'd, we shou'd have found our loving Friends of the Low Side very forward to have distinguish'd them; and have call'd such Things, how unjustly soever, the general Practice, and the common Usage of the Party, and it might now be retaliated upon them with great Advantage.

But now it goes against them, and that the Generality of those honest Men, call'd Directors, are known to be of the Low Church Men's, and Whiggish Party. Now we have these Scribblers as mute as can be desir'd; in brief, they have nothing to say, nor any Body to rail at, so that we have lost them quite in the Case.

And this, as I take it, is one of the chief Reasons why, as you formerly took Notice, the Remembrance of our Divisions; and the Name of Whig and Tory, High Church and Low Church, is so much left off and forgotten. The Case is clear, and answers itself; the Whigs, who were the People that carry'd on those Divisions, and who fill'd us with their continual Din, upon the very Titles of Whigs and Tories, are now silenc'd, being struck Dumb by the Sense they have upon their Minds, that the Whigs are the guilty Persons.

If this is the Reason for their being so mute in the Case, it must follow, that we are more beholding to the Guilt than the Honesty of the Party, for the happy Omission of Invidious Terms, and Names of Distinction, among us; and 'tis because they are the Men chiefly concern'd in the Mischief, which has so overwhelm'd us all, that they desire to drop the Distinctions and Names, which used to be mingled with all their other good Language.

Neither do I find that the Whigs are among the forwardest to have the Injury done to their Country resented; and where we have Ground to believe, and hope, that it will be treated with Justice, notwithstanding all their desire to the contrary. And what is the Reason of this their backwardness? Is it not because they are sensible of the Criminals being chiefly found among their own Party? That they are wise and cunning in doing this, I deny not; nor do I blame them for so acting, the Nature of the Thing gives us Room to expect no other from them.

From hence likewise may be observ'd to you, in the next Place, who are the Men who have kept up the Names of Divisions and Parties among us, the People of Great Britain, so long; and who, till they were thus catch'd in their own Snare, never left off the Names in their ordinary Discourse, nor perhaps ever would. But now they find it convenient to drop the Names, which have been so hatefully kept up; now they universally are forgotten; no Body but the Whigs having been the Persons desiring to keep them up before.

Let it remain with them as a just Brand, a mark of Infamy, which their own Guilt must lead them to confess to be their due; and let it be told to Posterity, that the great Cheat of Stock-Jobbing has been a Whiggish Piece of Conduct; that the chief Part of the People concern'd in it have been on that Side, and are still so; and, on this Consideration, they are willing to have no more Words made about it, and no more remembrance, even of the very name of Whig, in the Town.

Upon this Account, how do they hush up the fraudulent Practices, and Knavish Actions, and Corruptions, which are daily detected among them! Embezzling Money, breaking Trusts, drawing Men into Snares, and such like Things, which happen so frequently, and deserve so well to be expos'd! How are the Persons skreened and protected, the Scandal of their

Conduct dropt out of their Characters, and some other Practices, which I do not venture, for your Sake, to mention in this my Letter! Is not this a true Guide to lead you to judge of the People by? I hope the Government will shew the uprightness of its Proceedings, in passing their Censure Impartially on these Things, without respect to Whig or Tory, and let Justice equally take Place against them all. It is not doubted but they will, so far as it may come before them, in a judicial Way, convince the World that they are above respecting of Persons in such Cases; I say, it is not doubted, neither is there any Room for your Enemies to say, that this Letter has any Reflection in it upon any of your Superiors, as if they would not be Impartial in their Enquiry; or, as if they were any Way concern'd in these Things. I assure you no Part of it is so intended, but it lies fairly levell'd against your City Whigs, who seem plainly not only to be Guilty, but to confess their Guilt by their Silence, and by desiring so much to have no Enquiry made into it.*

Your Friend and Servant,
ANTHONY IMPARTIALITY.

On the Means of Restoring Public Credit.

A. J., Jan. 7, 1721.—Mr. Applebee, We live in a strange Noise-making Age, and it would be well if half the Clamant Party knew what they made a Noise for at this Time. The South Sea is the Grievance. Some are for hanging the Directors; some rail at the General Courts; some are for destroying the very Stock itself; some push up at great People beyond them all; and, in a Word, every Body are pointing their Weapons at some Body or other. But few keep their Eyes upon the main Subject which we are universally concern'd in, (viz.) To re-establish the Credit, and renew the Correspondence which Mankind had formerly with one another, and by which all these Things are brought to pass.

The King recommended it to the Parliament to enter into timely prudent Measures for the relieving us all in the present Distress. But whatever the Parliament may have done, or may intend to do, which we have no Business, or Purpose to meddle with; we would gladly know what all this Plenty of

* At this time the complicity, afterward proved, of some members of the Government, was scarcely suspected.—*Ed.*

Calumny, and Railing, signifies towards bringing to pass this main End, and the happy Design, which the King and the Parliament are unanimous in; I mean restoring the Credit. I never understood that a furious Prosecution of Men, tho' they may have made some Mistakes; and driving it on to the Extremity, as we see is the Case before us, was really the Way to restore Credit in Trade.

To restore Peace among us would be to restore Credit. To set up honest fair Dealing between Man and Man, is the Way to restore Business and Credit; and this does not relate to the Rage exerted by some exasperated Men, against a few Fools that have exasperated 'em. But has there not a Spirit of Fraud and Craft, a Temper of Sharping and Biting one another; I say, has not this run thro' the People of this Country? Is it not evident, that the very Morals of the People are ruin'd? Do they not openly and barefacedly make Bargains, and refuse to perform them? Buy Stock, and refuse to take it? Sell Stock, and refuse to deliver it? And, in short, is not Dishonesty and Knavery, Cunning and Circumventing, become the general Usage of Trade?

Pray what is our pushing at the Directors, or any one else, to all this? Let us look into our Morals, and restore fair Dealings among us. This is the Way to bring Credit in again, and set it upon its Legs, and no Way but this. Do any of these Men think to restore Credit, when they do not restore the Principles of Justice and fair Dealing, on which Credit is founded, and by which alone it is establish'd? Was ever Credit and Knavery consistent one with another? Was ever such a Thing Known as Credit among Men who regarded not Faith and Honour, Justice and Conscience in Dealing? Rogues never trust one another; when Men commence Cheats, they grow Jealous of course, and put no Trust in one another after it.

I observ'd lately, that you had a Letter in your Journal, enquiring whether the Directors were Whigs or Tories, and concluding at last that they were Whigs. Now this I am certain of, that let them be Whigs or Tories, both Whigs and Tories are willing enough to have them censur'd; nay, the Whigs, (for they always are pretty apt to be sanguine in their Resentments) are for having the Directors, tho' Whigs, all hang'd; aye, all of them, to a Man, tho' they cannot by Law,

charge any of them with Felony, or with any Thing that is punishable with Death by our Law. 'Tis no Matter for that, we know who made the last Example of a Law, *ex post Facto;* and we need not doubt they would practice it again, rather than baulk their Resentments.

But suppose they were to hang them all, if it is as you said, it will be no more than Whigs hanging Whigs, and no more than *They* would once have dealt to Men much honester than themselves. But will this chastise the Knavery of the Town, in the crying Sin of Stock-Jobbing? No, not in the least; and till it does, I pray what will this do to restore Credit? I repeat it again to you, that Honesty and fair Trading must be restor'd before Credit will come to us again.

When Men's Words are as good as their Bonds again, as it once was; when Men will value their Reputation, equal to, or above, their Money; and when we can find Men making good their Contracts, tho' to their Loss; then we shall begin to give Credit to one another again,—and not before then. We shall have reason to hope the restoring of Credit will be at Hand; and 'tis in vain to talk of it sooner.

The loss of the particular Interest in South Sea Stock may indeed lye at the Door of the Directors; and the worst that can be said of them may be true. But the Loss of Credit is the Effect of a general Deficiency in our Morals, and is a National Crime, which must be amended; and that in a National Manner also, or we cannot pretend to amend it at all, if we do not do it in a publick Manner. To push our Resentments at private Men, is the Effect of a private Grudge, and savours much of the Spleen. But if these Men would be thought Patriots, let us see them offer something to their Country that is for the Benefit of their Country; and, let this go Hand in Hand with their Gall, and then we will give up to them, not the Directors only, but every Man, great and small, that they can charge, in the least Manner, with being Guilty of Injuring their Country.

Till they do this, they must allow us to tell them, that they exclaim against particular Men, for particular Reasons;—which is a scandalous Principle, next Door to Murder, and not for a public Good, or from a true public Spirit which might be defended.

The Mistakes of the Directors may be such as merit

Animadversion in a proper Place: But when Men talk Publickly of bringing the Lives, as well as Reputations, of those they accuse into the Question; they ought to be particular as to the Fact for which, and the Law by which, they are to suffer, otherwise, Avaunt Tyranny! What is this to be call'd but Tyranny and Murder?

I remember when the Whigs were, to their Praise, call'd the Patrons of Liberty, always claiming that no Man should suffer the Loss of Life or Limb, but by Legal Prosecution, and by Sentence of the Law. But now, these Writers, who nevertheless call themselves Whigs, when the Case comes Home to themselves, in how slight a Manner, do they talk of Liberty and Law! How are they for visibly doing for themselves Justice in a summary Way! And how are they for sentencing Men to the Scaffold, and to the Gibbet, as they find their own Resentments give Cause; not as the Laws of the Land, or as the Nature of the Crime, direct! And thus they sentence the Directors to Death, without proving by our Laws they can be legally put to Death, or without saying of what Crime they are Guilty.

A famous Orator, whose worthy Speeches in our general Courts have occasion'd some Mirth, told us, the other Day, of Felonious Subscriptions; but, like the Gentleman he borrowed the popular Word from, he never made it appear how those Subscriptions were to be prov'd Felonious. So our railing Writers tell us of having these Men expiate what they have done, with their Lives as well as Estates; but do not tell us by what Law they will do this, or whether they would make a Law to do it, agreeable to their Rage who talk of it. Thus "they know not what Spirit they are of;" and I may add to the Text, they know not what they are doing, or how they are making Precedents, which hereafter, they or their Posterity, may dearly pay for. Acts of Injustice are often easier to be brought into Practice than Acts of Mercy, and bad Examples more likely to be followed than good.

Your Humble Servant, T. B.

A. J., Jan. 7.—On Sunday last, John Atkins, Esq., Son of the late Sir Henry Atkins, shot himself thro' the Head, at the East India Coffee House in Leadenhall Street. We are cre-

dibly inform'd, that a Week before he thus destroy'd himself, he went to all his Creditors, and paid them as far as he was able to do. And 'tis said, that he made his Will the same Day; and that a Letter was found upon the Table in the Room where he shot himself, directed to F——cis C——r, Esq. This unfortunate Accident was occasion'd by the Fall of the South Sea. He was a Gentleman of a very fair Character, and is very much lamented by all that knew him.

All Disasters now Attributed to the South Sea.

A. J., Jan. 14.—Mr. Applebee,—We are now arrived to a Time when publick Disasters, or Calamities, are made the Reason of private, and that in an unusual Manner; and 'tis worth your Notice in publick, because there seems to be much in it that may be of serious Use, if well apply'd, as well as the Subject of general Reflection.

The *South Sea* Affair is now become a general Calamity, *that must be confess'd;* but as the Devil is charg'd with having a greater hand in our Crimes, than he is, or indeed can be, guilty of, so it is here. The disabled Shop-Keeper, the insolvent Debtor, the declining Merchant, all take this for a happy Opportunity, that their Fall, *which before was inevitable,* may be now justify'd,—on Account of a Calamitous Time,—and lay all their Disasters at the Door of the *South Sea* Stock. Nay, I was told, a *Drury Lane* Matron, the other Day, being oblig'd to break up her Seraglio, and leave the Key in an unusual Place,—in Satisfaction of some Arrears of Rent,—left a sad Complaint for an Excuse to her Landlord; that she was Undone, and her Trade utterly ruin'd, by the Fall of *South Sea* Stock. I might give many considerable Examples of the like Decrease of Trade, *I mean of that Kind,* as the Consequence of this publick Calamity of Stock; but I leave that Part to be Matter of History in Time to come.

The Number of Bankrupts, and the encreasing Numbers of other Disasters every Day, which are all gravely put to the Account of *South Sea* Stock, seem to threaten us with making it a justifyable Practice to commit our usual Depredations, and to lay them to the Charge of every publick Disaster; for I find now, not only every Tradesman makes the *South Sea* Stock a Pretence for Breaking, but even the Frequency of turning

Bankrupt takes off much of the Scandal of it: And we begin to talk of breaking as a very fashionable Thing; a Thing of no Disreputation, as being only the ordinary Course of Trade. I would recommend it therefore, *since it is come this length*, to our Trading People, to put a new Face of Grandeur upon it. When Gentlemen are pleas'd, for their particular Accommodation, or perhaps for their Diversion only, to stop Payment, as it is now call'd, they should send their Creditors a Message, with a Formality suitable to their Quality; intimating, that they have, for the present, thought fit to shut up their Exchequer, but that they shall open it again in a little Time, after the next Rising of the *South Sea* Stock, on such Conditions as they shall find convenient, of which Public Notice shall be given.

This would be bringing that Affair up to a due Height, and we should then be able to break in Trade with much more Decency than formerly.

I have observ'd also, the *South Sea* Stock is apply'd to another very significant Use; and that is, to cover the Misfortunes of all the Gentlemen and Ladies, who either for Love, or worse Occasions, take the Liberty to give themselves a Pass into another World, on their own Authority. If any Man is *Felo de Se*, and falls upon himself with Sword, Gun, or String; or ingulphs himself by a Leap over-board into the Thames, and the like; the usual Parenthesis of (*being Lunatick*) which was formerly used in his Favour, is left out, and that of (*South Sea*) more to the Advantage of his Character, is placed in its Room. And this is so many Ways more agreeable to us at this Time, that I think to apply to the Coroner, and after that to the Compiler of our Weekly Bills, to have the same Words inserted at the Head of the Casualties in every Bill: Thus,

Drowned herself (*in the South Sea*) at St. *Paul's, Shadwell*, One.

Kill'd by a (*South Sea*) Sword, at St. *Margaret's, Westminster*, One.

Smother'd in a (*South Sea*) House of Office, at St. *Augustine's*, One.

Cut his Throat with a (*South Sea*) Razor, at St. *Anne, Blackfryers*, One.

Frighted (*by the Fall of South Sea Stock*) at St. *Mary-le-Bow*, Two.

Overlaid (*by South Sea*) at St. *Dunstan's, Stepney,* Three.

Grief (*at the Fall of South Sea*) at St. *Giles Cripplegate,* One.

Scalded to Death in a (*South Sea*) Caldron, at St. *Botolph* without, *Bishopsgate,* One.

Shot himself with a (*South Sea*) Pistol, at St. *Mary, Whitechapel,* One.

Kill'd by Excessive Drinking of (*South Sea*) Geneva, Five, (viz.) Two at St. *Martin-Outwich,* and three at St. *Peter's Poor.*

Cum multis aliis, &c.

Yours, R. S.

A. J., Jan. 14.—One Mr. Walrond, once a rich West-Indian, having lately lost the greatest Part of his Estate by the South Sea Business, had thereupon the Misfortune to lose his Senses, and afterward his Life; for on Wednesday Se'nnight last he laid violent Hands on himself at his Habitation in Greenwich. He was a Person very charitable to the Poor, but at the same Time, (such was his Temper,) would treat them very roughly in Words and Deeds, if they did not forthwith get out of his Reach. It is said that he hath left a considerable Legacy to the Hospital call'd Queen Elizabeth's College, not far from the Town of Greenwich.

Yesterday (*January* 13) The Sessions began at the Old Bailey, when Spiggot and Cross, two of the Highwaymen taken lately at the Black Horse Inn, in the Broad Way, Westminster, were set to the Bar, and arraign'd upon one of the Indictments found against them and their Accomplices, for robbing on the Highway; and being ask'd, Whether they were Guilty or not Guilty, stood Mute for some Time; and at last absolutely refused. Whereupon the Court ordered them to be carry'd back to Newgate, and there to be press'd till they dy'd, or alter'd their Minds: But Cross, when he was going to be laid down in the Press, desired to be carry'd back to the Bar, which he was accordingly, and there pleaded not Guilty. Then the Court sent likewise for Spiggot, in Expectation he would have by this Time chang'd his Resolution, and plead; but he remain'd inflexible, and insulted the Court. He was then remanded back to the Press, and was laid down about Four o'Clock, with his Hands and Legs extended at full Length, and Weights on his Body. One of the Sheriffs went from the Sessions House

to Newgate, by Order of the Court, to see the Sentence executed. But when about 400 Weight were laid upon his Breast, he alter'd his Mind, and said he would Plead; thereupon he was carried back to the Court, and Pleaded accordingly.

A. J., Jan. 21.—We have had this Week, in several of our Newspapers, a very Romantick Account of Wm. Spiggott, the Highwayman that refused to plead, and was therefore order'd by the Court to be press'd, viz. That when they brought some Cords to tye him, he broke them asunder several Times like Twine, and said, that if they brought Cables, he would serve them in the same Manner; as if another Sampson had again appear'd on the Stage. But the worst of it is, that there is not one Word of Truth in that doughty Relation; for the Fellow made no Manner of Opposition when they came to tye him, but undress'd himself, lay down, and extended his Arms and Legs, which were accordingly ty'd to Staples, driven into great Planks of Wood, in a Cellar under Newgate; then a Board was laid upon his Breast, and eight half hundred Weights were lay'd upon it, which he endured for the Space of an Hour, wanting seven Minutes. His Resolution was to have died that Death, in order to save his ill acquired Goods for his Wife and Child; but at last, thro' the Torture of the Press, and the Entreaties of a Friend of his, that kept crying over him, he alter'd his Mind, and was thereupon taken out. Of the same Stamp is the Account they gave us of the dreadful Machine, in which he was to be press'd, at the sight of which his Comrade was terrify'd, and so pleaded; whereas, according to the Plainness and Simplicity of those ancient Times, in which the Law was made, it was no other than as above described.

A. J., Jan. 21.—On Thursday Morning, two certain Knights, Directors, quarrell'd and fought with their Canes at the South Sea House in Broad Street, when the one gave the other most opprobrious Language, and said he had not only Ruin'd him and his Family, but many hundreds of others.

M. J., Jan. 21.—*Paris.*—The King having been told that the Duke de Noailles, one of the Captains of the Life-Guards,—and now actually in waiting,—hated Cats to such a Degree that it made him Sick to see one, was resolved to try the Truth of what had been told him; and on Sunday last, as the Duke was coming into his Majesty's Closet, the King, as in Sport,

toss'd a Cat upon him. The Duke immediately fell backwards against the Edge of a Couch, and sprain'd a Sinew. In a Word, he fell into such a Condition, that they were forc'd to carry him Home in a Chair. The King was so concern'd at this Accident, that he would eat no Supper, and went to see the Duke the next Morning, to testify his Sorrow to him. But the Duke was so well yesterday, that he went and thank'd the King for the Honour his Majesty had done in coming to his House to see him.

A Story of South Sea Love.

M. J., Jan. 28.—

Nec Veneris Pharetris macer est, aut lampade fervet,
Inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote Sagittæ.—JUVEN.

Sir,—Among the many calamitous Cases the present Misfortunes have brought upon the Nation, the following one, I believe, may deserve your Consideration.

I am a Country Gentlewoman, past (I'm afraid) the Meridian of my Age, but yet not old; remarkable neither for Beauty nor Deformity. My Education has been such as has furnished me with all the Female Accomplishments to some Perfection; and given me, as I am told, not a disagreeable Turn of Conversation. With these Qualities and a small Fortune I have still rather been despised than courted by the Gentlemen; and though no one could give greater Encouragement than I did, the kindest Things I could ever provoke any of them to say of me was—Faith, the Woman's well enough; —'Tis Pity she has not more Money!

I thought, indeed, if I had any Pretensions to the good Opinion of any Person, it was to Philargurus; a Gentleman endowed with every agreeable Quality, and (till lately) supposed to have enjoyed a very happy Fortune. This Gentleman had for some Time followed me into all Company, and directed all his Discourse to me; and, in short, took every handsome Opportunity of showing so particular a Complaisance to me, that a Woman of less Vanity than myself might easily have imputed it to Love. I had too much Regard for him to return his Civilities with Contempt, and too much to myself, ever to feed the natural Vanity of your Sex by too great a Condescension.

Thus, Sir, we continued till the Time of the South Sea; for you must know, though I am descended of a very honourable and honest Family, I had some Relations among the Directors, by whose friendly Advice I trusted my whole small Fortune, in Stock and Subscriptions. This was scarce known, before Philargurus,—who understood the great Value of those Chimerical Things,—grew passionately in Love with me, which indeed he acted beyond Suspicion. Oh! Mr. Mist, had you been a Witness to all the soft, kind, tender Things that fatal Youth has breathed with Kisses on my Lips; to all the Vows, Oaths, and Imprecations, with which that perjured Charmer has deceived me,—you would easily excuse the unhappy Confidence I put in him. Everything I did was agreeable; everything I said witty; and my very Follies and Imperfections grew insensibly into new Beauties. And such, Sir, is the powerful Voice of Flattery to our Sex, that—as I grew more handsome, more agreeable, every Day, in his Eye,—I must confess I did so in my own. I began to think my very Glass flattered me, and seemed to confirm the Truth of those innumerable Charms which his deluding Tongue had so liberally bestowed upon me.

In this happy Delusion, I, Sir, true to my Sex, tho' infinitely pleased with his Address, chose neither to contemn, nor too soon to yield to his Passion, but gave him Room to entertain the distant but promising Hope of a not rejected Love. But upon the wild and unexpected Success of the South Sea,—together with the Fear of a Rival,—my Lover grew so very impatient, that it was with the utmost Difficulty I could prevail with him to submit to those Forms and Ceremonies in Courtship, which make up the most pleasant and agreeable Part of a Woman's Life. In short, nothing but the most solemn Exchange of our Loves, and the most inviolable Contract, could satisfy him that I did not intend to deceive; and this was solemnly performed by both of us. But now, Mr. Mist, opens the sad Catastrophe.

My Lover, you must know, was a constant frequenter of the Coffee-houses; and waited with as much Impatience the Return of the Post, as a Prime Minister does the most weighty Express. In a little Time I sensibly perceived a decay of Passion; his Love turned to Civility, and his Impatience to Cold-

ness; and though I had too much Vanity at first to impute the Rise of his Love to that of the Stock; I had too much Sense not to see it lessen with the Fall. I soon found he calculated the Increase or Loss of Beauty, like a Dutchman; that I grew some Days Cent. per Cent. more disagreeable than before; and indeed, I could read in my Lover the gradual or extraordinary Fall of Stock, as plainly as he did in the News-Papers. Now, every Thing I said was insipid; my Behaviour grew awkward; I could not so much as stick a Patch to please him, and my Fortune growing every Day less and less, is now reduced to so inconsiderable a Value, that I am the direct Reverse of what I was, and am grown downright intolerable. He has now left the Country, and informed me by a Letter of his Resolution never to see it more.

I might here, with great Justice, exclaim against the Ingratitude and ungenerous Behaviour of your Sex. While my Fortune could purchase Diamonds, my Eyes were all Brilliants; but now they are reduced to their natural Lustre, and burn like two Rush-Lights. My Hair, which was then exceeding fair, is now returned to its original red; and the Sweetness of my Lips, which that Ungrate too oft has praised, is now left the Perquisite of my old Favourite Cat.

Though this Behaviour of his had sufficiently fixed me in my Resolution never to have him, I was mightily desirous of satisfying my Curiosity with the Reasons of such ungenerous Usage; upon which, at my request, an intimate Friend to us both, went to him, and charg'd him with his dishonourable Practices, his infinite Perjuries, and pressed him with the great Obligation of the Contract he had so solemnly made. Upon which the Gentleman, with the Modesty natural to his Country, told him plainly that he confessed indeed that he had made a Contract with the Lady; but he vow'd and protested it was a Subscription Contract, and consequently, void for want of a Receipt.—That indeed the Lady had given him the Refusal of her Stock too, but he feared it would never again bear such a Price, as to make it worth his Acceptance.—Then, with an insolent Air, swore he pitied me,—but it was a common Calamity, —and he hoped to see the Directors punished.

Now, Sir, what vexes me, is not so much the Loss of the Fellow, (especially since he is known to be the Spawn of a neigh-

bouring Isle, noted for having great Estates abroad, and none at Home,) as the intolerable Pleasure my Disappointment has given my Female Acquaintance; for you must know, when I thought my Happiness so near, I grew exceedingly Pert, and was often too merry and jocose with the Word Maid (a Name most of my Acquaintance have wore till 'tis grown old). And now they all know Philargurus has left me and the Country, they are continually teazing me with so many ill-natured Questions, and spiteful Commendations of him, that they will scarce give each other Liberty to speak.—"Lord," says one, "he is a wonderful fine Gentleman, you need not make it a Secret, we all know he is gone for a Diamond Hoop.—Well, you are a happy Lady."—"Well, I vow," says another, "you are grown excessively melancholy since he left the Country, but indeed the Absence of so agreeable a Lover might justify a greater Concern, but without doubt he joins in your Uneasiness, and thinks the Time exceeding long,—I warrant you he will ride Post from Town."

Now, Mr. Mist, this is not to be borne. I beg the Favour of you therefore, to recommend my Case to the World in the best manner you can; that if the Parliament should think fit to set aside all Subscription Contracts and Bargains for Time, the Circumstances of my Case, being considered, they may in their profound Wisdom, judge it reasonable to confirm my Contract, and suffer me to be excepted in the Act; that how far soever the Act may disappoint other Contractors, I may be always provided.

If I meet with no Success, I am determined shortly to leave this Country; for I cannot bear the Thoughts of living any longer here under the odious Name of Spinster.

Mrs. Philo-Britannia.

N.B.—My Brother, who has been at Oxford, and is just come from the Temple, read this over, and has added something of his own, and fixed the Motto, which, he says, is mightily to the Purpose; I hope there is no Harm in it.

A Plea for Retributive Justice.

A. J., Jan. 28.—I once wrote a Letter to you to Know your Opinion, whether the Directors of the *South Sea* Company

were Whigs or not, and I am since informed that they were all Whigs; and that some of them have valued themselves much upon their Integrity, the Justice of their Principles, their exceeding Loyalty to King *George;* nay, and some of them in particular upon their furious Opposition to the late Queen *Anne,* their too gracious Mistress. I say this of but some of them; 'tis easy to single them out, and know who they are.

Is there nothing to be observ'd in their Fall, that may turn our Eyes to the Justice of Heaven, in retaliating this Part of it? Now, I suppose,—for that purpose,—that these Men were innocent of the present Charge against them; let us look back a little: (*viz.*) What are we to think of their expelling a certain Gentleman,* and treating him with all the Insolence and Rage of Men made haughty by their Prosperity, upon a supposition only of his concerting a little private Trade to the *South Seas,* under the Protection of their Ships? And have the same Men been left to carry on a private Commerce here at Home under the Protection of their Places and Authority, as Directors; to the Injury of the public Credit, the Ruin of the private Persons, and even to the Blasting the whole Scheme? See how just is the fate of their Fall!

In the next Place, what are we to think of one particular Man† among them, of immense Wealth, and now living in the Seat of a Duke?‡ What a Figure did this Man make, in opposing the late Treaty of Commerce with *France,* upon the pretended Plea of its being prejudicial to the Trade of *Great Britain?* And what kind of Commerce has he been concern'd in here, to the Ruin of the Credit and Trade of Great Britain for his private Gain; and, by which, it is said, he has raised such a Fortune, as few Commoners ever amass'd before, at least in so short a Time? What Principles must these Men have acted by before, that had such a Reserve of Avarice and Knavery in their Heads, and could sacrifice their Country, and its Commerce and Credit, so readily for their private Profit, after they had made such a Show of defending it openly before, in a Strain of Faction and Whiggism, against the best

* In the *Brit. Mus.* Copy of the Newspaper there is written in a contemporary hand on the margin,—Sir John Eyles.

† *Ibid.* Sir Theodore Janssen. ‡ *Ibid.* Duke of Leeds.

of Princesses, their Sovereign, and against the common Good of their Country?

What are we to think of the Opposition some others of them shew'd to all the just Measures of those Days, and the Contempt with which they treated the Hand that formed them?* Could Principles of Baseness, Ingratitude, and Disloyalty, be expected to be durable, or a Building of Iniquity be able to stand upon it? No! No! Now the Floods and Storms come and beat upon this House: You see how it falls; and great is the Fall thereof.

But let us look likewise upon the Enemies of those Men, and see from whence comes all the warmest Part of the Alarm that is raised about them. It is true, the Parliament has found it necessary to search into the Bottom of their Conduct, and to proceed with them in a Way of Justice; and this is done in the usual Methods which such Things are carry'd on by; that is to say, suitable to *Parliamentary* Justice. But without Doors we find their ancient Confederates, the Whigs, are the Men that have made the first and the greatest Noise at them. And the Whigs are the Men that declare they would have them all brought to the Gallows. Not that I believe they, who are for that Way of Proceeding, would have behaved any better, if they had been in their Places; and perhaps their want of being in such Places has not been the least Cause of the Discontents of such in particular. But 'tis natural to the outed People to fall upon those that are in Place.

Upon the whole, they are Whigs that are to be pull'd down; and the Whigs are the Men that were outwardly the forwardest to pull them down. But if they put up such again in their Room, How much better shall we fare by the Exchange?

I hear the Parliament have sent for some People to be examin'd who are not Directors; and that some of the Under-Strappers *without Doors* may be likely to come in for a Share in the Fleece. This is not disagreeable News at all in our Country; for certainly these Men have not been faulty all alone. There are Agents to be found, of whom we yet Know very little; but perhaps the Parliament may also bring them to Light, and subject them to what they deserve, as well as others.

* This refers to the conduct of the Whigs on the impeachment, in 1715, of Harley, Earl of Oxford.—*Ed.*

The Time approaches when the Company must choose new Directors. I should be glad to hear which Way it is like to go, and who they may be; who have not only courage to take upon them such a Trust, but who are thought honest enough, and able enough to carry it on, seeing they must be Men on whom Avarice has no Power; and where they will be found I must acknowledge I Know not.

In the mean Time, the Examination these Men are now under, may, no Question, bring to Light many hidden Things, which we Knew not before; and I shall furnish you with some needful Observations on them, as you go on, that we may no more be deceiv'd, as we have been.

Your Humble Servant, C. M.

A. J., Jan. 28.—We are assured, that the Number of Distemper'd Heads is so strangely encreas'd for some Months past, by the sudden rising and sudden falling of Men's Fortunes and Families, under the operation of South Sea Vomits, and other Bubble Physick; that there is not room to be had among the private BEDLAMS, *or Mad-Houses as they are call'd,* throughout the Town. And, that it is exceedingly difficult to get a Patient admitted, or to get Doctors of that Kind to look after them, tho' several new ones are lately set up; and though some of those that were in Practice before have enlarged their Houses, and taken adjoyning Houses into their own, to make Conveniences for more Patients.

Quaker Letter on South Sea Directors.

A. J., Feb. 4.—Friend App. Thou art a Strange Animal, and surely art unacquainted witb the Circumstances of thy own Paper, *as it is call'd a Journal.* Verily, if thou doest not think fit to joyn in with thy Friends, and do every Day, as they every Day do;—if thou doest not exert thy Talent against our Oppressors, and bring forth thy Arguments why thy Rulers should execute Justice upon the Wicked,—even upon the People call'd *Directors,* how wilt thou maintain the Title in thy Paper, and be call'd a *Journal?* Their Offences are daily before our Eyes, and the Punishment due thereto ought to be daily before their Eyes; and if thou wilt not bear thy Testimony against them, thou art no Journal for my Money, I assure thee, nor

for my reading. Neither will Friends, or honest Men, have to do with thee hereafter.

In Truth, *Friend* APP, thou hast seemed to be like one of those wicked Ones, who, they say, have receiv'd *Hush-Money*; that is to say, being interested, hast taken Bribes to hold thy Peace. I had once better Thoughts of thee; but be assured if it be so indeed, thou makest thyself thereby a Party to their Offences, and verily thou oughtest to partake of their Punishment.

Perhaps thou standest Neuter, and art not willing to Meddle. If thou art such an unactive lukewarm Christian, then art thou not of any Use to thy Country at all; and it has been said, by some of the Wise Men in ancient Times, that *he who is of no Use to his Country should be hang'd out of it, that he might not stand in the Way.*

Wherefore then openest thou not thy Mouth, when the Mouths of all Men are Opened? And wherefore speakest thou of Trifles, and Things of meaner Concern, taking us up with, and causing us to Pay our Money for thy Jests and thy Mirth, when Weeping and Sadness sit on the Faces of thy Neighbours?

Amend thy Papers, Friend, I advise thee; fall on with those offensive Weapons of thine call'd Pen and Ink, and smite them with all thy Might; for such carnal Weapons Friends will allow. And do this, I pray thee, so as that these wicked Men may fall under thy Wrath, as they do under the Hands of thy Neighbour Journals. I have heard some of the Writers boast that they have been the Cause of all the Proceedings against these Men; which albeit I do not believe, yet this Part I may assure thee I bear my Testimony to for thee; *namely*, that thou, who hast said nothing of them, hast not been the Cause of it.

I recommend to thee, for the Time to come, that thou should'st put forth thy Talent, and tell thy Friends, not only who have been the Cause of all the present Evils which afflict thy Country; but tell them something of those dishonest Persons also, who are not yet fully discover'd, who have been dark Counsellors in these wicked Devices, and who have had large Shares in the unjust Gains which have been found therein; for thou may'st assure the World, that these Works of

Darkness have not been brought to pass alone. And albeit they may have been wrought in secret; yet, by due weighing the Nature and the Consequences of them, those hidden Works may come to Light, and bring the Workers thereof to just Punishment.

Now, *Friend* APP, when I perswade thee unto these Things, because of the Necessity there is of 'em, for the Good of our Friends and Neighbours, be it known unto thee, that it is my Perswasion the Guilt of these *South Sea* Businesses lyes not in the Men call'd Directors only; *mark*, I pray thee, *that I do not acquit the Men call'd Directors by any means*; nor do I acquit the Men who have been Directors of the Directors, I leave those Things to the proper Inspectors into their Behaviour. But it lyes also on those who have been corrupted and bribed by them, or by any other on their Behalf.

It is my Thought also, *Friend*, that the People who they call Adventurers, and who, when they were assembl'd together, call'd themselves by the Name of a *General Court*, or *Meeting*, are as guilty as any of the rest. And why should it be said of these Men, that they are innocent, when the other are pronounc'd Guilty? For have not these People said AMEN to all that the other have done? Nay, have they not call'd this Evil, Good, and given them *Publick Thanks* in their said *General Meetings*, or *Courts*, for that very Management which is now call'd Corrupt and Fraudulent? So that, to be brief, those People have been the great Encouragers of the other, and have said to them, Friends, *we approve of*, and, Friends, *ye have done well in all that ye have done*; and, as I am told, some of them have been made Members of that Court for that very wicked Purpose. Herein then they have done Evil, or else the said Men call'd Directors have not done Evil; and if the said Men call'd Directors have done Evil, and ought to be smitten as aforesaid,—and to which I freely assent,—then have the said General Meetings of the Adventurers, and especially their corrupt Members aforesaid, done Evil also,—and the Men are Parties and Confederates in the said Evil,—according to that Word, *Thou sawest a Thief, and consentedst unto him*, and verily, *Friend* APP, they have not only consented to the Wickedness, but had *their Share* of the Gain.

Now, I forsee that thou will answer, and say unto me, *True*

it is, that the General Body, or Assembly of Adventurers, were consenting to this Theft, and had their Share of the Gain; and that therefore, they are equally guilty, and deserve to be corrected; but that it is not easy to know who the Persons are, and that, by Consequence, they cannot be so easily corrected or punished as the other.

It is true, this is not to say that the few shall be punished, because they are few; but it seems, Friend, to suggest unto me, that the many shall escape, because they are many; which I do not say unto thee is so just as some other Things may be. Howbeit, I may tell thee, that forasmuch as the General Body are guilty of aiding and abetting, and of encouraging, and, which is worse, partaking of the Gains of this Theft, I do not pronounce it just, that they should not partake also of the Punishment.

Thou wilt, perhaps, say unto me, how shall we reach Men of the General Court, in order to Smite them, and obtain a Sentence against them? To which I answer, that Thee and I, *Friend* APP, have nothing to do with them, or inflicting on them Punishment; but our Business is with the Offence for which the Punishment is appointed. Now if thou grant me that they are Guilty, and that they deserve to be Smitten with the Hand, it is enough, forasmuch as the punishing thereof belongs to those to whom Justice belongs. Farewell! Thy Friend,

JEREMIAH DRY-BOOTS.

M. J., Feb. 4.—A Diving Office being to be erected in the City for recovering the numerous Losses sustained by Wrecks in the South Sea, all Sufferers applying themselves to the said Office in Lunatick Street, at the Sign of the South Sea Cull, may have a further View of this advantageous Project.

It appears that 500,000*l.* Stocks has been taken in without any Consideration, except secret Service; and, that the same was sold for 1,200,000*l.*, but all of it in borrow'd Names, to conceal the true Names of those who Shared the Booty.

The Directors of the South-Sea Directors.

A. J., Feb. 11.—Mr. Applebee, I have not been forward to write to you lately upon the popular Subject of *South-Sea*

Funds, and the general Calamity of the Nation, under the Abuses which have been practised on that Occasion. Not that I am insensible of the Injury we suffer by them; but I have acted thus from a natural Principle of Compassion to the Miseries of those Men, who, *whether by their own Faults or no,* have the Disaster to be in the Hands of publick Justice.

To prompt the Misfortunes of Men under the Weight of judicial Prosecution, has something in it too Cruel for me, and which, I think, not only shocking, as a Christian, a Member of the fallible Society, and Sensible of the Infirmities which human Nature subjects us all to. But, I think, likewise, 'tis affronting the publick Proceedings to meddle in such a Manner; 'tis as if the Legislature wanted spurring. Also 'tis officious, and haughtily suggesting they want our Assistance in the Prosecution; as if the *South-Sea* Directors were too great for the Publick Justice to cope with, till we had made them odious to the People, and made the Complaint popular; and I have known Publick Justice, in such Cases, resent Things of the like Nature.*

At the same Time, I may have an equal Share of just Resentments at all the Facts, and at all the Abuses which have been put upon us. But then those Resentments, shall be legal Resentments, they shall savour of no Party, they shall carry on no private Malice, they shall be Tools to no Man's Passions, or, *which is worse,* to their Revenge, for not Sharing in the Bribery; which, I am inform'd, is the Case in some Men's Agitations. These Partialities and Inhumanities I leave to the Writers of the *London Journal,* who, it is apparent, can freely stoop to such Things for Ends too base to mention.

Leaving therefore the Directors to Publick Justice, a weight heavy enough in itself, and which the more they are guilty of, the more unable they will be to support themselves under it; I say, leaving them where they ought to be left, allow me to take a little Notice, how just it is for us to suppose, that these Men are not guilty alone; nay, that perhaps they have not been Originals in this Guilt, and that we are to look beyond them a very great Way.

Think we, that these Men alone have been Sinners of all

* He alludes to his own experience. See Vol. I. pp. 211–2.—*Ed.*

the *Galileans?* Has all this Fraud been executed by the same Hands by whom it has been contriv'd? Flatter we not ourselves, these Directors have been directed, as I hinted to you once before; and now those Primary Agents, or Originals, begin to appear.

The search after Crime is never Compleat, till 'tis trac'd back to its Original. The *South-Sea* Directors may have been in their Sphere, and within the Orbit of their Motion, all that you please to say of them. But who gave them Motion in that Sphere? Who made the Circuit of their Operations so extensive? And from what corrupted Fountain have flowed all the Streams of Corruption, which we now find have spread their Contagion thus far?

If we go back, we shall find, that all these destructive ruinous Measures, began in the Struggle between the two rival Companies, or Bodies of Men, call'd the *South-Sea*, and the *Bank*, upon the Question to whom the Scheme propos'd should be granted. From this Epocha may be dated the Beginning of all the Bribery and Corruption that shall be discover'd in that grand Affair; and here perhaps it may appear, that we shall find Occasion to look much farther than we expected.

Again, in all the subsequent Mischiefs founded on the first Conspiracy,—for I can call it no less,—Have the Directors had no Partners in Profits, no Confederates? Let these Partners and Confederates be found out and detected; and, perhaps, we shall find that of the two, the Directors have been of the lesser Sort of Criminals, and will merit rather to be look'd upon as the Actors, than the Makers of the Play. The Scenes, the Actors, the Prompters, the Musick; these are but the Agents in the Representation of a Work; but the Poet, and the Proprietors of the House are the Layers of the Plot, that make and direct both the Play, and the acting of it.

As the Musician plays the Tune, which the Artist compos'd and prick'd down; and he that sings recites the Words which the Poet formed into Verse for a Song; the Musician may be but a common Fiddler and the other a Common Ballad-Singer; but the Artist and the Poet are the Men to whose Skill the Graces and Beauties of the Sound and Expression are owing.

The Directors have been the Fiddlers and the Ballad Singers, and we have danc'd to their Musick; but pray let us

enquire who made the Tune, and who composed the fine Song they have Sung to us, by which they have Syren-like drawn us into the inevitable Ship-wreck of our Fortunes and Estates.

Publick Justice is now at work upon prosecuting the Directors; but give me leave to say, that Prosecution, however useful, will be yet more satisfactory when it is traced from them to those principal Artists who laid the Plots, and composed the Tragedy that was acting. When these are brought to Light, the Administration will be then in a fair Way of being deliver'd from the secret Dangers attending it, and from the most *dangerous Corruptions*.

It will never be out of my Thoughts, that we can fail in a full Discovery of these Things, while the Parliament are the Enquirers. We have no more to do but to sit still and Expect; these Things begin to shew themselves already. When the Nation has once got a Scent of Treason, the Traytors are never long conceal'd.

Prepare we then our Minds to receive, in a little Time, more full Discoveries than are yet heard of, and to find that these Things have not been Originals in the narrow Bounds of the *South Sea House*; no, or of *Merchant Taylors' Hall*, or of *Exchange Alley*: But other Recesses of dark Managements may appear, where we may be shewed greater Abominations than these, and where Justice may lay her Iron Hands upon Men of a different Figure from those on whom our Eyes are now fix'd, and to whom perhaps these have been but as under Spur-Leathers, *to use a Whig Phrase of their own making*, and Tools to their Drudgery.

It is to the search after these, that the Nation now turn their Eyes, and perhaps may soon find Cause to call for Justice against them, with the same Energy, and with the like just Resentment, as they have yet done against any of the Directors.

Your Friend,

THE ENQUIRER.

A. J., Feb. 11.—Mr. Law is certainly at Venice; from whence, 'tis believ'd, he will go directly to Rome. We are assur'd from Holland, that he has drawn a very great Sum of Money out of the Bank at Amsterdam, which he had formerly deposited there, against a Time of Need; and that it has been

remitted to Venice to him, by Bills of Exchange. Some say it amounts to no less than twelve hundred thousand Crowns; and they tell us, he has still a considerable Sum left there.

On Tuesday last, at the Court of Common Pleas, came on a Notable Tryal between two Essex Gentlemen, viz. the Parson of a certain Parish near Ilford, and one of the Churchwardens of the same. The Parish, it seems, had furnish'd the Church with a new Bible and Common Prayer Book, and the Minister and Churchwarden fought about the old; this, they say, *was contending earnestly for the Faith;* but it happen'd to be a little unreasonable, being not only in the Church, but also on a Sunday, and a Sacrament Day. But what could the poor Gentleman do in that Case? Seeing it appear'd by the Evidence, who was the Clerk's Wife, no other being present, that the Churchwarden was the Agressor, and the Clergyman did but defend his Person and Property. Accordingly he brought his Action against the Assailant, and recover'd twenty Shillings Damage.

*Caution to Journalists.**

A. J., Feb. 18.—Sir, It is a Rule in our Accidence, and which in Latin begins with *Felix quem faciunt,* that they are happy who take warning by other Men's Disasters. I think this is a Time of Day when this Rule stands in Need of much Application; and there are many Occasions which tell us *who,* and *who,* and *who* ought to take Notice of it.

You publish, it seems, Dying Speeches, and from thence 'tis natural to preach to the Gentlemen of the PAD, that they BEWARE, or else, that they provide their last Speech and Confession, and send them to your House to be ready for the Press.

The *South Sea* Company have chosen new Directors; and the Conduct of their Predecessors, or rather the Consequences of that Conduct, stand as so many Warning Pieces, or Mementos, to bid them beware how they go on; and, as a Beacon upon a Sand, to bid them stand off, and live,—draw near, and dye; to Call to them to take care, lest they run a Ground, and are stranded, as others did before them.

A Brother Journal Man has fallen into the Pit lately; Humanity directs you not to insult him in his Disaster, but

* This appeared when Mist was apprehended for a seditious Article.—*Ed.*

the contrary to an extream; but Prudence gives a Hint *Guardez Vous, Monsieur,* take care of yourself, lest unwarily you fall into the like Snare.

Another bold Journal Scribe writes strongly for *Freedom of Speech,* by which may be understood, he would have a Freedom for the Press to speak what it would; the Truth is, by the Liberty he takes one would hardly think there was any Freedom deny'd, or which he could not venture upon: But I counsel you, wonderful Sir, to remember, that the Press and the Pit are alike open, and stand very near together. The Press is open, that is true; and the Prison is open, that is as true; *Guardez Vous,* Mr. App; write warily, write cautiously.

But you will say, What must a poor Printer do? Must he turn his Tale as the Weather-cock of State turns? And when the Wind blows a Whig Gale from Court, turn Whig; when it blows a High Church Gale, face about to the High Church; and in Times of the unsteady Gales, trim and look every Way, and no Way, all at once? What must he do?

No, no, Mr. App! be honest, and be wise; be steady to yourself; but Knock your Head against no Stone-Walls, lest the few Brains you may have go to wreck in the Storm, and the little Money you have follow after them.

It is the Wisdom of a Publick Writer to give no Offence to the Powers to which his Allegiance is due, or such whose Authority he is subject to; and yet no Man seems to be under the Necessity, either of Flattery or Falsehood, in any Reign, or under any Times whatever. If we look back upon all the Prosecutions and Tryals which have been against Printers, or Authors, in our Age, not in this Reign only, but also in the Reigns precedent; they have not been for the plainness of their Writing so much as the Passions, *that is to say,* the Follies of the Writers.

Plainness is a Virtue in Writing, and no Author that is honest ought to go from it: But Passion, in the very same Cause, may be the height of Folly; even a Satyr may be so couch'd in its Terms, as to give no legal Offence, and yet no Part of the Edge, or Point, be abated.

Let him that writes Satyr then take care to have it sharp, but not sour; mettled, but not raging; *full,* but not *foul.* How many a gallant Prince has borne the Edge of the Satyr,

for the Wit of it? But remember, that all the Wit of a Satyr perishes when the Manners decay.

But, after all, what have you Men of Scribble to do with the Times? Or why must you dip into the Passions and Parties which agitate the People? Leave off the Comment, and Keep to the Text *(Facts)*. When a Wretch, in Contempt of God and Government, hangs himself, and robs the King of a Subject, however worthless and useless, it is a Crime no doubt; But what have you to do with that? Your Business is to tell us the Story, and leave the World to the relish of it their own Way; *and the like*, of all other Cases. Suppose 'tis of Rebellion, Treason, South-Sea Thievery, or of any other sort of R——y; be the Story your Province; leave the Reflection to the Readers; lay your Finger on your Mouth, and when you talk of State Affairs, *'ware Pillory, 'ware Printer;* be wise and be wary; you may have Room enough to please your Friends, without displeasing those who have Power to Resent and to Punish.

What Business have Printers to espouse Parties at their own Expense? Make the Passions of private Men speak in Publick, and take a Liberty of Speech not supportable in itself, and which Men in Power, let them be of which Side they will, cannot bear?

If you are prepar'd for Martyrdom indeed, 'tis another Case; then you may come with Vox Populi, and Vox Dei, and Vox any Body; you Know the Way that has been trod before you. But, if you will act the prudent Part, cut no Throats but with a Feather,—shoot no poison'd Arrows. Let Wit and Waryness joyn in your Work; and so I end my Advice to you where I began it. *Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum.*

Your Friend,

SOLOMON WARYMAN.

The Pillory Proper for Offending Printers.

A. J., Feb. 25.—Sir, Having had some Occasion on the late Misfortune to talk much upon the Advancement which the Captains of the Printing-Press have lately met with in the Course of their Lucubrations; it seem'd to me, for some Time, to be a kind of Hardship upon such worthy Gentlemen, as some of you Printers appear to be, expos'd in the same Manner,

for a Trespass in Matters of Books, Papers, &c., as Knaves usually were for Perjury, Forgery, Subornation, &c., or as Bakers for cheating the Poor in the weight of their Bread; and I was making some Complaints of this Kind in a Coffee-House one Day, and thought my Arguments were unanswerably good. But I was surpriz'd when I found myself silenc'd by an elderly Gentleman, who, standing up, with a great deal of Gravity and good Manners also, said: That for some Time he had been of my Mind, and thought it was hard to inflict such a Punishment upon Printers and Authors, who dealt in Wit, and were Men of Invention, and, upon making a Slip, ought to have some Favour shewn them; as Felons who can read Latin, have the Benefit of the Clergy. But he said, that looking farther into the Thing, he had found Reason to change his Mind, and that now he found that to set Authors, Printers, & Publishers, &c. on the Pillory, was the most equal, just, and exactly retaliate Punishment that could be devised by them. And the Reason he gave for it was this; because, Sir, said he, it is in their Power, and often their Practice, to set all Mankind on the Pillory every Day; and what is it less, says he, than setting a Gentleman, or his Wife, or sometimes both, on the Pillory, when an Author of a Libel, or Weekly, or Daily Print, shall fall upon him or them, for any personal Miscarriage, or Misfortune, which, if conceal'd, might be recover'd, and might go no farther;—but which, by the Fire of a Satyrical Pen, regardless of the Reputation, or essential Good of the Family, is publish'd in such a Manner as makes it eternal and indelible? And all this, either to gratify some envious, or malicious Person, or for the mere Pleasure of a Tale, and of furnishing a Paragraph for their Paper.

This infamous Practice, says he, is of such a Nature, as no Words can sufficiently blacken; nor can any Punishment be too severe for it. But of all Punishments, that of the Pillory, says the Gentleman, seems to be the best proportion'd to the offence; and therefore, I think it, adds he, justly appointed for such People. He went on to say, that he did not, in this, offer to reflect on any particular Person, but gave an Answer to my Objection in the general.

I had little to say to the Argument, acknowledging that personal Reproach is one of the worst sort of Wares a Printer

can deal in; and therefore I thought it would be very proper to send my Cautions to you, not as it respects you more than another of your Profession, but to give you all a friendly hint not to fall on the private Characters of Men and Families,—not to sacrifice the Reputation of perhaps innocent Gentlemen to your Jest,—or, to the Benefit of a Paragraph. Leave such Things, Mr. Applebee, to the *Flying Post*, or to *Read, Pettis*, and other Journal-Men, whose Characters it has been, to be careless of the Reputation of Men, or Families.

While you make it a Point of Conscience not to fall upon your Neighbours, you may expect Favour for your own Mistakes, according to the Sentence, that *what Measure you mete to others, shall be measured to you again.* I have heard that the particular Gentleman that has been lately exalted in this Manner among your Fraternity, has for some Time made this his Rule, and has often refus'd to let his Paper be an Instrument of other People's Passion. So far he merits my Pity in his present Disaster; and I wish all Printers would follow his Example in that Part; but though he may be so far an Exception to my Rule, yet it would certainly appear that they would be rewarded one Way or other, with the Protection of Fate in the like Difficulty.

It is enough, that the Crime is punishable by Law. Libel and printed Advertisement is a Way of Punishment which we do not find in our Law; but if we did, let not us Printers make ourselves Judges and Jurymen, and Hangmen, all together,—and hear, condemn, and execute all at once,—*for such is printing;* nay, it goes farther, it condemns and executes without hearing, which is the worst sort of Proceeding in the World. Men are set in the Pillory by a Print, or a News-Paper, without so much as asking whether they are Guilty or not; or whether they have anything to plead why Judgment should not pass, or why that Judgment should not be executed, according to Law.

Printers are certainly Arbitrary to the last Degree in their thus Sentencing Men, for they suppose the Crime, and then determine the Sentence, be the Person Guilty or Innocent; and how many Times does the latter appear, when the best Satisfaction that can be had, is a Sly recanting it in the next? which, by the Way, is no Reparation at all.

I forbear entering farther into the Particulars of this Crime here, because I do not charge you with it, but just the contrary; having, as I find in your Papers, been always willing to do Justice to any Gentlemen you have, by Misinformation, injured, which I speak to your Praise. I recommend it to you, and to all honest Printers, to follow the same Rule; and may observe to you, that as I have heard, one of your Brotherhood has been used scurvily lately for not taking a due Care in such Cases, at least they report, that it has been for using some particular Men personally ill; that is to say, setting them in the Pillory in Print; and *Tutchin*, a known Author of the Whig Side, they say, was drubb'd to Death for setting some Sea Officers in the Pillory in his scandalous Paper, call'd, the *Observator*. I could give you other Examples; but I write this rather to recommend the Caution, which you have already used, than to suggest that you will use less.

Adieu, Your Servant,

TALIONIS.

A South Sea Story.

A. J., March 4.—Sir, Listen I desire you, and give your Assistance in ONE among the innumerable Disasters which, in private Life, have attended that fatal Delusion of Stock-Jobbing, which, some Months ago, so infatuated this Nation; and which held us so long under its Enchantment, as was sufficient to produce Millions of mischievous Things among our People.

There dwelt in the Town I live in, a young Lady of some tolerable Fortune, agreeably stor'd with Wit and Mirth, enough to recommend her to almost every Thing living, except the Wretch into whose Hands she is fallen; she was snapt up, as I may say, or hurry'd by her Fate into the Arms of a Country Beau, who set up for a Man of Wit, and boasted of an Estate.

The Estate he had was a little Money in the *South-Sea* Company, at the Beginning of its Rise, and amounted to about 1200*l.* Original Stock. It was a few Days before the first start of those Things, that this gay Fool possess'd the fair Lady, and on a sudden came down the News of the Rise of the Stock up to 300, 400, and the —— knows whither. No sooner was he Master of so much Wealth, but instead of congratulating the Success with her, who should have been

the Partner of his Joy, as well as she must certainly have been of his Sorrow, if it had turn'd that Way; I say, instead of this, he falls to reflecting upon his Marrying below himself, ruining his Fortune, and the like; insulting his Wife as beneath him, and unworthy of him; and abundance of Scandalous, opprobrious Usage he gave her, and at last left her, having never cohabited with her above a Week, or thereabouts. At length up to *London* he came; and there meeting with an unexpected Flux of good Fortune, and consequently some Friends to advise him, he fairly sold his *South Sea* Stock for about 11,000*l.*, and having gotten a Subscription for 2000*l.* in the first Subscription to the *South Sea*, he got rid of that again at 10,000*l.* Profit; so that he had clear at one Time above 20,000*l.* in ready Money in his Pocket. Then buying him a *South-Sea* Coach and Equipage in Town, he began to live like what he then understood of himself.

As to his Wife, he took not the least Notice of her; some of her Friends, nay, and to give them their due, some of his own too, took some Pains to Discourse with him about his Treatment of her; but all they could get of him, besides ill Language, and reproaching them with his Marrying below himself, as above, was this: That he had none of her Fortune, and desir'd none of it, or—to put it into his own Terms,—despis'd it.

Her Relations had the Prudence to take him at his Word, in that Particular; and procur'd him to consent to a Deed, by which he made over her Estate and Effects, which were not inconsiderable, into the Hands of Trustees for her Use, and empower'd them fully to dispose of it, as she should direct by Will, in Case of her Death; and so fully and firmly, as that he is really and effectually barr'd from reaching it, as much as can be desir'd, which indeed is the only Felicity the Lady has left.

It has happen'd that the Lady, tho' she had so little of her Husband's Company, is with Child. It seems he had told her, that he would do as the Earl of *Rochester's* Wit had done, of whom that Man of Spirit has the following Lines:

> "He thought it dull to Love above a Day,
> Made his ill-natur'd Jest, and went away."

Here, Sir, after all this barbarous Usage of his Wife, and

after all the Pride, haughty Carriage, and Flutter of this Country Beau and Wit, *as he esteem'd himself*, some of your *South Sea* Wits have, it seems, been too cunning for him,—have let him into the Grand Secret; and he has not only Bubbled away all he had got, but is worse than undone; for he has, it seems, run deep into Debt; the Coach and Horses are gone; they were, it seems, seiz'd upon by the Corn-Chandler, by Consent, to satisfy him for his Bill; and our Gentleman is oblig'd to have recourse to a shelter in the Mint, where he is reduc'd to the last Extremity.

Now, Sir, as he was unmeasurably Insolent in his fancy'd Prosperity, he is,—according to the Manner of such People,—in as great an extream of Abject meanness of Spirit in his Adversity; for now he writes such begging Letters, such low, and in such a subjected Stile to his Wife, as is hardly to be express'd; imploring her Assistance for his Support, and begging her Compassion on his miserable Condition, and the like.

Circumstances may indeed bring a mistaken Man to himself, and a Man of Reason will not scruple to act in such a Case, as one convinc'd that he was in the wrong; but he must have but a mean Share of Spirit that cannot behave like a Man in his Change of Fortune, but that debases himself to the most Scandalous Submissions undesir'd; nor do such base Cringings assist him, or recommend him to any Thing but Contempt.

The Lady, like a Woman of Sense, shows great Tenderness for his Condition, and generally relieves him, in Proportion to what she has; but to her just Praise, I tell you at the same Time, that she stands her Ground, as to either receiving his Person, or giving up to him the Government of her Fortune. And this is the Reason of sending the Story to you, as a Publication of her Prudence, for the Example of others; for it is hardly to be doubted, but there may be several Women in her Case, or in Cases like it, at such a Time of Family Calamity as this has been.

Your Friend and Servant,

THE TRUSTEE.

On Avarice.

A. J., March 11.—Sir, there has happen'd a strange Revolution in the Affairs of Life among the Citizens of this populous City, within these few Months, which gives us great cause of Speculation, and represents the State of human Felicity as a strange, precarious, odd, disagreeable Thing, at least in my Opinion; and, I think, 'tis well worth the Observation of your Readers.

It was but a few Months ago that those Men, whom we now treat with the utmost Contempt,—and have been at the Expense of some Study to resolve what Punishment is sufficient for them,—were the Idols of our Opinion, and the Objects of our Envy. It would require a long History to set down at large how they were caress'd, courted, and follow'd by Men infinitely superior to themselves, both in Character, and Fortune

How they rose, is as wonderful to me as how they fell; neither do all the Discoveries of their Conduct on every Side made since that, sufficiently account for it.

The best Original I can give of it, is founded in a just Reflection upon the invincible Power of Avarice upon the Minds of Men,—I mean Men of all Ranks, and of all Conditions,—which has hurry'd them on to Actions so unaccountably mean and dishonourable; so inconsistent with the ordinary Rules of Living, and inconsistent with the usual Power of the Passions and Affections, that 'tis not to be describ'd. And in this Observation you will find, that the Men of the greatest Estates were no more secur'd, under the Influence of this Vice,—from doing the vilest Actions to encrease their Wealth, and to advance their Fortunes,—than the most Indigent and most Necessitous.

Avarice knows no Bounds, has no Limitations to its Desires, no Laws to its voracious grasp after Wealth. Nothing so mean but it will stoop to, or so vile but it will commit; well did the Sacred Writ tell us that Covetousness is the Root of all Evil. How else could Men of Quality, and of Honour, Men of immense Fortunes and Wealth, Men of high Posts and Places, *if it be true, as we hear of such,* stoop to so mean a Thing as the Chicane and Cheat of Stock-Jobbing, or encrease their Wealth out of the Ruin of their Country?

I do not say it was excusable in any Body to do thus; but sure it must be much more inexcusable in such Men as we hear of daily, in Men who could have no Temptation from the narrowness of their Circumstances, from the Perplexity of their Affairs, from the largeness of their Families, and the Danger of being reduced to Want; Men that could Covet upon no Principle but that of Pride, and that Pride dilated and extended into Ambition, Envy and invincible Vanity; for all these are the Bastards of Pride.

What can be said in Favour of that Luxury, which is not content with the Equipage of a Lord; a Coach and Six, a Revenue, with Servants and Establishments in proportion; but that, to have two Coaches and Six, and two Sets of Servants, and two Revenues, &c. would Mortgage Faith and Honour, Character and Principles, and even run the Risk of losing the Estate they had, and starving their Posterity? Are these Men to be pity'd, or to be punish'd? Rather, ought not such to be the Contempt of Mankind, and their Names to be consign'd over to Posterity, with a Mark of Infamy, as the worst sort of Stewards for their own Families, and the worst sort of Traytors to their Country? I cannot give them a better Title; let those that scruple the Justice of it, dispute it with me, if they think fit.

I point at no particular Persons in this Observation; 'tis Time enough for that when we see who wears the Coat, and who it fits. But the very suggestion of the Thing is enough to give us some Horror, that there should be such People found among us; and yet at the same Time so universal has been the Crime, that 'tis very rare to find a Man, who has had the opportunity to be a Knave, and has omitted the Occasion.

What Havock has there been made *among Men of Principle?* I say, what Havock has been made of Conscience, of Religion, and of Honour? How little force has the Sense of Justice, Honesty, and a Judgment to come, had upon the Minds of Men, compar'd to the superior Impressions of Avarice and Pride, as above?

But that which is still worse, and which leaves a just Reproach upon the Character of our Times, and of our People, is this, That the Number of the Negatives here is so small: Where are the Men? and how few their Number? Who can

wash their hands in Innocence? I mean as to this particular Crime, if it has ever been in their Choice, to receive the Benefits and Advantages, I mean the Profits of it. I know there are some who are among those that exclaim loudest, who only happen to be Innocent, because they could not be Guilty; who had never been Exclaimers if they had not been excluded; who make a great Interest against the Fraud, which they had not Interest to get into. These are no otherwise Innocent, let their Pretences be what they will; than he who shot at a Man to murder him is Innocent, because he miss'd his Aim, or because his Piece did not go off.

But where is the Man, that having the Opportunity to come in to the Bite, refused it, upon a just Principle of Integrity, seeing it to be a Fraud? Or, who having an Opportunity to gain 20,000*l.*, and so of a larger Sum, declined it as a Cheat, declined it as a Crime, rejected it with the same Desires, as *Joseph* rejected the Snare of his Mistress, with the Reflection of, *How shall I do this great Evil!* &c. Such a Man would merit to be recorded among the few Heroes of Virtue and Religion, which this Age will have to boast of in the Days that are to come; and such a Man, if I could hear of him, I would recommend to you, to speak loud of for his Praise, and the Example of others. But I protest to you, to the Reproach of the Nation, that I know not the Man, no not one; nor have I heard of one in all my Enquiry. If you meet with any such, I should be glad to hear of it. Your Friend,

DIOGENES.

An Undertaker Rewarded.

A. J., Mar. 11.—About three weeks ago, it was reported that the late Duke of Buckingham was Dead, many Days before he was Ill, so that the Carrion Hunters went about very busily in Quest of their Prey. One of them came to a great Shopkeeper in Westminster, whom he knew had good Interest in his Grace's Family, and after the usual Prelude of Cringing and Bowing, Fawning and Flattering, desired him to help him to a Jobb, and being asked what Jobb, he answered to bury the Duke of Buckingham; for which Piece of Service he would be his very humble Servant, and would make him a present of a *Pair of Gloves*, &c. as is the usual Cant in such Cases. The

Shopkeeper, after a little Surprize, made answer, "Friend, I don't know what to say to that Matter, I much Question whether the Duke will consent to it, however you had best come in and speak to his Grace himself, who is now in my Back Shop." And so he really was, and that put an End to the Dialogue. Poor Crape thought it High Time to walk off, which he did a little faster than he usually doth at a Funeral Procession, and the Gentleman gave him a good Kick on the Posteriors to help him forward on his Way.

On Irreligion.

A. J., Mar. 18.—Sir,—I have sometimes written to you on the Subject of the Immoralities of the Age; and the Necessity of reforming, even our Reformers, justifys all I have been able to say on that Head, and much more which I have had in my Thoughts to say: But I desire you would bear with me, and bespeak your readers to bear with me, if I talk a little more seriously to you now, than is my ordinary Usage, upon the Irreligion of the Age.

If shows and boasts of particular Sanctity of Life, Purity of Principles, and high Profession, are to be call'd Religion,—

If a tenacious Adherence to Opinion, and a proud haughty Contempt of all that do not agree to that Opinion, is Religion,—

If broaching of new, or embracing old Doctrines, whether Orthodox or not, whether Scriptural or Anti-Scriptural, be Religion,—

If glossing up Novelties with the finery of Words, and raising a Party in the Church, by the Auxiliar Strength of confederate Heresies, be Religion,—

In a Word, if distinguishing Principles into Notions, and Doctrines into moot Points, if distinguishing God himself into a Deity and no Deity, our Blessed Saviour into a mere Man-Redeemer, and the Holy Spirit into a Non-Entity, not to be talk'd any more of; if these, I say, are Religion,—This is a pious Age, a religious World, and Men are advanced towards Heaven, at a Rate their Ancestors never heard of.

But do not all these dreadful Marks of a general Defection in Religion, hint to us that Heaven certainly will not long bear with this Generation? And while we make Laws to keep Quarantine, and regulate the coming in of Ships and Men

from foreign Countries, for fear of the Plague, can we doubt but the Majesty of Heaven, whose Person and Glory is insulted by us in such an unexampled Manner, will find Means to mock all our Cautions, and visit us with his Judgments, in spite of all we can do to keep them off?

It may be observ'd, how we have been all alarmed, and what a Consternation we were in upon the spreading of the Plague in foreign Countries: But I see no Alarm among us at the Plague of Atheism and Infidelity, of Deism and Arianism, which is not begun only, but spreads daily from Place to Place over our own Nation. This Men look at with little or no Concern.

The Blessed Son of God is daily robb'd of his Divinity by impious Men, who, with their pretended Philosophy, and the Sophisms of their Logick, would distinguish between God and the Son of God; as if the undivided Nature of an infinite Self-existent Being could be separated in the Classes of Superior and Inferior, and be understood by the ordinary Distinctions of the Schools.

Thus are we left Ignorant, and doubting of him in whom we have believ'd; and know not whether he who we pray to as our all-sufficient Redeemer, be a God or a Man. This horrid Invasion of our religious Constitution, and on the Honour and Majesty of God, is the more fatal at this Time, in that it goes Hand in Hand with Faction and Schism in the Church; and too many of our Clergy, who call themselves Low Church Men, but whom we much better distinguish by their adhering to no Church at all, and who have joyn'd in with the Church's worst Enemies in other Things, have also embraced these Errors; and not only so, but daily defend them and teach Men so to do.

Were the Heresies of Arius and Socinus only to be found among Schismaticks and Separatists, we should have had the less Cause to complain; and the Church of *England*, who already is the Bulwark of the Protestant Faith, would likewise have been strengthened, by the general Unanimity of all her Members, to have opposed effectually all the Novelties the Hereticks of any Stamp could have invaded her with. But when a Number of her own foster Children abandon her in such a shameful Manner, her Orthodox Members are not only

discouraged, their Hands weakened, and the whole Church endanger'd; but her Enemies are in proportion encouraged; for true Religion must suffer, when Deism, Atheism, Heresy, and Error, prevail, and when Infidelity and Immorality, which are the constant Attendants of the former, break in upon us.

It has been always evident, that when the Laws of God come to be openly contemn'd, and broken in upon by any People, especially in a National Manner; the contempt of Heaven is always attended with a Contempt of Virtue, Morality, and good Government in the Country. Thus we find, that as Atheism and Irreligion prevail, all manner of Immorality abounds; for a Libertinism in Principle is naturally followed with a Libertinism in Practice.

It is Religion alone, which is the Bond of Virtue in the World; the Awe of a Divine Power, and a Sense of the Majesty and Vengeance of Heaven, being alone able to restrain the Vices and Lusts of Men. It seems very natural then, that as a Sense of Religion dyes, the love of Virtue must also decay; and hence it is, that generally speaking, our Deists and Free-Thinkers are profane, and *Free-Actors* also; for,—erasing the Awe of God in their Hearts, they plead immediately, and of Course, for a Freedom in all Manner of Vice,—using the Pretence of Liberty for a Justification of Crime, as if the Liberty God gave to Man of being a free Agent, disengaged him entirely from all the restraint of Laws, whether Human or Divine.

Every good Christian, and every faithful Friend of Religion, and of the Church of *England*, will concern themselves in this Cause; and will, I am confident, thank you for this Letter. I therefore recommend to you, to encourage all your Friends to joyn in a Case so eminently useful, and declare openly against the Church's Enemies upon all Occasions; nor will it fail to give your Paper a just Reputation, and make it agreeable to all good Men. Your Friend,

ORTHODOX.

Another South Sea Story.

A. J., March 25.—Sir, I find many Cases are made publick since this Time of common Calamity; and many unhappy Families being ruin'd, some by one Disaster, some by another,

they give such vent to their Passions as Occasion directs them; and some send their Tale into the World by such publick Papers as yours. Now mine is very particular, and may be of use to them that read it; and for that, and some private and nameless Reasons, I send it you also, *as follows*:—

I marry'd a *South Sea* Wife, about a year and a half ago; that is to say, I marry'd a Wife, whose Fortune was considerable, and lay all in Original *South Sea* Stock.

We lived very unhappily from almost the first Day we came together. Whether the Fault was on my Side, or her Side, or on both Sides, I need not trouble you with that. Perhaps it was with us, as 'tis too often where two young Fools come hastily together; namely, that both wanted Discretion.

In a Word, my Wife mad, and I mad! my Wife wanted Wit, and I wanted Brains. I mean Family Wit and Brains, for else we are neither of us Idiots; but we wanted the needful Sense to retain our Tempers, and comply with one another. And thus we always snarl'd at one another, for Things not worth naming, and for want of great Provocations fell out for Trifles, as many others do every Day.

In a Word, we quarrel'd to that Degree, that we were every now and then turning back to back, resolving to go, one out at one Door, and t'other out at t'other Door, and to agree never to see one another again; which at last we did.

As for me, I told her plainly, I would give all her *South Sea* Stock into her Hands again to be rid of her; and as for her, she told me she would lose all she brought me, but mere Subsistence, if I would quit her, and promise never to see her again as long as I liv'd; and thus, in a Word, upon these Principles of wicked Generosity we parted. I transfer'd all her Estate, which was 3000*l.* Original Stock, back to Trustees for her Use; open'd the Door, and bid her begone, and indeed used her scurvily when she went, for when she made a Curtsy, and bad me decently good bye, I up with my Foot and gave her a kick on the back Side, and flung the Door after her, bidding her go to the Devil, &c., for which I was very sorry afterwards, for I never struck her before.

After all, I must own to you, she was not a bad Wife; she had no Blemish on her Reputation, nor any Vice in her Practice; only, in short, our Tempers did not suit, and we had no

Moderation about us to manage them, but both hot, rash, passionate, and, in a Word, outrageous.

Well! Fate, and the Course of Things, brought us to two differing Extreams of Fortune, and that in a very little Time. First, my Wife's Fortune being in *South Sea* Stock, grew prodigiously; and the lucky Toad, making the best of her Time, sold out at some of the highest Rates; so that she became rich, to the Tune of six or seven and twenty thousand Pounds; and her Trustees being grave and cunning Men, lodg'd it all in the *Bank*, and would not suffer her to venture losing it again.

I was as lucky as she; for I bought *South Sea* Stock, and other Bubble Stock, and got into the first Subscriptions early; and, in a Word, I grew very rich; nor could I forbear to insult my parted Spouse with it, and let her know, that tho' I heard how well she had sped, I did not want her Help, for I had far'd as well as she had; to which she gave me as ugly a Reply as Heart could wish. And thus we went on for awhile, saying all the spiteful Things to one another that our ugly Tempers could invent, as if it were a private Satisfaction to us to Quarrel, tho' we were parted. The only Good of which was, that it kept up some little Correspondence between us, of which you shall hear presently.

Now, Sir, to let you into the Scene at once, you must know, —That having, with an unjustify'd Avarice,—according to the Fate of the Times,—kept my Stock, in Expectation of getting more Money, till the Revolution of that Affair has done by me as it has by many others (*viz.*) quite ruin'd me, I have been by this Means brought to sad Distresses. I have been oblig'd to break; have got a Statute of Bankrupt against me; and though, upon my full Surrender, I am acquitted by my Creditors, yet I was by it so reduc'd, that I have nothing now to insult my Wife with, but what may be call'd mere Desperation and Revenge.

Upon this sad Turn of Fortune, and my being almost at the last Extremity, some of my Friends offer'd to perswade me to let my Wife know my Condition, and try if she might be brought to some Temper, and to do something for me. But the Sense of how basely I had used her at parting, shut the Door against all the Thoughts of it; especially when I reflected upon the Letters which had pass'd between us since, in which

I had, as I have said, insulted her with my Prosperity. But in the middle of all these Thoughts, a Messenger came to me from my Wife with the enclosed Letter:—

"Mr. ———, While you were in good Circumstances, and gratify'd your Passions in your frequent abusive Letters to me, I gave you such Returns as I thought you deserv'd. But being inform'd since of your Disasters, I nourish a Principle which forbids me to treat you any more upon the Square; and tells me, that Affliction is the Time for generous Thoughts to work in, and for Christians, as well as Relations, to forget Injuries. Wherefore I have intrusted the Bearer to enquire into your Affairs, as far as you think fit to let me know them, in order to give you some Assistance in your Extremity; and for the rest, I refer you to what he will farther say to you.

"Yours, &c."

The Messenger talk'd very freely with me, and I was far from being reserv'd to him; I let him know I was, what I really was, entirely reduc'd. He gave such an Account of my Wife's Affectionate Concern for me, that surpriz'd me; brought me a hundred Pounds from her; and, in a Word, such Offers, as I am ashamed to accept, but more ashamed to refuse; made no Offers of her returning to me, but, as it were, left me to desire it; but, as I find since, she is enclin'd to receive me as a Husband, if I offer'd it, with a full Right to all she has. Now I am so confounded and overcome with this generous and affectionate Treatment, that I know not how to act, or how to express myself; but have sent my Case to you, that you may let the World see, there are some generous spirited Women in the World; and to ask your Advice how a Woman that has behaved thus should be received, and how used for the future.

Your Humble Servant,

BANKRUPT.

On Screening South Sea Delinquents.

A. J., April 1.—Sir, The Liberty of speaking Truth has been a kind of Right, annex'd not by Custom and Right only, but by the Nature of the Thing, to the Privileges of English Men; and I hope we may claim our Share in that Liberty. We see Men every Day take the unlawful Liberty of speaking False-

hood, and that such pass with Impunity among us, unless it be now and then an unprofitable Lye, that pinches some Men of Fame and Power; and then we find them exerting that Power, to punish the Authors, Publishers, &c.

But as I resolve to say Nothing to you, nor perswade you to say any Thing to the World but what is Truth, I hope we may do this with Safety. If this Truth should pinch any Man who is able to resent it, and our Ears should be call'd Horns, I know not what we shall do then. But we must venture that.

First, I observe to you, that, in my Opinion 'tis speaking Truth to say, that he* that would SKREEN a Guilty Knave from Publick Justice, is as bad as the Guilty Knave who he would endeavour to SKREEN; and tho' he cannot be punish'd as the Guilty Knave may be, yet he shall always be look'd upon by me as a Confederate in the Knavery which he endeavours to prevent the Enquiry after.

Secondly, I observe that these *Skreen-Makers* are sometimes said to sell their *Skreens;* and it has lately been publish'd in Print, that there was a fine *Skreen* to be bought. This is certainly Truth, (*vide*) *Post-Boy*, *London Journal*, *cum aliis*. But whether this SKREEN was a SKREEN for SKREENING other Things that might want a SKREEN, this Deponent sayeth not.

Thirdly, It is Truth that a Man,† however Guilty, may happen to be CLEARED of any Accusation, and that legally too. But tho' he that is so clear'd gets off, it does not follow from thence that the Man is really, and *bona fide* Innocent of the Fact charg'd upon him. All judicial Enquiries after Crime are made in a Course of Evidence; and tho' a Person may be really Guilty, yet if Evidence be wanting, Justice requires that the Man be clear'd; for 'tis one Thing to ask me, Whether *I believe* a Man Guilty? And 'tis another Thing to ask, Whether I have Evidence of the Fact, so as *to prove him Guilty?* All this, I hope, is Truth.

I have nothing to do to ask here, by how many Voices in Judicature any Man is clear'd, whether by *three, or more*. If a Person is, by a real Majority, acquitted of a Charge, doubtless that Majority were of Opinion that there was not sufficient

* In the *Brit. Mus.* Copy a contemporary hand has written the word, "Walpole."

† *Ibid.* "Earl of Sunderland."

Proof of the Charge. But I shall not say, that 'tis necessary that every Man who acquits such a Man by his Vote, should believe him to be Innocent; tho' 'tis certainly necessary that he should have no legal Proof of his Guilt.

From hence it follows, that Clearing a Man of a Charge brought against him in a judicial Process, is not always clearing his Reputation; and we often see Examples of that kind before us, where the Scandal sticks close to the Man, tho' he be acquitted at the Bar; for we are not oblig'd to quit the Man's Reputation, in our Opinion, for want of Proof of the Fact, tho' we are oblig'd to quit him as to Punishment. How often have we had the Judges upon the Bench declare their just Suspicions of a Person's Wickedness, and yet at the Same Time pronounce him not Guilty, merely for want of sufficient Testimony.

As also the clearing a Man of this, or that Accusation, does not always proceed from the mere Want of Evidence of his Crime; but some Times from the real Discoveries of his Innocence in a legal Method. So no more are we to suppose a Man Innocent, merely for Want of legal Evidence.

He is very little beholding to Fame, whose just Character, whether his Crime be proved or not, will byas Men to hang him, because they reckon the general Tenor of his Life has savour'd of Guilt. But he is less still in Debt that Way whose Character, as to Innocence, will not pass in the World, even when he is openly acquitted of the Crimes he is charg'd with.

Upon the whole, as there are, doubtless, many Knaves in the World, who yet do not stand accus'd, I mean *South Sea* Knaves, whom the Publick Enquiries may not have reach'd; and are perhaps reserv'd by their Fate, and our Misfortune, for farther Mischief, before they can be brought to Justice; so I cannot but fear that some may slip thro' the Hands of Justice, who are as Tardy as their Neighbours, and this without Impeachment of the Enquirers. As to what our Opinion of their Honesty may be who thus Escape, be that to ourselves; no Man can be hang'd for THINKING. Your Servant,

NICETY.

M. J., April 1.—Advices from the Royal-Exchange inform us that the Minute Books in the great Coffee-Houses, of the

Routs of the Brokers are strangely altered of late; for instead of being gone to Pontack's, gone to Brawn's, gone to Caveach's; they now run, gone to the Chop-House, gone to the Gill-House, &c. These Advices add too, that the Jews, and late South Sea Directors, have left off boiling their Westphalia Hams in Champaign and Burgundy; *so unstable are human affairs!*

Justice Fishing in South Sea for Great Sharks.

A. J., April 8.—Sir,—It is a Maxim formed upon the Experience of many Ages, that Laws and Rules of Government are like Nets which catch the small Fish, but the greater break thro'. Cobwebs catch the little Flies, but the Wasps and the Hornets tear all before them, and go CLEAR.

That it is so in the Fisherman's Art is true, literally, as it is in Politics symbolically: But the Fisherman's Answer is, that for great Fish, who are too big for their Nets, they have other Methods; that they have Fisgigs, Harping Irons, Runners, Spears, Darts, and such like, with which they strike the *Dolphin*, the *Shark*, the *Porpus*, the *Grampus*, and the *Whale*: By these the dextrous Managers conquer the most powerful Sea Monsters they meet with, even such Creatures whose bulk is terrible to look on, and threatens to overset the very Ship itself, are conquer'd and reduc'd by small Shalloups, well mann'd, and furnish'd with proper Powers and Instruments for the Work.

It is observ'd that when these Men stick a *Whale*, or any other monstrous Creature, and fix the Harping Iron in him, immediately they vere out their Line,—let the Creature go, and give him all the whole Sea to fling and roll himself in,—as if he had got CLEAR of them, and escaped their Hands. But still the bearded Dart sticks close in his Flesh, he feels the Wound which stings and torments him; he is strook inwardly with mortal Terror, and dyes, or stains, the Ocean with his Blood; till at last, spent with the Violence of his own Rage, exhausted by the Loss of Blood and Spirits, the vigilant Harpooners begin to drawn in their Line, and he comes vanquish'd into their Hands, feeble and dying; and is guided by a Thread to the Stage appointed for his Destruction.

Great Offenders in the State, whose Power and Influence make them appear terrible and monstrous; who seem to defy

Legislatures, and Legislators; who, surrounded with Friends and Followers, Dependants upon them, and Sharers in the Spoils of their Country, look formidable to those that offer to attack them, tho' with the legal Instruments of the Government; even these, some Times, are struck by the wise and vigilant Guides of the Laws, in such a Manner, that the Guilt cleaves to them like a Wound in their Vitals, like a Dart stuck through their Liver, and they can never get it off.

They flounce and roll about in the Ocean of Civil Power, and make use of their publick Figure, and the formidable Weapons of Gifts, Friends, Preferments, &c. and by these make many a SKREEN* for them, but the faithful Patriots who pursue their Blow wisely, avoiding the Force of their Power; lye still, give them Room to play, till they find them gradually tir'd, with the fruitless Labour of escaping by their Bluster and Rage; and then the Guilt, like the Harpoon, or Harpoon-Iron, sticking fast in their Vital Part, (Conscience) they follow it Home, and renew the Wound, as the strength to get CLEAR of it declines; and thus, at last, the greatest Criminals are brought to Justice, and the meanest innocent Subject triumphs over them, with a Conquest that can never be retrieved.

Great Offenders in the State are Devourers, who sweep all before them, like a great Flood in Time of Harvest; and 'tis the Wisdom of a Legislature to make proportion'd Provision, that such Monsters should never be suffer'd to grow too great. They are a sort of Thieves, that dwelling within Doors, rob the House with the help of that very Power, and with those very Weapons which they are entrusted with for the Defence of it.

It is but a little while since a happy Law was made in *England*, that Servants robbing their Masters, should be punish'd as Felons; that is to say, were to be esteem'd Thieves, equally with those who attempted the House from without. And I remember a learned and upright Judge, summing up the Evidence on a Tryal in this kind of Offence, was pleased to explain very wisely the Justice of that Law; representing, that by how much that Family had the greater Con-

* On the margin of the *Brit. Mus.* Copy, in a contemporary hand, is written—"Walpole."

fidence in the Servant, and entrusted him within Side of the Bolts and Bars, which were furnished to defend them against Violence,—by which he had Opportunity not only to rob the House, and go out freely to make his Escape, but also to open the Doors and let in other Villains, assisting them to rob, and perhaps murder his Master;—by so much the more Criminal was the Offender, and so much the more just was the Severity of his Punishment; the Household being secure in his Fidelity, and sleeping quietly in Confidence of his being honest to them.

Exactly parallel to this is the Case of those great Officers of State, who being entrusted by a Government with the Administration of Affairs, and in whom the Sovereign, and perhaps the Subjects too, having a general Confidence, repose the Safety of themselves, and of all that belong to them, abuse the Confidence, and, under the Cloak of an unsuspected Fidelity to their King and Country, give themselves a loose in secret clandestine Treachery; enriching themselves with the Plunder of the Nation, which entrusts them with its Safety, and using that Power which is given them for the publick Good, as a *Skreen* to Corruption, and a Protection to their Emissaries and Confederates, in devouring those whom they are employed to preserve. Shall such Offenders go free? Shall such* be CLEARED by Niceties, and the Help of Numbers, from Publick National Vengeance? Are they not infinitely more Criminal than an open Traytor, who boldly takes Arms in the Field, declares his Treason, and offers to Maintain it by the Sword? This latter is a Traytor 'tis true; and, when subdued by just Power, is brought to the Stroke of Justice, as he deserves; but the secret Traytor, who, under the Favour of the Trust reposed in him, who is employ'd for the defence of the Government, and has the Weight of the publick Prosperity resting upon his Shoulders, in whose supposed Wisdom and Probity the whole Nation rested secure, but who, under the Cover of that Trust, with the Reputation of that Fidelity, swallows up, and devours the People who entrust him; he is a thousand Times the more Guilty of the Two, and deserves the more severe Punishment.

* In the *Brit. Mus.* Copy a contemporary hand on the margin ha written—"Sunderland."

Apply this, Sir, in such a Manner as Reason and Justice shall direct you.

I am, Sir, your faithful Monitor,

SEMPRONICUS.

A Plea for Unfortunate Ruined Debtors.

A. J., April 15.—Mr. Applebee, Publick Writers have great Opportunities to do Publick Good, if they are but blest with Publick Spirit; I shall put an Occasion into your Hands, which will recommend you to the World. If you think fit to make use of it, as you should do; for the Advantage of the Poor, and to recommend to our Legislature the Miseries of the Miserable, the Blessing of those that are ready to perish be upon you. On the other Hand, if you neglect to exercise this Charity to your Fellow Citizens, and refuse to publish it; may you come to want the like Charity, and all Men be Deaf to your Petition for it.

South-Sea has taken up all our Exclamations for some Time. The Villainy of the Scheme Managers, or the Imperfection of the Scheme itself, has been the Subject of just Exclamations. We have vented our Passions at the Knaves, and Reason good; Losers must be allow'd to do so; and Justice has laid her claws upon them, tho' some of them are like to slip out of the Hands of Justice too. But that is not my present Business; one yet more important, more crying, and more meriting immediate Reflection occurs.

Punishment is certainly due to the Harpyes and Thieves, the Sharpers and Bites, who have ruin'd thousands of Families; and we recommend it to the Legislature to go on with the good which they are about. But how comes it to pass that not one Word is yet spoken, or perhaps thought of, for the poor Sufferers? How many thousand ruin'd Gentlemen are now sent to Prisons, or the Rules of Prisons, to Retreats and Shelters,—which, by the Way, is a real Prison, tho' not a legal one,—and are added now to the Multitude of the miserables, who were languishing before?

Will not the Multitude yet move our Hearts? Will not the Disaster, being general, affect us? Will not the Calamitous Time we live in yet hint to us, to have some Compassion on the particular Calamities of those that fall under it?

Is this a Time for the Creditor to take his Neighbour by the Throat, and say, *Pay me what Thou owest me?* When Men but yesterday worth Hundreds of Thousands, want to Day to be forgiven their many Talents which they owe? O inexorable Britons! What are your Hearts made of, that can let Felons, Burglars, Thieves and Robbers, obtain the Favour of Transportation, when they have deserv'd the Gallows? And even then also, after a short Time of Bondage, have a Jubilee of Liberty for ever after, and have an Opportunity to retrieve their Disaster; but the unfortunate are allow'd no Transportation, but from the Gaol to the Grave! We give the unhappy Debtor no new Cast for his Fortunes! No Period of his Miseries, or Opportunity to retrieve his Disaster! Neither Help, or Hope remains for him!

Neither the Laws of God, or Practice of Men, in any other Nation in the World, can come up to this; where Debtors are bury'd alive for being Unfortunate! Condemn'd to Perpetual Imprisonment, not because they *will not*, but because they *cannot* pay! The Rigour of our Usage makes no Difference between the honest Debtor, ruin'd by unavoidable Casualty, and him that is ruin'd by Scandalous Luxury and Debauchery. Equal Punishment attends the Villain, and the Man undone by Villains; nor does the Law make any Difference between a Man Knavishly Insolvent, or a Man by Knaves made Insolvent.

The voracious Creditor seizes not only the Man's Effects, but the Man himself; not only devours the Goods for his Debt, but devours the Debtor. Our Escape-Warrant turns the Creditor into a Cannibal, and, (in a kind) to eat up his Debtor; and this, after having first eaten up his Wife and Children, and all he had. Neither is there any Termination, any End of his Misery; an Escape-Warrant makes a Prison resemble Hell; for there is no End of the Torment, nor any Redemption from the Place, except only the Article of Death. Dreadful Britons! What character must we bear in the Opinion of the more merciful Nations of the World? Are Debtors immur'd for Life in any Nation but this? Is there any Country where the merciless Creditor is made the inhuman Slayer of his Debtor; and that even the Government cannot rescue him out of the cruel Hand of his Neighbour, tho' a Subject like himself? What kind of a Constitution is this?

O Liberty! British Liberty! How art thou abused, and whither art thou extended? Is this the Nation that abhors Tyranny? Who are so Jealous of entrusting Power even with the Sovereign, lest it should be abused by the Lust of Tyranny? And yet deputes an uncontroul'd Power to every Creditor to tyrannize, even over the very Soul of the Debtor! That puts such an absolute Power into the Hand of one Subject over another, that even the Sovereign cannot controul?

If ever there was, or will be, a Time when merciful Councils shall take Place, and when Compassion for the Misery of our Fellow-Citizens shall touch us,—when Christianity shall warm our Thoughts, and Charity recommend itself to our Governors,—sure it must be now; when the Number of Miserable Objects are multiply'd, and when the People are ruin'd by an Inundation of Politick Villainy, by a common Calamity; which has swept away Families like an overflowing stream. One would think NOW 'tis a fit Time to open the Prison Doors, or it never will be so. To imprison an undone Gentleman, or a ruin'd Tradesman NOW; or to keep them confin'd that are already shut up, is it not like murdering those that are Sick of the Plague? The Distemper has been a Visitation; *South-Sea* has been a Judgment from Heaven; Shall we not pity them whom God has Smitten? Shall we add to the Weights that are already too heavy for them to bear? When shall Humanity prevail? When shall the Cries of the Prisoners be heard?

It is true, here have been Acts of Clemency pass'd for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors in the several Prisons of this Nation, and thousands have been deliver'd. But they have been only petty Debtors, poor People, who, generally speaking, were poor before. Unhappy Ignorance! Is our Charity extended to those that are in a measure miserable, and restrained from those that are more miserable? Are not our Prisons, and the Bounds of Prisons, full of Gentlemen, ten thousand Times more the Objects of Compassion than those?

Either those poor Debtors are deliver'd in Charity, and in Mercy to their miserable Circumstances, or they are not. *If they are not*, let us know what moves us to deliver them; and how are they Objects of our Commiseration? *If they are*, of what kind is the Mercy that relieves some, because they are

miserable, and rejects the others, only because they are tenfold more miserable?

I shall move you once more on this Subject; and hope you will bear with my telling a Story twice, that, I dare say, will bear twice reading.

I am, Sir, your Reader and Well-Wisher,

GYARIS.

The Same, Continued.

A. J., April 22.—Sir, it was not without Reason that I wrote to you some Time ago, that this was a Time to put a stop to the Cruelty of Creditors, and to bespeak Compassion to the miserable undone Families which fall under the Calamity of our sinking Stocks. Were it no more than the ordinary Disasters of Trade, and were the unfortunate People I speak of no other than such, as in the course of Business necessarily fall, I should say nothing, enough having been already spoken on that Head to no purpose.

But it seems now a National Misery, a Calamity without Example; the Fire of London was nothing to it; a seven Years Civil War was a Fool to it; a hundred Years foreign War would not equal it; and will ye add Misery to the Miserable? Shall the few Gainers tear the many Losers to pieces now, while the exorbitant Gainers are skreened from your Justice, by the Tricks and Arts of those who are, perhaps, as Guilty as themselves?

If the Men that have undone us are not punish'd, for God's Sake let us not punish them that are undone. The Weights on those are heavy enough already; and shall the People compleat their own Ruin, by being suffer'd to tear one another in pieces, to repair their Losses out of one another's Bowels, by suing and prosecuting the extravagant Contracts, which the Cheat of the Times drew them into?

After the bloodiest and most unnatural War, Acts of Oblivion are pass'd to reconcile the unhappy Sufferers, and all Trespasses and Depredations are forgot; that after the publick Losses are sustain'd, People may not begin a War of litigious Strife among themselves; but that Animosity may cease, and Men bear the common Disasters among themselves, quitting Scores on Account of such Demands as relate to the general

Confusion, and rather bear the Loss than continue the Grievance.

The *Scots* have a very good Expression in such a Case, when Enemies are to be reconcil'd by Reference and Arbitration. They must let by-gones be by-gone; that is to say, all Things past being forgotten on both Sides, they begin again upon the Square. This is our Case, or else I must say the Peace of this Nation will be as far from being restor'd as their Credit is; and that I fear is very remote.

It was for awhile said that the *South Sea* Directors had been our Ruin; for my Part, I think not. We now find that those Directors were directed; and our Calamity seems to lye, not that the Directors are to be punish'd whose Estates we see upon the Examination of it, amount but to a Trifle compar'd to our Losses. But the Directors of those Directors are the Men who have been the Plunderers, whose Estates are immense, and might go a great Way to heal our Breaches; if these are *Skreen'd* from just Prosecutions, by any Art or Party, the Door of Restitution is thereby closed up.

The Directors, animated by these Men, encouraged by their Example, and under their Protection have done so and so; and that so and so is magnify'd into a Clamour, which, at the upshot of the Matter, appears loud where it should be silent, and silent where it should be loud. And what satisfaction can the Publick receive by all that has been said, proportionable to the Loss sustain'd? It is the Wealth of the Mighty that must make up this mighty Breach, or nothing can do it. The stripping a few, whose Guilt is rather an Accident to, or a Consequence of, the others Knavery, will do little for us.

If then the great Sinners must be forgiven, I hope I may plead that the great Sufferers may be forborn; if the great Plunderers shall be SKREEN'D from Justice, it seems but meet that the poor Families who are plunder'd should be Skreen'd too from Prosecution. Shall we let go the original Ruiners of the People, and leave those that are ruin'd to be torn in pieces for the Consequences of that Ruin?

It may be objected, that if the Debtors do not pay, the Creditors must be ruin'd, and turn Debtors themselves; to which I answer, that then their Creditors must bear with them as they bore with others, and so on from one to

another. A general merciful Disposition one to another ought to run thro' the whole Kingdom; and this would bring the Calamity to lye the lighter upon the Nation, by being spread and extended into more Hands.

Let this be consider'd seriously, and it will appear to be the most effectual Method to make this dismal Blow sit light upon our Shoulders; and if this Way is not taken, I insist upon it, that this Nation will never thoroughly recover the Blow. I am, Sir, your Humble Servant,

MISERICORDIA.

M. J., April 22.—Some Days ago a Gentlewoman whose great Losses by the South Sea, are said to have distracted her, threw herself from the Top of her House, and instantly expired on the Pavement.

On the Sanctuaries for Poor Debtors.

A. J., April 29.—Sir, there has been a Letter published in the *London Journal,* which I take the Liberty to say is so inconsistent with the Thing that Author seems to write for, and so inconsistent with itself, that in pursuit of a Subject which I formerly wrote to you about (*viz.*) that of Compassion for the Miserable, I am oblig'd to take some Notice of it.

The Writer of that Letter complains of an Encroachment upon our Liberties, by the Protection offer'd to Insolvent Debtors by the Rules of Prisons, and the like. I suppose he means also by the Protection given Debtors by Persons, who the Law allows to protect their Servants, and who perhaps take the Liberty to own such Persons to be their Servants who they do protect.

I shall not enter into an Enquiry here how many Places, and what sort of Persons, are at this Time any Protection to Debtors. The generality of the Places are but four (*viz.*) the Rules of the King's-Bench, the Rules of the Fleet, the Verge of the Court, and the Inns of Court. The two latter of these are also no Protection at all, only that Persons attack'd, or arrested there, must be so attack'd and arrested, by Leave obtain'd of the Board of Green Cloth in the Verge of Court, and of the Benchers of the Inns of Court; and that then the Writs must be executed by the proper Officers.

So that the only Places where Debtors do effectually take

Sanctuary are the Rules of the Fleet, and of the King's Bench. The Harbour taken in these Places is so small, compar'd to the Number he pretends, which is forty thousand; and the Mortifications the poor Insolvents suffer in them are so great, that he must be a Man of unusual Cruelty in his Nature, and of an unexampl'd Rigor, that can make this a Subject of Complaint, and that at such a Time as this.

I repeat it; I say, at such a Time as this the Inhumanity of this Complaint is particularly remarkable. Did ever any Nation refuse People infected with the Plague, the Liberty of a Pest House, or Lazaretto? Did the Magistrates of *London* complain of breaking down the Walls of *Moorfields*, and of People's Trespass in carrying their Goods thither, to save them from the Flames, when the City was on Fire?

And is not the City on Fire now? Has not a devouring Flame consumed Families innumerable? Are there not more Gentlemen and Tradesmen, Widows and Orphans ruin'd and reduc'd now by this cursed Conflagration, kindled by Bubbles and Directors? I say, are there not more of them than all the Gaols in *England* are able to hold? And shall these have no Shelter?

If the exorbitant Demands for making good *South Sea* Contracts, and Bubble Bargains, shall go on, and the Buyers be everywhere call'd upon to perform; to take their Stock, and their Subscriptions, &c., what must the Sufferers do? And whither must they fly? If forty thousand are already protected, what must forty thousand more do? And whither must they fly? As for the Number, I believe I am a great deal under, and am sure, he is a great deal over in Calculation of Numbers.

Why how now, *London Journal?* What, turn'd about all of a sudden? Have you not all along exclaim'd against the Persons who brought these Calamities upon us? And are you now pleading for them on a sudden? Is not the Misery that at this Time lyes on so many Thousands, and threatens so many more, is it not, I say, brought upon us by this Calamity, by this abhorr'd Cheat? Are not the Contracts which the SELLERS would have confirm'd and ascertain'd, the very Bites of those Harpies you have been so long, and so worthily attacking in your Paper? And are you now for taking away

from the distress'd Buyers, who have been cheated, imposed upon, and are now to be ruin'd by the Sellers, all manner of Shelter, or Retreat, or Refuge, tho' upon the hardest and most mortifying Conditions?

It may be that some Bankrupt Tradesmen driven by Disasters, and some unfortunate Gentlemen, have been Shelterers some Time in those Places. And who can envy them the miserable Relief that such a Retreat has been to them; where they have just Liberty to languish out the Remains of Life in a little larger Prison than those lock'd up in the Fleet, and other Houses do? And if this is too much, why do you not take away the Occasion, by taking all they have, and let them go, which they would gladly submit to? And now here are a Multitude of a new Sort come, and coming into the same Condition, flying to the same Refuge, from the devouring Stock-Jobbers; and this Man would have them shut out on a Pretence of Liberty! The most barbarous Nation in the World, —Cannibals and Savages excepted,—allow Men that suffer Shipwreck on their Coast, to come on Shore, and save themselves from the Waves of the Sea. These are no other; they are Men cast away in the Storm that has overwhelm'd the Nation. O merciless Man! What art thou? A Christian, or a Cannibal? an English Man, or a Savage? Thou that art for throwing a poor Shipwreck'd Merchant into the Sea again, after he has lost his Ship and the Cargo, and is only got on Shore for his Life?

And how, pray, are the Shelterers in the Mint, and Rules, to be call'd Invaders of our Liberties? Is not the Law open to you? Have they any Protection there, but what at their own Hazard, they, like Men in Despair, give one another; and for which they are liable to other Severities, if prosecuted?

But let us look back upon Circumstances and Things. 'Tis wonderful to me, that, on this Occasion, the whole City of *London* is not made a Mint, or Place of Protection for Debtors and Insolvents. My meaning is this: The Calamity is so general, the Sufferers so many, and the Prosecutors upon Contracts and Refusals so Scandalous, that the whole Community of Dealers must go to Law with one another; and suing any Man would then be so Scandalous, that instead of going to Law, they would go together by the Ears every Day. The

Exchange and the Alley would be the Mint and the Fryers reviv'd; and no Sergeant would dare to arrest a Man in the Streets.

I have been told, that in the Time of the Plague, if any Man had been arrested in *London*, it would have been look'd upon as so villainous, so heinous a Thing, that the very Women would have torn the Officer to pieces, as a Murderer, if they could have come at him.

I must acknowledge, I am against all Tumults and Riot. But I think verily, that a little Time more will make the Sufferers so numerous, that they will be able to make any Street in the City a Mint, and a privilege Place; where, assisting one another upon all such Occasions, it may be as dangerous to arrest them, as it is now in the Mint.

Every one knows the Mint is no real Protection, any farther than it is a Prison; and if all Compassion to the Miserable is to be first remov'd, then all public Ways of making Men miserable should be also remov'd. But if by the present Circumstances of *South Sea* Contracts, and other Bubble Bargains, which have hitherto been in Suspense, but must be quickly ascertained and prosecuted; those Prosecutions should send forty thousand Families to shelter themselves, and take Refuge some where, or any where; how worse than a Savage or a Cannibal must that Man be that would take away the little Relief such can have in the Places we speak of? Where those who shall send them there deserve much more to be sent than they? I shall say more to this in my next.

I am, Sir, your Humble Servant,

GYARIS.

A. J., April 29.—The Creditors of Mr. Law having been very clamourous at Paris, and having demanded that his Estates, purchased by him in France, may be liquidated, or, as we think is better English, seiz'd upon, and sold for Payment, his Wife, whom Mr. Law left behind him here, has obtain'd leave to summon his said Creditors together, and Compound with them; and 'tis said, that she will offer about *6s. 6d.* in the Pound for the whole, which, 'tis believ'd, his Creditors will be glad to accept of.

Against Atheism and Infidelity.

A. J., May 6.—Sir,—You that have always entertain'd the Church of *England's* Friends chearfully, are therefore the most proper Man to apply to in Defence of the Church of *England's* Establishment. Had the Convocation been allowed to sit, that glorious Body of her distinguish'd Clergy, we should, no question, have had suitable Resolutions taken in aid of the just Authority of the Church's Establishment.

Our present Complaint is justly turn'd upon the horrid Growth of Atheism and Infidelity, which is lately so encreas'd up among us, as well from the Liberty given Mankind by the Connivance at immoral People, as by the tying up the Hands of those who would exert their lawful Authority in the Suppression of it.

Religion commands the Aid of all those that have the least Value for its Interest in the World, now to speak, or for ever to be silent; the Church of *England,* oppress'd by the Insolence of God's Enemies, and her own particular Enemies, stretches out her Arms, to all that are able to help her, for their Assistance. When wicked Men take Arms against Heaven, and rise up in Rebellion against their Saviour, 'tis Time for those who know their Duty, and the Obligations they are under to the Principles they profess, to take up Arms also in the just Defence of Religion.

It is true, God Almighty wants no Aid from Human Power; the Omnipotent is not weaken'd by these People, so that he cannot do his injur'd Name Justice upon the Offenders. He can make them, when he pleases, not only a Terror to the World, but a Terror to themselves also; and can cause them to be the Astonishment of Mankind.

But there is a Justice due to the Honour of the Divine Power, which is left to the Hand of Man to execute. Blasphemers and profane immoral Persons are to be punish'd by the Hand of Man, as Offenders against Heaven, as well as Offenders against Civil Government; and this, for Example to others.

Why is not Justice due in Vindication of the Honour of Religion, as well as in Vindication of the Honour of a Civil Constitution? We ought, without doubt, to enter our protest

against all the Invasions that Vice and such Scandalous Practices makes upon the Morals of the Nation. We ought likewise, with Detestation, to distinguish ourselves from those who make Religion their Jest, and the serious Points on which the Salvation of Mankind depends, the Subject of their Contempt and Ridicule.

Such are the Deists and Atheists of the present Age, and such, in a still higher Degree are those who have at last roused Government and the public Justice, to shew themselves provok'd at the greatest of Crimes: I mean the Crime of Blasphemy, Irreligion, and Profaneness, and at the Persons who espouse them.

These I esteem as capital Enemies, both to God and Man. I look upon it, that not only Government, and publick Persons entrusted with the Civil Authority, are engag'd against such; but every Baptiz'd Christian is a listed Soldier in the same Service, and ought to declare open War against them, till they are extirpated from human Society.

'Tis very strange, and something that I think cannot be accounted for, that Clubs and Societies of such Men as declare War against Heaven, and bully their Maker,—that defy Death, Futurity, and a State of eternal Punishment,—shall pass among us, and no popular Resentment be shewn against them.

Shall the Weavers raise Mobs and Tumults against the Wearing and Use of Callico? Shall the Rabble pump a Pick-Pocket, and harras a Kidnapper? And shall we sit still and bear with a blaspheming Wretch that insults the very Name and Nature of him that made the World?

It is no raising Sedition, or breaking the Peace, to take a Blaspheming Hell-Fire Club Man by the Throat, and Swinge him in the next Horse-Pond, or cool his Brains at the next Pump; no, tho' he were the Amanuensis to an Independent Whig, or an Agent to those scurrilous Complainers, who insult the King, under the Notion of obtaining Justice against the *South Sea* Directors.

Ill do such Men disguise themselves under the Mask of Popularity. Let but the World know that a Set of Hell-Fire Men are concern'd in any publick Paper, and sure no Christian would read such a Paper without Disdain and Abhorrence.

These Men have long studied to instil their Hellish Notions into the Minds of the People, propagating Hell's Kingdom by all the Arts imaginable. If *Cato*, or the *London Journal*, or the *Free-Thinker*, or the *Terræ-Filius*, would have honest Men regard what they say, let them endeavour to give the World Satisfaction that they are not concern'd with these sort of Creatures, who are just now carrying on the most horrid and impudent Rebellion against Heaven that ever was begun in the World, except the Grand Revolt of the Devil and his Angels.

I am, Sir, your Humble Servant, W. L.

[The King issued, on the 28th April, a Proclamation against these Clubs, that they might be punish'd for their Immoralities and Impieties, "before they increase and draw down the Vengeance of God upon this Nation."]

On the Hell-Fire Clubs.

A. J., May 13.—Sir,—I have made diligent Enquiry among all Parts of the Town, which I am acquainted with, to find, if possible, some one Member, or harden'd Defender of the Members of these impious Societies, so much talk'd of; and, to my particular Satisfaction, I must acknowledge I have not found, and cannot find one of them, or any Footsteps of one of them, or, at least, one that will dare to own any Thing of it; although my Diligence in the Search, has been, I assure you, very particular, and such as would be thought, if you knew it all, to be very sufficient.

From hence I have had a strong Inclination to question the Truth of the whole Story; and that indeed there is no such Thing, no Men so wicked, no Set of Men so audacious. I must confess, I should be very glad to say, I hope there is nothing more in it but Rumour and Clamour; tho', on the other Hand, I am very apt to take it the other Way, and to say with his Majesty's Declaration and Order, and hope, that there is no ground to believe it.

But when I was indulging that charitable Thought, it return'd, that tho' they may not merit that Vile Name particularly, yet there is a Set of Men who having openly deny'd the Son of God, robb'd him of his Divinity, and consequently of

his glorious and immortal Nature,—have levell'd him with themselves; and who, in like manner, have expos'd to ridicule the Notion of the Holy Spirit, and of his glorious Influence upon the Souls of Men. And, I say, what are these but a Hell-Fire Club, in whom all ideas of Gospel-Light are eradicated, and blotted out of the Mind; and who are harden'd to deny the Lord that bought them.

For my Part, when Men can impiously, and merely for a Flout, *as these Men do*, cast off all Reverence of the Deity, lay aside all sorts of Knowledge and Learning, and set themselves up to tell their Redeemer, that he is not the Person the World has taken him for; these Men seem to be ripen'd up by the Progress of their Crimes to become what we call Fire-Brands of Hell, or any Thing; and there never was, in my Opinion, a more direct and apposite Denomination for them, than that of a HELL-FIRE CLUB.

Tell me not of Civility, or of using such Men as these with ill Manners. There are indeed a sort of wild Creatures in the Fields and Woods, which being found by the Sportsmen, they give a certain Latitude to, which we call the Game Law. But there are another sort which are voracious and impudent, who, if you will not attack them, will attack you. To these we give no Law, but Knock their Brains out, wherever they may be found.

Such, in a Degree, are the People I am speaking of. Tell me no more, I say, of treating these Men like Gentlemen, who will not treat their Saviour like a God. They who can audaciously rank our Blessed Redeemer with Men, should themselves be rank'd with Beasts. If Jesus Christ must, by those Wretches, be call'd a meer Man, I am sure they do not merit the Title of Men, but should be used like Brutes, or like something a great deal worse; I mean Devils, human Devils, incarnate Devils; or, in modern English, HELL-FIRE MEN. The Title is very suitable to them; and very suitable to what they will certainly be, at last.

Let us search no farther then, if these are not the same, the individual Hell-Fire Club, which the King's Proclamation, or publick Order, has branded with the Title of Impious,—they are certainly the same Thing in reality; for what can be more Impious? What a greater Insult of Heaven than to deny the Son of God to be God, as if we could divide the Infinite, and

make Classes of Gods, contrary to the express Words of the Scripture; *The Lord thy God is one God;* or as if, because we are taught to distinguish the Persons in the Trinity, that therefore, as I wrote once before, we could solve the Doctrine of the Trinity by a System of Human Generation.

Make then no more Difficulty in the Search; here is your HELL-FIRE CLUB. All the Deists and Arians, and modern Socinians, which we find risen up among us, are Members of it; and you ought to go to the Bench of Justices and demand the Reward for the Information, as 'tis promis'd in their Advertisements, to encourage those that should detect them.

I am, Sir, your Servant,

ORTHODOX.

A. J.—We are assur'd from France, that the famous Mr. Law, having deposited the Mass of his Plunder with his Brother Mr. William Law, and it being all in his Custody, in the old Species of Gold,—which is contrary to the express Words of the Edict, enjoyning the old Species to be all brought into the Mint,—all that ill-gotten Wealth is seiz'd by the Government there, in the Keeping of the said Mr. William Law, who is himself carry'd to the Bastile. It is reported that the Seizure amounts to one Million two hundred and seventy thousand Louis d'Ors in Specie. And they add, that by this Surprize Mr. Law will be effectually ruin'd and reduc'd; that his Brother will not only be stript of it all, but will be condemn'd in a Fine of twenty thousand Livres besides; which, being in no condition to pay, he will have little to do but to prepare to pass to Heaven directly from the Bastile.

M. J., May 20.—On Sunday last (14th) a Tradesman in Whitechapel, who, by the Severity of the Times, was reduced to very great Straights in his Business, and was grown melancholy on the near approach of Poverty, hanged himself in his Shop; in which Posture he remained, as 'tis supposed, some Hours after his Death.

The Hell-Fire Clubs, Continued.

A. J., May 20.—Sir, I observe that for some days past we begin to slacken in our Opinion of the Reality of the Report concerning the Societies of Atheists and Blaspheming Persons,

of which the King, in his late Order to my Lord Chancellor, says in Express Words; There was Ground to believe the Information was true. I have found, for a good while past, that the Whigs and their Friends have been diligent in promoting such a Suspicion; and I hear likewise, that some of them give Reasons, which are founded upon Politick Interests, for the spreading of such a Report. I do confess I was somewhat surpriz'd to find you should publish any Thing of such a Kind as you did in your last Paper; by which I plainly perceive, that, notwithstanding all your Foresight, you are not Sharp sighted enough to see into the Hypocrisy of the Whigs; and how that, in this Attempt, they serve two Ends, and answer two very importuning Cases; the one of which is of so much Consequence to them; as for Instance:—

1. They thereby throw more Dirt in the Dark at their Rulers, whom they ought to reverence, at least, so far as not to slander them; and alledge Things against them which they can by no means prove.

2. They thereby shroud and skreen from Justice the Persons who are supposed to be Guilty, and who really are the Promoters of those abominable Societies.

The Principles on which either of these are done, are equally base and wicked; the first Part being raising Slanders upon those who are Innocent, and the other assisting to protect and SKREEN those who are Guilty. And it seems strange to honest Men, that you should fall in with this as in your last you apparently do; for you may be assur'd, that there are such Societies of Atheists in this wicked Town, and that several of the Members who belong to them are of no mean Figure. Nay, I am well inform'd, that one of them have for some three Months past met not far off of *Bloomsbury*, where most horrible Discourses have been heard to fall from their sulphurous Throats, set on Fire indeed of Hell; altho' they have discontinued their Assemblies for some Time, since the Noise has spread itself throughout the Town as it has done, and have avoided the Place, for fear of being mark'd and expos'd. Yet I have Reason to believe they are the same Men still; also that they maintain the Same most detestable Practices; and therefore we should not be slack in our Diligence to expose them, and to bring them to Justice, if they may be found.

But there is another Reason why a Sett of Men among us are willing to have the People believe that there are no such Clubs in being, and that there are none that are so wicked to own themselves to be Members of them; and this is, because they would SKREEN some of their Friends who they know to be deeply concern'd in the Villainy. It seems, that there are more, and other kinds of People, who stand in need of Skreens, than the Traders in *South Sea* Stock; for, if I have a right Account, many of those who Complain'd loudly, nay loudest of a Skreen in that Enquiry, have found great Occasion for a Skreen in a much worse Case. The Whigs have murmur'd much at the Endeavour of some great Statesmen to Skreen others from the Parliament's Justice. But if, as I am told by creditable Persons, their Friends are Members of such wicked Clubs as these, it is no wonder if they want Skreens equally with other men.

It is undeniable, that the greatest Number of the Deistical, Atheistical, and Heretical People of this Age are Whigs. Great Numbers of those who have written upon that infamous Subject, (*viz.*) of Arius's Heresy, and who oppose the Divinity of our Blessed Lord, are Sectaries and Dissenters, as if the Schism they had already made in the Church was not sufficient. These are such as *Emlin, Pierce,* and others, and those most eminent among the Church for being favourers of this Heresy are known to be Whigs; such as Mr. *Whiston,* Dr. *Clark, Harrington, Trenchard, Coward,* and many others. Now you need not wonder any more why some Whigs are so willing to sham this Enquiry, since it falls upon their own Party; and therefore to SKREEN them from the Charge of so black a Conspiracy against Heaven, they turn the Plot upon others, who have no Share in the Wickedness; and say, that there is no such Thing as any of these Societies, but that it is a Plot of some Men, and the like. It has been an old Practice we know, among those People, to father Plots of their own upon innocent Men, and they have been detected thereof full often. But this is so evident, so palpable a Cheat, that nothing can deserve to be more expos'd. The way to protect the Guilty is to prevent the Search; the way to prevent the Search is to make us believe there is no such Thing; and, that we Search for nothing, and consequently search in vain; and this, bring-

ing the People to be backward in their Enquiry, has also a double Design, which shews the double Wickedness of these People we call Whigs; for it not only tends to protect the Guilty, who, as above, are generally all Whigs, from the Shame and Punishment which would attend a Discovery; but it encourages and supports them in committing the same offence, and in carrying on the same horrible Societies with Impunity, having the Town fully perswaded that there was nothing in it. But let not your Whigs flatter themselves with this their Policy, for People see thro' it very plainly; and, if the Government go on a little farther, I make no doubt but we shall very quickly see them openly detected and expos'd; when we shall have a full and clear Evidence that, as I said above, they are all Whigs. Your Servant,

ANTIÆTHIOPS.

Plague at Thoulon.

A. J., May 20.—We have very dismal Accounts from France of the Ravages which the Plague makes in Provence, and particularly at the City of Thoulon. But they tell one Story which indeed strikes every Body with Horror that reads it; and this relates to the terrible Famine which rages in Thoulon, where the want of Bread, and indeed of all Provisions, is such, that the People are made desperate and distracted. 'Tis said that they have devoured entirely all the Corn, or Flesh, that was in the City, and have eaten the most loathsome and nauseous Things,—such as Dogs, Cats, Rats, Mice, Leather, Starch, Soap,—and, in a Word, that they are ready to Prey even upon one another. They add, that in Troops they break into the Houses which are shut up, and rob the richer Inhabitants of what they had laid up for their Provisions. But that which is most horrible of all is, that on the 9th, a Rabble of the People, Men, Women, and Children, to the number of 1700,—made desperate by their Diseases, and quite raging by their Hunger,—Sally'd out into the Fields by force, and wandering about to seek Food, came up to the Lines, which are guarded by several Regiments of regular Troops. They demanded Bread; the Soldiers told them they had none but the Ammunition-Bread, that was allow'd them for their daily Subsistence, but seeing their Distress, they threw them what they

had, which the poor Creatures devoured like ravenous Beasts. They then desir'd they might pass into the plain Country, to get Bread, that they might not be starved; when the Soldiers told them they could not let them do so, it being contrary to their Orders. But the poor desperate Wretches told them they must, and would go, for they could but dye; and accordingly attempted the Lines in sixteen or seventeen Places. At the same Time the Soldiers kept them back as long as they could with Blows, and with the Muzzles of their Pieces; but were at length obliged to fire at them, by which about 178 were killed, and, as they say, 137 wounded. Among the first were three and thirty Women and Children, and four and fifty among the latter; so that most of them were driven back into the City, where they must inevitably perish. They add, that notwithstanding this, several hundreds of them got over the Lines, and spread themselves every way over the Fields; but 'tis thought that most of those that are got over will fall into the Soldiers' Hands, and be killed in cold Blood, or will be starv'd in the Mountains. The same Letters say, that the Government, having had an Account of this dreadful Story, has order'd that the Guards shall be doubled in the said Lines, but that a sufficient Quantity of Corn and Cattle, and Salt should be furnish'd by the Intendants of Dauphine, and be deliver'd weekly to the Officers commanding in the Lines, to be deliver'd by them to the Magistrates of Thoulon, for the supply of the City; and, that the City shall be liable to be tax'd for the Value of the said Provisions, after they are restor'd to their former State of Health. The Numbers that Dye every Day in the City, are Diversly reported; some say about two hundred,—others, that there die above three hundred a Day, but that as many perish for Want of Food,—that is, are starved to Death,—as dye of the Plague; so that the Misery of that Place is not to be express'd, and is infinitely worse than it was at Marseilles.

Against Slander and Reproach.

A. J., May 27.—Sir, Affairs, both abroad and at home, seem tending towards a Crisis; the *South Sea* Stock run down to an Extremity, leaves some People, who have their wishes by it, triumphing over Thousands of ruin'd Families; the Calamities

of their Country are encreas'd,—and there is too much room to doubt, if Heaven, and the Prudence of the Government, do not prevent, they will see the troubled Waters in which they desire to be fishing.

To this purpose, they rage at those they have in their Power, and raise Calumny, and cast Dirt at those whom they have not in their Power; resolv'd if they cannot wound the Persons and Estates of those they Aim at, they will wound their Reputation, brand them with Marks of Infamy, and endeavour to make use of the Villainies of others,—which have been detected in a judicial Process, and for which the Sentence of the Law has already determin'd the Authors,—to be infamous.

Is this a just, a Christian, a fair Way of Acting? Or is this espousing Villains, and making use of the Hand of Assassinators to execute their wicked Designs, which, by a legal Prosecution, they could not do?

A Slanderer is an Assassinator and a Murtherer; and, in all the just Construction of Things, can be no otherwise. Degenerate Race! Is this the Work of Gentlemen? Dare Englishmen, or Britons, who boast the Honour done them by a British and Christian Monarch of ranking them high, and placing them among those who ought to be esteem'd *Clarissimi Viri;* I say, dare Men, who call themselves Men of Honour, stoop to the mean Class of the Devil's worse Engines, and raise Reproach against other Men, from the Mouth of Perjury and Subornation? Horrid Impiety! Will this better a Cause? Will this win them the Stile of Patriots and Vindicators of the Honour and Rights of their Country? Do Men think, by this scandalous Method, to better their Cause, or to gain Proselytes? Or will this rather provoke honest Men to abhor and detest them?

Again, to say a Man has been accused of a gross Crime, is this a Reproach? Especially where the Accusation has been search'd to the bottom, and found infamous, found to be built upon Treachery, Malice, and Perjury? If this be a Reproach, then 'tis a Sin to be accus'd of Sin, and *Susannah* was guilty because the two Elders Swore falsely against her; then 'tis a Sin, and we must be damn'd, when the Devil tempts, tho' we are innocent, and do not comply, which is not true; nay, ac-

cording to the Notion of a Slanderer, 'tis a Sin to be charg'd, though neither we comply, nor the Devil tempts.

What Rage is this that burns among us, that we are bent to destroy one another, *per Fas aut Nefas!* That if legal Process, if Numbers of Voices, if clear Evidence will not ruin the Person we push at, we will have him down, though it be by poisonous Arrows shot in the Dark; by suggested Crimes, and far-fetched accumulated Guilt, Hell and false Witness concurring.

Are not the scandalous Parents of this Slander under the Severity of a just Sentence; just, though severe, to Nature; mild indeed compar'd to the Crime, and such for which the Criminal in other Countries would have suffer'd Death, without Mercy? 'Tis scandalous and ignominious to bring that Charge by way of Scandal, which would not lye by way of Information; to load a Man's Character with that Guilt which cannot be proved, and suppose him to be Criminal, because they would have him to be hated.

I refer these Men to the Answer of the Prince of *Orange* to the Proscription of *Philip II.* King of *Spain*, who put a Reward of Sixty thousand Crowns on the Prince's Head; or, as the Prince alledges, hir'd all the Murderers of Europe to assassinate and destroy him, and yet without any Crime fairly prov'd upon him. This he calls infamous, unchristian, dishonourable, and below the Dignity of human Nature, much less below the Character of a Prince; and, in Conclusion, bids him Defiance, as a Murderer and an Assassinator.

To attempt the Honour of any Man, and not be able to prove the Crime, is also infamous in the Degree, since, in all Ages, Men of Honour have esteem'd their Reputation dearer to them than Life; therefore, when they have, upon any Occasion, compar'd Slander and Assassination together, the former has been esteem'd the worst sort of Murder; and indeed to deserve the worst sort of Punishment. Among the ancient Goths in *Spain*, we read, that a Murderer was usually put to Death by the ordinary Method of executing Malefactors; but a Slanderer, if the Crime suggested Death to be the punishment of it, was not only put to Death, but had his Tongue first cut out, by which he had committed the Slander; or, as it was then understood, the extraordinary Murder.

Brand then, as it deserves, with a Mark of Infamy, that curs'd and abhorr'd Practice of suggesting Crimes upon any Men, to blacken their Names, and make them odious to the World, whether Guilty or not. It may indeed serve a vile Purpose; and 'tis very seldom that such a Thing is done but with a vile Design. But it can never be justify'd by any Purpose or Design whatever. On the contrary, it is the utmost Scandal upon such Design, namely, to say it cannot be brought to pass but by Murder and Assassination.

If a righteous Cause ought not to be carry'd on by unrighteous Means, and we must not do Evil that Good may come; what must be thought of that Cause that must be carry'd on, or of those Men who carry it on, by such unrighteous Means as that of suggesting Crimes which they cannot prove.

I have nothing to say to the Persons who usher these Things into the World; let them answer it to their own Principles, if they have Principles. But those who form such railing Accusations which cannot be made out, certainly put themselves into the Devil's Station, who is the false Accuser of Mankind; and is so because he is a Murderer from the Beginning. I enter not here into the Merits of any Case; I have nothing to do with any of the Persons thus barbarously used. But I recommend it by you to the Consideration of all honest Men, if these Practices pass without just Censure, whether the Reputation, the Life, or the Honour of any Man can be safe.

Your Servant, T. B.

A South Sea Marriage.

A. J., May 27.—We have been often told how a great many intended Matches have been lately broken off by the sudden and unexpected Fall of Fortunes in Exchange-Alley. But the following Story is an Instance of one that was brought on by that very Means. A certain young Gentleman near Covent Garden, had no sooner got above 40,000*l.* by the *South Sea* Traffic, but he forgot a beautiful and virtuous Lady, that he was upon the Point of being marry'd to. However, according to the uncertain rotation of human Affairs, this same Gentleman, half a year after, was stript of all, having lost not only his acquir'd, but his original Fortune. He thereupon put on

a bold Face, for he had no other Game to play, and came to his *quondam* Mistress, and told her his Case; and, in short, that he was so reduc'd as to want five or six Guineas; to which she reply'd, *I am glad of that with all my Heart. Are you so, Madam?* Said he again, suspecting her Constancy, as one that had been himself inconstant might very well do. *Why so! Because,* says she, *I can give you five or six thousand;* and so she did, and herself into the Bargain.

Quaker Letter.

A. J., June 3.—I have long thought to write unto thee, *Friend Applebee,* divers Things; some whereof, I assure thee, are concerning the most weighty Matters, and for the good of the Land of our Nativity. For I find thou art a Writer of Publick Things, and dealest much in Disputations upon the Affairs of Men; and it is meet that these Things should be spoken of on the House top, not in Secret. Therefore I must acquaint thee, that as these Matters have much troubl'd my Spirit for some Time past, so I am moved to commune with thee thereupon. For verily, JOHN APPLEBEE, Things do not go well in the Land, and there is Folly and Madness among us.

And first, there are great Abominations in the Land occasion'd by prophane Men, who abhor the ways of Wisdom,—and denying the Light of Religion,—wou'd even quench the Light of Reason, and the Light of Nature; saying, that there is no Heaven, no Hell, no God, no Devil. I do not tell thee, they *say it in their Hearts,* for verily their Hearts speak to them another Language, and they speak what they know is not the Truth. Now I meet with many among thy People who complain loudly of these wicked Men, and who tell us, that they ought to be punished by the Judge; but notwithstanding thereof, we see towards the End of their Enquiries that they seem willing to smother up those Things with the Dust of the Times, as if they were unwilling, that the Wickedness of the Wicked should be revealed; and by this Means, I find that they have perswaded Men to believe, that the Reports of these Things are not true, deceiving thereby the People of the Land, and verily they are a Shelter unto Evil doers. But be not thou deceived, neither let those who read thy writings be deceived by thee, for assure thy Self that these Things are true,

and the Ways of evil Men are not hid, neither can they be concealed, for Wickedness, and an Abomination is gone out among us.

Likewise I tell thee, that if thou art silent in this Matter, thou wilt be guilty of a great Offence; for be it known to thee, that if thou reveal it not to the People, that wicked Men Blaspheme the Lord, thou shalt be esteem'd also as Guilty as they, for that thou consentest thereunto, or dost not put forth thy Hand to prevent the same.

And be it so, that there is not yet discover'd to thy Knowledge any of those Societies of Men, who boast of their Wickedness, and who take upon them diabolical Titles, such as that *of Hell-Fire*, and the like. Yet believe it, O Man of many Letters! that their Practices are not the less wicked, and especially in that they profess themselves Enemies of all those essential Parts of Heavenly Knowledge, which are call'd by wise Men reveal'd Religion. I mean such Knowledge as is wrought by the Spirit within us, of which Spirit perhaps thou wilt not be angry that they make their prophane Mirth pass among the People, but thou wilt, I hope, be wiser hereafter. These Men likewise deny the Being of him that made them, and trample under foot all the Principles, which make Men wiser than themselves; by which Principles the Knowledge of eternal Things is convey'd to the Mind. This is certain, these are the Sons of Hell, and whether they are formed into Societies by the Names which are spoken of or not, is not the Evil the same? And oughtest thou not to call upon thy Masters to shew their Wrath against 'em? I tell thee Man, they in whose Hands the Power of Punishing these Things is placed, are deservedly blamed for neglecting that Work, which Justice requires at their Hands. It is their duty to make strict Inquiry after these Sons of Belial, and to correct them with Rods, yea, with a Rod of Iron. But it is thy Duty, and every one's Duty who is empower'd to speak publickly in the Ears of the People; I say, it is thy Duty to tell the Rulers of the People who these Men are, and where they are to be found; that Justice may forthwith be Executed upon them, and Wrath may not go out against all the People.

Verily our Lord the King hath said unto us, that he requireth us earnestly to search for this Wickedness; that it

hide not itself, but may be brought to the Light; and that the Laws of the Land which are likewise therein allow'd to be the Laws of the Lord, may be put in Execution against them. Wherefore do we not Obey the Voice of the Lord? For while Wickedness prevails, Righteousness cannot be Establish'd, and while Righteousness is pull'd down, verily the Land shall not Flourish.

This I say unto thee, Friend *John*, that thou shouldst warn the People, and let them not deceive themselves, saying the Hell-Fire Clubs are not among us; for verily they are among us; yea, I say unto thee they are in the midst of us, altho' they may not be known by that Name. Are not our Ears daily offended with the sound of Blasphemous Words, and Oaths against the God of Heaven? And is not the common Society of Men, mingl'd with horrid Execrations, Curses, and Imprecations of Hell-Fire upon themselves, and upon the very Blood in their Veins? Are not these Men inflam'd with Hell-Fire, who call upon their Maker, to bring it upon them every Hour? And why is not this Iniquity punish'd by the Judge? Verily we shall be all One Hell-Fire Club, if we do not lift up our Hands to root out these Blasphemers, and Swearers, and Cursers from among us!

Now albeit, I do call the ordinary Wickedness of Men's Swearing, and calling on God to Damn them, a Blaspheming, which doubtless it is; yet we have also among us greater Abominations than these. And herein I move thee again, to call upon the Rulers of the People, to listen to the Voice of God, and the King; and to draw the Sword of Justice against those who impiously deny the God that made them, and the Lord that bought them. Verily such Wretches merit a new Law to be made for their more equal and righteous Judgment, and such Men who reject and insult God, ought not to be permitted to Live, at least not to live among us; that the Land may be purg'd from God's Enemies, and the People may be made as the Congregation of the Lord, Holy unto himself.

Call then upon those Men whose Zeal will stir them up for this Work, that they apply to those in whose Hands is the Right and the Power to make Laws, and to implore them to remove these wicked Men from us. If every Atheist, and every Blasphemer, every incorrigible Damner of himself, were

Banished and Transported out of the Land, at least for the second or third Offence, we shou'd hope for a reform'd People to dwell in the Land.

And why should not such be Transported from among us, who are many Ways unfit for a Christian, nay, for human Society? And why should not such Men as these be judg'd to be unfit for Society, and unfit to live among Men; as well as petty Thieves, Shop-lifters, Pickers of Pockets, and the like?

I have seen much Wrath gone out among us, against certain old Women, which they call'd Directors,—many hard Sayings have been spoken against them,—and some have in words even condemn'd them to the Death; much of which might have been spar'd, having as yet done but little good among us, of which I shall speak unto thee hereafter. But these Sons of *Belial*, who I call Blasphemers, are an Offence to me, and I am call'd upon to bear my Testimony against them. Wherefore I desire thee to publish to the World that it is Time to bring this Iniquity into Judgment; and to root out Atheism, Heresy, and the open impious Affronts, which are daily put upon the Majesty of the King of Heaven, from the Face of the Earth; and if it is not, I fear that the King of Heaven, whose Honour is thus Injur'd, and whose Power is thus Despis'd, and Denied by those wicked Men, may take the Work out of our Hands, and do himself Justice by another way. Let this be publick, Friend *Applebee*, and then thou wilt have done thy Duty, and I also. Thy Friend,

AMINADAB.

A. J., June 3.—The Miseries occasion'd by the South Sea Scheme, appear every Day more and more. Many that a little while ago maintain'd their Families very handsomely, purely upon the Interest paid by the Government for their Money; since the fatal Subscriptions, in Broad Street, are brought into a starving Condition. It was but cold Comfort, when one of these Gentlemen said to the other, "*Come, come my Friend, Money is but Dirt, mere Dirt!*" "*Aye, aye,*" *said t'other,* "*and it is such Dirt as you and I have wash'd our Hands of very clean at present.*"

On Evil Speaking. Duty of a Journalist.

A. J., June 10.—Sir, I have frequently sent Letters to you, some of which you have publish'd in your Journal; and I hope they were all calculated, as I desire this should be, for the Instruction of your Readers, and to give Offence to no Body. It was always my Opinion that it was not the Business of a Writer of public Things to distinguish himself warmly in the Party Disputes that are among us, either on one Side or other; and especially not to fall upon Superiors. Our Church teaches us to adhere strictly to the Apostolick Rule, and not to speak evil of Dignities. Making Reflections upon our Governors and Government, whether oblique or direct, is, in my Opinion, the worst way of speaking Evil; and tho' the Practice of judging by Inuendos has, in some cases, been formerly carry'd too far, where the Meaning is so gross as to convey its own Explanation in itself, we cannot expect but Authority will both resent and punish. Let us leave those that do thus to God's Mercy, and the King's Clemency, and only be wise enough to avoid the Evil, then we may hope to avoid the Censure. *Curse not the King, no not in thy Thought; and curse not the Rich in thy Bed-chamber* (says the wise Man), *for the Birds of the Air shall carry the Voice, and that which hath Wings shall tell the Matter.* Ecc. 10, 20.

The Business of a Journal, according to true Acceptation of it, and as it ought to be understood, is to collect daily the best Intelligences of publick Affairs; and they gain the Title of Weekly,—which otherwise would be Nonsense,—by exhibiting the Gross of their daily Collections in one general Paper to come out every Week. How you weekly Collectors came to be weekly Declamators, or rather Exclamators, that you must Account for your own way. I think indeed it became an Accident to that Work by the Example of former wicked Papers; such as *Observators, Reviews, Rehearsals, Flying-Posts,* and other Libels, to whom the last Age owes much of their ill Nature, and this Age the evil Precedent of insulting one another.

Having thus enter'd a Protest, in your Behalf, against all unbecoming Reflections, let me tell you, in the next Place, that the Field is large enough without it. The Publick Credit,

the Commerce, the State of our Morals, the Decrease of Virtue, the Increase of Crime, the Assaults made by mad Men upon Religion, the Growth of Atheism, the ill Habits, the ill Manners, and the ill Customs of the Age, afford you room enough to shew all the Wit, the Humour, the Rage, and the Satyr, that you can be Master of, or at least that you ought to exert in this Introductory Part of your Work.

How bright may you be, *that is to say*, if it is in you! for otherwise *ex nihil nihilo fit;* I say, how bright may you be, upon the Dulness and Stupidity of the Age in the late Affairs of Stocks and the Alley! Much has been said of it, as to the Knavery and Vileness of the Fraud put upon the World by those in whose Hands the Power of Cheating us has been plac'd, but little or nothing has been said of the Folly and Stupidity of us that have been cheated; how we could be made capable to entertain such Notions, and to yield up our Senses to the Belief of all the great Things we had put upon us, and the yet greater Things that we expected.

One would think a general Infatuation had overspread the Nation, that our Reason was bewilder'd, our ordinary Understanding sunk several Degrees below the usual Rate of thinking and judging; and that it was a Critical Juncture in which the Nation seem'd fated to be imposed upon.

What Room is here to Panegyrick, upon the Temper, the Calmness, and the Clemency of the Parliament, who, after all that has been said of, acknowledg'd by, and prov'd against the late Directors, have thought fit,—in regard as well to Mercy as to Justice,—to leave the said Directors a sufficient Competency to keep them from Misery and Distress; and yet not sufficient to qualify them for carrying it any farther, or to bubble the Nation again; and this at the same Time when common Fame had doom'd them to the Axe and the Halter, and had declar'd them to be Persons not fit to be suffer'd in the common Wealth, and was dictating Laws *post factum* for their Punishment.

I could cut you out Work for a whole Year to divert (as well as to inform) the World in your weekly Introduction, without ever falling foul upon your Superiors, or provoking them to fall foul upon you; and you will be inexcusable if you give any Offence, for your Business is to make us laugh, but

not to make any Body cry. In short, just Comments upon your own News, would, if rightly employ'd, find you Employment enough. (*For Example*:) An old Woman lately threw herself out of a Window, and out of the World, both together. There you might have employ'd yourself a Week or two upon the wonderful Effect which Love has upon the Fancy, after the Age of five and fifty, and have treated Philosophically of the Witchcraft of ancient Youth. How the Acrimony of the Blood flies up into the Head after certain Numbers of Years; and how that which makes a young Woman merry makes an old Woman mad.

A young Fellow that had used the Road some Time, chanc'd to have a good Estate fall to him; so that, like other Tradesmen when they grow rich, he left off. But meeting an accidental Booty on the Road, could not bauk the Craft he was bred to,—*Cat will to kind*,—he made an Excursion, was snapp'd by Surprize, and has taken Lodgings in Newgate. There! what happy Conclusions you may raise of the Power of a good Footpad Education, and how naturally every Man follows his Calling.

I might lead you to many extraordinary Improvements, upon the Dexterity of coming home again after Transportation; or the new Method of being Transported without going out of *England*. And here you could improve mightily upon the exquisite Conduct, and extraordinary Diligence of these Gentlemen that will be hang'd in spite of legal Clemency; and how it happens that a Felon transported and returned, can no more forbear his old Trade, than an Author can scribbling, or a Strumpet painting.

All these may serve to tell you, that while there is such a wide Field of Action, and you have such an infinite Variety for your Imagination, and for your Reader's Diversion; you will be utterly inexcusable if you dash out the few Brains you have against the Stone Walls of the Government, or meddle with any Thing that you have nothing to do with.

Your Humble Servant,

CAUTION.

A. J., June 10.—Most of the South Sea Directors grew extremely proud upon the vast Increase of their Fortunes, during

the late Madness of the People in 'Change-Alley, insomuch, that Men of the highest Rank and Quality in the Kingdom were but hardly admitted to speak to them, when their Occasions required it. But since our Rulers have taken them to Task, and are going to lop off the greatest Part of their ill-gotten Estates, it is with them as it was with Sampson, when they had cut off his Locks,—*they are become as other Men*,—as tractable, sociable, and conversible as other Men; which puts me in Mind of a Thing that happen'd in the Army in Flanders. There was a certain Soldier who out-topp'd the rest of the Company by the Head at least; in the Time of the Engagement, it happen'd that a lucky Shot took his Head off; at which an Arch Fellow, who was next in the Rank to him, cry'd, *Aye*, ——, *now he is fit for our Company*.

A certain Juryman, as he was returning home from the Coroner's Inquest that had Sate upon the Body of an unfortunate Gentleman that had hang'd himself, being grown Lunatick, through the Misfortunes he suffer'd by the South Sea; was ask'd, What Verdict they gave? Whether they had brought him in *Felo de se?* "*Aye, Aye,*" says he, "*he fell into the Sea sure enough.*"

On Leaders of the People.

A. J., June 17.—Sir, Among the many Sorts of People in England which are troublesome to themselves and the Publick, I think there are few or none deserve our Reflections at this Time, so much as a Sort of People we call LEADERS.

These are an officious and Malicious Generation; they accuse their Brethren, and teach their Masters. I do not wonder to hear at any Time that the Government, or the Parliament, resent the Usage they meet with from such.

I find these Men likewise, having long taken upon them to LEAD a certain Body in their Prosecutions of Offenders, appear now dissatisfy'd that their Orders are not obey'd, or their Directions followed.

Great is the Arrogance of these Men, and they seem to call upon the Publick Justice to teach them some Manners. I shall only lead your Readers to the Men, and let them, if they are wise, amend, that they may avoid the Censure which Justice calls for.

We have had a little Age of Clamour against the late *South Sea* Directors; and the Parliament have seen so much Reason to examine into their Conduct, that they have gone to the bottom of it, as far as facts have come into their Cognizance.

Upon the Enquiry, they have thought fit to come to several Resolves, such as Justice requir'd, and such as have been publickly seen in the printed Votes; to which I choose to refer your Readers, as Things which most reading People see, and Things which, as I suppose, you are not allowed to print.

But after all that the House of Commons has done with those Men call'd Directors; after the confining their Persons, examining them upon Oath in both Houses, obliging them to discover their Estates upon Oath, obliging them to give Security not to depart the Kingdom for a limited Time; and, after the Confiscation of their Estates for the Satisfaction of the Losses sustain'd by the Proprietors of *South Sea* Stock, yet we find these LEADERS as I call them, do not appear to be satisfy'd.

It is true, the Men are not hang'd, or sentenc'd to be hang'd. One of the Reasons which I think you may give for it is, that the Parliament has not found that their Crime came within the several Acts now in force against Felony and Treason; and did not think fit to make any Laws, *ex post facto*, on that Occasion. Now if our LEADERS are displeas'd with this Proceeding, I would humbly move that they should go to the House and tell them so; or, if they think fit, to do it by way of Libel, they might, if they pleas'd, take care to do it while the Committee, who are appointed to inquire into traytorous and seditious Libels are sitting; who, no doubt, will know what Methods to take to give them Satisfaction.

But as the LEADERS, as I call 'em, are not satisfy'd that the late *South Sea* Directors were not sentenc'd to be hang'd; we hear that some of them pretend to pass their rash Censures upon the Clemency of the House to them, with respect to their Estates. Now, besides that these Men have nothing to do to call in question the Mercy any more than the Justice of the Publick, methinks Men of Humanity should consider, that if Justice requires that the Men be permitted to live; Clemency and Humanity may certainly be allow'd to give them something to live upon.

Starving can hardly be said to be living; besides, if our

LEADERS were Men of Thought, they might remember that most of these Men have Families. Now the Women and Children had perhaps no Hand in the Management of the *South Sea* Stock, and does it not look a little Gothick in these Men, that they would have the Children starv'd for their Fathers' Offences? I say this, setting aside that the Parliament has so thought meet, and with which these Men ought not to interfere.

Do not our Monarchs frequently allow Bread to the Widows and Children of Men who have been condemn'd and executed for Treason and Rebellion? And shall the Parliament incur these worthy leading Gentlemen's Displeasure, for allowing something for Subsistence to these Men out of their Estates? Or shall they enter into the Merits of the Cause, and tell the Parliament what is too much, or what too little?

It is the Glory of the British Nation, and of a British Parliament, that, even in Cases most provoking, Clemency and Humanity are always mix'd with their Justice; therein they imitate their glorious Maker, who punishes less than our Offences deserve. And as they are themselves the Judges of what every Offence deserves, and of what Punishment is adequate to every Crime, 'tis the undoubted Part of the People, and their certain Duty, either to acquiesce in Parliamentary Justice, or in such Manner, and by such Steps, as the Law has prescrib'd to them, to lay before the Parliament any thing they have to say; and not by secret Whispers, by Satyrs, Inuendos, and dark Expressions, insult the Persons or Proceedings. And I think the LEADERS ought to accept this Admonition, that they may avoid due Punishment for their want of Manners.

Your Friend,

ANTHONY QUIET.

A. J., June 17.—The Merchants have Advice that the Fleet from Mocca and from Mecca is arrived at Suez in the Red Sea. This Suez lyes, as near as can be guess'd, to the ancient Piahiroth, where the Children of Israel enter'd into the Red Sea on their miraculous Passage out of Egypt. This Fleet, which comes generally twice a Year, consists now of near 30 Sail, and is very rich, having a vast Quantity of Coffee, some rich Gums and Drugs, particularly Aloes, Cassia, Gum Arabick,

and that precious Balm which is preserv'd for the Grand Seignior, call'd Balm of Mecca. These Goods are carry'd by Land about 50 Miles to the Banks of the Nile, and from thence by Water to Alexandria. 'Tis said there are twelve small Arabian Pots, or little Jars of the said Balm, which the Turks say is invaluable; that the Tree or Shrub whence it is produced was blessed by their great Prophet Mahomet, and will grow in no Part of the World but in the Plains of Mecca, near the Tomb of their said great Prophet.

One Mr. Basset of Woolley Green, near Maiden-Head,—that fells Timber in the Country, and sells it to those that furnish his Majesty's Yards,—who is said to be worth 30,000*l.*, hath lately married his Maid, in the 104th Year of his Age. What gave Occasion to it was a young Man in the Neighbourhood making Love to her, and coming to ask his Consent to Marry; upon which, the old Gentleman nimbly shook his Legs, and cut two or three Capers, and said, seeing it was come to that, he would Marry her himself, and accordingly he did.

Against Reviling Public Criminals.

A. J., June 24.—To them that are afflicted Pity should be shewn, said patient Job *to his miserable Comforters.*

I know nothing of its kind that savours of more Inhumanity than to insult Men under Trouble, and especially such as fall into the Hands of Publick Justice. It is a Thing that has in all Ages been esteem'd Scandalous, and in some, I assure you, it has been thought Criminal, for it is a kind of Invasion upon Justice, anticipating, *or adding to,* the Sentence of the Law, prejudging the Judges, and insinuating that the Sentence is, or will be, insufficient; as if the Executive Power did not know how, *or were not Impartial enough,* to measure the Punishment by the Merit of the Fact committed; but that we must add to these the Lash of an inveterate Tongue, a Punishment which the Law had not provided, or the Court of Justice awarded.

I have read that in the Spartan Common-wealth, when a Man had suffer'd the Law, *as we call it here,* he was then become *Rectus in Curia;* and it was Criminal to upbraid him with what he had done, or with what he had suffer'd. He was not to be upbraided with what he had done, because his Crime was expiated by his suffering the Punishment; nor with what

he had suffer'd, because that was a perpetuating the Punishment which the Publick Authority had terminated in the Sentence.

By the same Equity, Men in the Hands of the Law should be left to the Law. Justice needs no prompting; neither does the Publick Authority desire any one to aid or assist them by Clamour and Raillery; to run down the Offenders whom they are to try. On the contrary, Humanity and Christianity command a kind of awful Silence from us; by which we testify our Reverence to the Law, and yet at the same Time shew our Compassion for our fellow Creatures. 'Tis a Dishonour to the vindictive Power of the Nation, when Men, running before they are sent, shall fall upon those that are in the Hands of Justice, and anticipate the Sentence of the Magistrate in Gratification of their private Rage; and this is one Reason why Guards are very often sent with Offenders when they pass and repass to their Tryals, and to Places of Execution, as well to guard them from the Insults of ungovern'd People, as to prevent Rescues and Escapes.

On the other Hand, it was one of the best sayings of a known Author of these Times; that he that is in the Hands of Publick Justice has Load enough to bear, and needs not to have it made heavier by the Reproaches of the People.

We have an eminent Example of the Resentment of the Government in *England*, in a Case like this,—even in those Times, which we call Arbitrary and Tyrannical;—when one *Dangerfield*, a Man who was convicted of Perjury by the Law, and who, after a long Tryal, was sentenc'd to be publickly whipt. After he had suffer'd the Law, he was struck into the Eye with a small Cane, by an officious Wretch, as the Officers of Justice were bringing him back to Newgate; of which Wound he died in a very few Days.

The Murderer was immediately apprehended, and being condemn'd, no Intercession could prevail with the King to pardon him; but he was hang'd, as he deserv'd, all Men abhorring the barbarous Action.

Reviling Men when in the Hands of the Law, and before Tryal, is a kind of condemning them without a Tryal, as killing them afterwards is arraigning the Judgment of the Court, as insufficient and unequal; and both are in proportion Criminal.

Justice then seems to call upon these Men rather to hold their Peace, and to leave her to the Direction of the Magistrate, and not officiously either aggravate the Offence, or dictate the Desert of it.

How busy have some Men been in print to have all the late Directors of the *South Sea* hang'd, as Traytors, and Parricides, Plunderers and Villains! But when Publick Justice comes to act, how gently are they treated, compar'd to the Demand of those Clamourers! And yet how strictly, with respect to their real Offences!

Those People who vote Men to the Gallows, and would hurry them thither without Tryal, and even when their Crime imports no such Treatment, are a sort of Murderers in the Nature of the Thing, are doubtless Guilty of intentional Murder, and ought to repent of it as such.

This is said not to meddle one Way or other, with the Proceedings against any Person now in the Hands of the Law: But to moderate the Rage of those Men, and to bring them to themselves a little, who are not legally concern'd in the Punishment, and yet thrust in their bitter Words, their Revilings and Reproaches upon the Men they hate, even when they are already fallen into the Hands of Power and of the Law: thereby loading the afflicted, and adding to the Sorrows which they may be already under. This I take to be inconsistent with Humanity, and with Christianity, *as above;* much more is it inconsistent with generous Principles, and with the Compassion which Men of Modesty always entertain for their fellow Creatures in Distress. It was a saying worthy of a Roman to his Enemy,—That to Conquer is brave, but to Insult is base.

Railing and Reviling is no Punishment in the English Law; no Man was ever condemn'd, that I have read of, to be set up at the Corner of the Street and be Scolded at. This pelting of the Tongue is much worse than that of rotten Eggs, and Savours as ill; whence it is the kindest Thing that can be done to those who act thus to desire them to be quiet, and let the Law take its course, waiting with a little more Temper till they may fall into the like misery; and then let us hear what they will say to receive the same Usage. Let such read the first fourteen Verses of the 30th Chapter of *Job,* and they will

find the just Character of those that act thus, and a most moving Complaint from him that suffer'd under it.

To be Guilty, to offend our Superiors, to fall under the Lash of the Law, and under the Displeasure of the Government, or Legislature, in whose Bounds we live, and whose Subjects we are, is one Thing; and under the Weight of their Resentment we ought to behave with Submission and Silence. But to be insulted by Rabbles of reviling Scribblers, and to be mobb'd by the scurrilous Pens of those who have nothing to do judicially with the Matter; is a Thing that even the Government we suffer under does not, as ever I heard, allow or encourage, nor wise Men approve.

Crime must be try'd by the Judges of Crime, and Punishment is to be inflicted by the Officers of Justice; but they who invade the Office of the Magistrate, by insulting and abusing those who are in their Hands, and that even before the Nature and Circumstances of the Offence is try'd, and the fact prov'd, become Criminals themselves, and Merit to be complain'd of also to the same Magistrates, by whom we cannot doubt but they would be treated as they deserve.

A. J., June 24.—They write from Naples of May 27th that there has lately been seen near that Coast a huge Sea-Monster, of an extraordinary Length, which overturned a Fisherman's Boat, and afterwards swallowed the poor Man alive; upon which their Mariners were almost all put to Sea, with their Barks, to give Chase to the said Monster, and either to take or kill him.

When a Bill was lately depending in the House of Lords for suppressing Blasphemy and Profaneness, a noble Peer, that was for the Bill, in the heat of the Debate, said, *That he verily believ'd that the present Calamity, occasion'd by the South Sea Project, was a Judgment of God on the Blasphemy and Profaneness the Nation was guilty of.* To which the Lord O——w very smartly reply'd, *That Noble Peer must then have been a great Sinner; for he heard that he had lost considerably by the South Sea.*

Public Libellers meet with no Sympathy.

A. J., July 1.—Sir, At a time when so many of your Fraternity are in the Hands of the Law, and of Power, for Libel-

ling, or otherwise offending their Superiors, accept a kind Caution from one of your Well-wishers. To beware of the Mischiefs which others fall into, is a Caution learnt by us when children out of our Accidence, *felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum;* let the Disasters which others are fallen into by their Folly, teach us Wisdom, and that Wisdom lead us to Safety.

I find nothing leads these Men sooner into the Troubles that surround them, than the mistaken Notion that they serve their Party; which, in short, I call a mistaken Notion, because I do not really find that this sort of Management serves the Parties which they espouse at all. Nay, it often injures the Parties they would serve, as I shall show presently.

Ill must that Party be situated who are serv'd by disturbing the Publick Tranquillity, and raising Commotions among the contending People. Libelling the Government, is a kind of Pen and Ink Rebellion. To attack the Sovereign, or the Administration, or the Legislature, in Print, is as real an attacking them, and as positive a raising War against them, as that of attacking them with Sword and Gun; and therefore whether you will allow it to be legal or no, you must expect, that all Governments will exert themselves in proportion as much to punish it.

Now, tho' it is true the Press is no Engine of War, yet 'tis an Instrument some Times made use of in War; the Pen shoots Poison, though not Bullets, and stabs to the Heart without a Sword. The Poison of the Pen inflames the People, spreads Infection, and raises Distempers, even in a whole Nation; and therefore is, in many Respects, worse than the Sharpen'd Weapons of an Army. Swords and Spears reach only the Enemy that comes Face to Face, and that fight Hand to Hand; and tho' Bullets kill at a Distance indeed, yet 'tis a chargeable way of making War, and every Bullet that flys must have a Hand to fire it, and a Gun to shoot it; and this is the Occasion that Armies of Men are rais'd and maintained at infinite Expense to carry on our Wars; and, that in Numbers the Strength and Power of the Prince chiefly consists; and often by Numbers Victory is gain'd, because the more Men, and the more Guns are brought into the Field, the more Bullets are shot, and the more Noise and Terror in Battle is made.

But the War of the Press is carry'd on by a subtle and irresistible Force. Here one Man speaks to the whole Nation. If he has any malicious ill natur'd Thing to be said, he can at once spread it all over the Kingdom. If the People are capable of being Poison'd in their Principles,—debauch'd in their Loyalty,—disturb'd in the Dispositions they ought to have to Peace,—made uneasy, or unquiet; the Libeller sits in his Study, and blows the Trumpet at once among them all.

For this Reason Governments of all kinds, for I am not speaking of our Government alone; but, I say, all Governments, have thought fit to suppress Libels, and check forward Writers who stir up Disaffection among the People, and you that are Printers ought to expect it; for if you will be the Channels, or Conveyers of it, you cannot blame any Government, or any Ministry, that they cannot bear the Insults of the Press.

When then Printers, or Authors of Papers on public Subjects, fall into Broils with their Superiors, the Parties look upon them as they do upon the *forlorn Hope* of an Army, who, beginning the Battle, are generally cut in Pieces; and the others say they expected to have it so, for what else were they to look for, and the Armies are neither better or worse. These are something like the *Baleares* in the Roman Armies, who always began the Fight, as it were making a kind of bloody Sport before the Troops, to animate and warm the Blood of the Soldiers, who, passing over their dead Bodies, without the least regard to them, fell on with the greater Fury when they met.

Thus you Printers, and your Authors, may observe of yourselves, that tho' it is true that you often begin the Broils and Factions in a State,—animate and provoke the Parties on both Sides, and prepare them for Mischief,—you are never much valued by either Side; no not indeed by the Sides you serve. When you are slain, they only pass over your dead Bodies like those of the *Baleares*, to encounter one another with the Fury that you raised.

And therefore 'tis that we find when an Author, or a Printer, falls into the Hands of Justice, even his own Party takes little or no thought about him, puts no Value on his Services, tells him he was a Fool to meddle; which, by the Way, is certainly

true. If he is pillory'd, or scourg'd, they shake their Heads; says one, "Poor Fellow, I am sorry for him; but what had he to do to meddle with such Things?" If he is fin'd, or imprison'd, the Man starves; few pity him, and few of those that pity him relieve him. They make Use of the Weapons he drew, and carry on the War he began; but, like the ancient *Swedes*, who, they say, never used to ransom the best General they had, if he had the Misfortune to fall into an Enemy's Hands,—So if these Men fall, there they lye; and it is a rare Example, for all the Authors and Printers, who embark for the contending People of the Age, to learn Wisdom by.

It was a Maxim of a cunning Man still living, and let the Writers of the Age mind it or slight it as they think fit, That a Party's Tools are a Party's Fools; and I have found it verify'd in many Instances besides these who are now in Jeopardy. What have all the Sufferers of any Side to boast of, as to the Rewards and Assistance of the Parties they have serv'd? How many of them have starv'd and perish'd in Gaols, where they have lain, with all their Merit, for their Fines and Fees, &c.? And where is the Tool that has advanc'd himself by this Method? I could give you the Names of the Party *Baleares* who have sacrific'd themselves and their Families on such Accounts, and have been as freely sacrific'd by the Parties they suffer'd for: But let it suffice, Parties are always ungrateful.

There have formerly been Authors who, having made themselves formidable by their Wit, and by their Popularity, Ministers of State have found it for their Service to take them off, &c. There is no great Difficulty in understanding what is meant by that Word. But I believe you may safely say, that none but corrupt Governments, and corrupt Ministers, can stand in need to buy off Satyrs, or Libels; and therefore that does not relate to any Thing present, but to the Ages pass'd; for he who, under just Governments, ventures to libel his Masters, on Presumption of being bought off, is sure to meet with Punishment instead of Bribe.

Your Servant,

JACK INDIFFERENT.

A. J., July 1.—Our last Letters from Marseilles bring such dismal Accounts from Thoulon, Arles, and other Places, that

we can scarce think the Particulars possible, or at least credible. They tell us first, that the Circumstances of Thoulon are not to be express'd; that the Plague continues to make such Desolation there, that they are of the Opinion that in a few Weeks more there will not remain alive any Thing that has Breath. That the Number of Inhabitants are reduced already to within 6000 in the Town, not reckoning the Arsenal and the Suburb where the Yards and Docks are, and not many there; and that of those that so remain, most of them are sick and drawing on. That there still dyes near 2000 a week, which, computing the Number of People left, is as much as 8000 a week would have been at first. They add, that the Galley Slaves, who were at first employ'd to bury the Dead, are all dead. That the Clergy, who were used to visit and comfort the Sick in their Extremity, are most of them dead also. As to the Bishop, they tell us, the last News they had of him was, that he had but one Servant left to attend him, and that, having heard nothing of him for some Weeks, they know not what is become either of him, or his Servant. That all the Physicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries are dead, except three or four; and that, they that are Sick even in the Hospitals, have very few, if any, to attend them. That in the City the Bodies begin now to lye generally unbury'd, which will, in a very few Days, make the Town a most horrible Place. They write also, that almost all the Officers of the Customs, of the Navy, of the Militia, and of the Marine, are gone; that the famous Monsieur Cassart, who used to command the French Squadron on the Coast of Brazil, and other Ports, is dead. That most of the Magistrates, the Consuls, and, in a Word, the most eminent Citizens are dead, and the Calamity of the rest is inexpressible.

As to the City of Arles, it is said there are not 100 Souls left in it, which was before a very populous Place; and 'tis said that Monsieur Medavi has written to Court for Orders to burn the City, and all that is in it, with some Villages about, which are quite desolated. 'Tis observable, that the Distemper has been more furious at Arles, and in the Towns about it has clean swept away the People, as in a general Deluge; which it had not entirely done before, no not in Marseilles itself.

Our last Letters from those Parts come very sparingly, and

with the utmost caution; they are brought from Marseilles to the Lines by a Courier, and they are receiv'd by two Soldiers, appointed to take them, at the end of a long Pole; after which they are scorch'd in the Fire, then sprinkled with Vinegar, then perfum'd, and then open'd and read. The same Caution is used at Lyons, from whence they write that the Provost, or Mayor of that City, having receiv'd Information that one Durand, a Furrier, had found means to convey Goods into his Warehouse from Places suspected of the Contagion, assembled the Militia under Arms, to the number of two thousand and five hundred Men; and it plainly appearing that he had brought in Effects which were prohibited, he was immediately seiz'd and try'd by a Council of War, who condemn'd him to be shot to Death, as he was accordingly. They tell us that they sentenc'd this Durand to be shot to Death, because they would not suffer the Executioner to touch him; that they caus'd him to walk to the Place of Execution single, pricking him forward with half Pikes, and long Spears, when he declin'd to go; and that, when he was shot they carry'd Earth and threw upon him where he lay, and so bury'd him as it were above Ground. So terribly afraid the People are there of the Infection; and yet Durand was not really infected. 'Tis thought they will burn his House, and all that is in it, if they can do it without endangering others; if not, they say they propose to blow it up, and cover the Rubbish with a vast heap of Earth, never to be open'd again, and so bury the Plague, if it be really in any of the Goods.

On Libels. Their Nature.

A. J., July 8.—Sir, I hear a great Discourse in the Town about punishing Libels, occasion'd by the late Examination of Authors, Printers, &c., and this has mov'd my Curiosity to enquire into an old Question, which I cou'd never yet get answer'd, and I doubt never shall (viz.) What a Libel is.

Not the ablest Lawyer I have met with has been able to give me a stated Rule to judge it by. In many Enquiries into particular Papers we can easily determine, that this is a Libel, and that is a Libel; but there is a manifest difference between the two Questions, namely, What is a Libel, and what a Libel is.

It may be determined concerning this or that particular Paper or Pamphlet, that it is a Libel; when at the same Time, the Question of what a Libel is, or what denominates a Paper to be a Libel, and what does not, is far from being answer'd or determin'd by it.

Nor do I find that all our Acts of Parliament, no not even those which direct the Punishment of Libels, do yet state or determine what a Libel is; so that any Author may be certain when he comes into Trouble, whether he is Guilty within the said Statute, or not. But in the Consequence of this uncertainty, we find, that 'tis sufficient that the Jury finds the Fact, viz., that the Person indicted is really the Author, or the Printer, or the Publisher of the Paper in question, or is not; leaving the Nature of the Offence in the Breast of the Court, and the awarding of an adequate Punishment.

As thus the Crime is not determin'd in the Law, so neither is the Punishment; but, as I have said,—the Jury having found the Person Guilty of Writing, or Printing, or Publishing such a Paper,—the Court do, in the next Place, making them Judges of the Nature and Degree of the Offence, have the proportioning the Punishment wholly lodg'd in their own Breasts.

This, no doubt, you and your Brethren, who often come within the reach of the Law in such Cases, may think hard; because that you know not either your Offence or your Punishment, and that you seem to be subject to the arbitrary Pleasure and Determination of the Court,—who may punish severely for what you may think no Crime at all, and may pass over in one lightly, what they may punish in another heavily,—and the like.

It is true the Judges have some Rules to go by in Punishing; that is to say the Claim of Right at the Revolution, has determined arbitrary Sentences, Fines, *ultra Tenementum*, and cruel Punishments, to be illegal. But this may not hinder, but that some Time Judges, who know not the Circumstances of the Person, as to his Constitution and Strength of Body to support a Punishment, or his Ability of Purse to pay a Fine, may exceed the meaning of the Law in both; and therefore many Times we find the Judges, upon humble Application to them, and, upon a true laying open the State of the Person's

Condition, do mitigate the Sentences, and abate the Fines, which they have thought fit to lay upon Men that have been found Guilty, and had heavy Sentences pronounc'd before.

I shall not exclaim here in such Terms as otherwise I should against the Injustice and Arbitrariness of this Proceeding, in a country where Rights and Privileges are so much talk'd of, and where we are so tenacious of Liberty, as we really are. I say, I shall not exclaim, &c., because I would not expose you to the Thing I complain of; and have you judg'd to be a Libeller, for complaining of the want of a Law to determine what is so, or is not. But I wonder much that you Printers, and your Authors do not, in an humble and dutiful Manner, apply yourselves to the Parliament for leave to bring in a Bill to determine these two important Questions:—

1. What a Libel is, or what kind of Writing shall be, and be adjudged as a Libel in the Sense of the Statute? And,

2. What kind of Punishment shall be appointed to the Crime, and how proportion'd to the Degrees of it?

This is certainly the Case in other Offences. Treason, Murder, Felony, Burglary, Misprision of Treason, Felony with Benefit of Clergy, and Felony without Benefit of Clergy, and the like, all have their particular Punishments allotted and ascertain'd to them; and when Men Sin, they know the consequence. But here alone, the Case is left to the Mercy of the Court, both to resolve the Crime and adapt the Punishment. When the Fact alone is not Criminal, the Indictment is loaded with the usual Adverbs, seditiously, maliciously, or traitorously and seditiously, and the like; when perhaps the mistaken unhappy Scribbler has had no Sedition, or Treason, or Malice in his Head,—and the Indictment ought only to have said greedily, covetously, and avariciously,—the Man having had no Design at all, but merely to get a Penny, and perhaps to buy him Bread; in which Case a Court of Justice, were they fully satisfy'd of the Thing, would commiserate his Poverty, and mix the more Mercy with their Justice.

I cou'd say much more on this Head, but this may be sufficient to have the whole understood; namely, that there seems to be Room here for an Act of Parliament to state the Matter

more clearly between the Law and the Transgression, that we may know the Offence, and consequently know how to avoid it.

Your Servant,

CATALINE.

Clamour and Panic destroy Public Credit.

A. J., July 22.—Sir, I find Murmuring at great Men is so fashionable a Thing now, that if you do not come in for a Share, you will grow out of Use among your Customers; and therefore I would have you think of being in Fashion as well as your Neighbours, whatever the Subject may be. We are now devilishly out of Humour that Mr. Aislaby is not sufficiently maul'd in the Enquiry into the late South-Sea Frauds; and that he has so much of his Estate left him, who, a little while ago, we hop'd to have strip'd as naked as a South Sea Director. Well, but they ha'n't done with him yet, and if they had, we can't help ourselves; and therefore, let us rail plentifully at those that had no Hand in it, and run down our own Estates by way of Revenge. This is the Practice of the Day.

Which Way comes the Ruin of our Stocks, the Loss of our Credit, the Stagnation of Cash; and, in a Word, all the Confusions that have happen'd among us? I say which Way have they been brought to pass? Has it been the Parliament falling upon the Directors, and finding them Guilty of Knavery? No sure, the turning bad Men out could do us no harm; the confiscation of their Estates, and giving them to the Company, could never be the Reason of sinking the Stocks, or of keeping them down. This ought rather to have raised than to have sunk the Value of Things. Well, if the punishing of these Men has sunk us, the not punishing any more of them cannot have done it; for to sink because they punish Men, and because they do not punish Men, is a Mystery no Body can understand. Where then is the Crime? And what is it that has ruin'd us? Let us a little enquire into that Part.

It is easy to tell you where it lyes; 'tis all our own weakness and Folly. Rogues and Cheats you say have been among us, and now they are turn'd out; but we are still unsatisfy'd. What is the Matter? Why they are not punish'd to our Mind! Well, and what then? Why then we will sell our Stocks for

less than they are worth, and run them down lower and lower, till we are ruin'd and undone. Now to put this into English, it is nothing but this: That because other Men have half ruin'd us, we will quite Ruin ourselves. They have until'd our Houses, and therefore we will pull them down.

I cannot but say that all the subsequent Disaster which has happen'd since the first Blow, has been our own. We may blame who we please, and rail as Losers do; but I would ask, have the Directors done anything to hurt us since they were turn'd out? No: Then they cannot bear the Fault there. Why then have we run our own Estates down by Clamour at others, and distrust of ourselves? Is our Stock the less worth because there are some Knaves that are not yet punish'd? It is all a Piece of Jobbing Witchcraft that no Body can be blam'd for but ourselves.

There are Extreames of all Hands; the Directors, they say, endeavour'd to raise the Stock to a distracted Height, to enrich themselves. Well, suppose that; this is but the common Road into which Avarice leads all Men to Err. But here are another Set of Men would fain sink it so low, as at last to overthrow it, and wipe out the Remembrance of it as with a Spunge. Now which of these are our worst Enemies? The first indeed put us into the Water and wetted us, but the last hold us down, and keep us under Water till we strangle and drown.

I observe that those Men whose real Aim was, and is still, to destroy the very Stock itself, and to overthrow the whole Scheme, are the Men that have rais'd the loudest Clamours at the Persons concern'd; and it had been well for us that we had not follow'd them so far as we have. Nothing but Blood, the Gallows, and Heads upon Poles was the Language of their Champion Scribblers for a long while, till they found they could not bring the Parliament into the hated Practice of making Laws, *post Factum*, to gratify the private Pique of a few designing Men; and then they turn their Heads to Clamour, even at the Legislature itself.

It may be observ'd of these Men, that no Medium, no Proposal for the retrieving our Miseries, ever pleas'd them. It may be prov'd upon some of them, that they have first brought Projects upon the Stage, and then clamour'd against them, as

pernicious, or uncapable, and the like; that they might suggest all Projects would be ineffectual. And what Account is to be given of them? 'Tis plain, their whole, their native Design has been to perplex, to embarras, and so at last to overthrow and destroy the whole Affair; nor is it hard to reach the Reasons of their Conduct; and I may give you a further Account of it in a little Time. 'Tis sufficient to tell you, for the present, that the very Men that have acted thus, have boasted of their Success, and indeed they have but too much Reason to boast of it; for they have gone a great Way towards the Ruin of us all, tho' we have been foolishly the Instruments of their wicked Politicks ourselves.

The only Happiness left the Nation, has been that the Parliament has not thought fit to come into their rash and violent Measures; the House, according to the known Practice of a British Parliament, have mingl'd Moderation and Clemency with their Justice; and had we had but a National Confidence, we might easily have countermined all the Plots, and kept up the Rate of our own Estates to a Price, at least equal to the Value of them, and to the annual Interest which they are able to pay upon them, and not run down Things without Doors, because others are undermining them in secret.

The Directors have been examin'd, censur'd, and many Ways punish'd; and what Satisfaction has it given these Men? Truly none at all, because they pretend it has not been done as they would have it. I must say, had these Men left the Matter to Parliamentary Justice, it would have satisfy'd the greatest Part of the Nation. But, as if they would take the Case out of the Hand of Publick Justice, they have try'd, condemn'd, and executed the Directors without Doors, and that by a way of their own; that is, by mobbing, railing, reviling, and all the Persecution of the Tongue. Let those who think the Directors are not punish'd enough, put all this into the Scale of their Sufferings; and, if it were duly weigh'd, it has been worse, even than Death itself, at leastwise we have thought it so.

But what has been the Issue? Immoderate Folly! This passionate railing at the Directors, and at the Government, for espousing them, whether they did or no. What effect had it? Nothing but ruining all the Stocks; sinking the Value

of our own Estates, blasting the Credit of every publick Thing. Had the Parliament been left to their own Justice, had the People, as Reason and Duty requir'd, left the Men to the equal Determination of the Legislature, our Spirits had not been dejected, Jealousies and Discontents had not taken hold of us like a Possession; we had put in new Directors, and they (whether *old Women* or not) would have had Room and Courage to act, and the Face of Things had been preserv'd. But now we are (*Felo de se*) murder'd by our own Hands,—or Tongues rather,—and are fallen a Prey to our own Discontents; are made Tools to a wicked set of Men, whose Aim has been to destroy, not restore, the Stock; we have been bully'd by their Pamphlets and Libels, and made Instruments to ruin our own Estates, by the very Means we have blindly made Use of to preserve them. Bray a Fool in a Mortar, &c.

Your Servant, BUBBLE.

Citizens oppose Precautions against Plague.

A. J., July 29.—Sir, Before I begin what I am going to write, give me leave to let your Reader into the true Design of the Story, which is thus: The House of Commons, upon mature Consideration, and at the Motion of those who very well understand the Interest of their Country, had brought in a Bill for the more effectual preventing the running on Shore of Infected Goods; a Caution which they found very necessary, without question, for preserving us from the Dangers which surround us;—several Countries around us, and perhaps more than we are yet aware of, being infected with the Plague,—and that such a Plague, as has not been known in these Parts of the World, perhaps in the Memory of the oldest Man living.

In the middle of this, we find some of our worthy Citizens setting up against it,—worthy Gentlemen! I must confess,—and whose Concern for the Trade of their Fellow Citizens, more than for their Lives, is very well worth your Notice.

That the House of Commons are careful and Concern'd for the Publick Safety in such a Time of Danger, is our Happiness, and what I think we ought to be very thankful for. Certainly then, tho' some Inconveniences had happen'd to our immediate Imports, such as are now petition'd against, 'tis

hard any Discouragement should be given to whatever Measures should be taken for our Security.

If these Gentlemen, who are so Tenacious of their Trading Liberty, should, for want of due Care being taken, import the Plague upon us, as was really the Case in the poor unhappy City of Toulon, who had the Distemper brought among them in a Bale of Silk from Marseilles; I say, if it should be so here, I think those Merchants, that would have Room left for it, ought to be remember'd.

If I were to propose an equal and just Treatment of such Men, it should be, that if such a dreadful Thing should ever happen among us, (as God forbid,) they who had concern'd themselves to obstruct the making needful Laws to prevent, or who had endeavour'd to leave out proper Clauses in such Laws, to make them more effectual; should be oblig'd, by the same Law, to stay in the City, and take their Risk with the Poor, who are not able to fly, and have not wherewith to shift from one Country to another, as the Rich have.

This is but equal; for those Men who are made Instrumental to bring the Distemper in, it is but just that they and their Families should bear their Share, at least, of the Hazard.

It is a just Observation, which I might enlarge on here, how Avarice hardens Men against all Dangers of every kind; and how Men will risk their Lives, and the Lives of a whole City, nay, a whole Nation, for their present Profit; by not putting any Dangers, any Disasters which they may fall into, in the Scale with their present Advantages. Give them the Gain they have in View, and the present Advances of their Fortunes and Estates; and as for the Consequences, leave it to them, and leave them to their Fate. What else but this could be the Language of the Furrier who was shot to Death at Lyons, for presuming to bring Goods into that City from Infected Countries? Or of the Merchant at Toulon, who ventur'd to receive five Bales of Silk, and other Goods from Marseilles, at the Time of the Infection? He ventur'd for himself, 'tis true; but he ventur'd for his Fellow-Citizens too, whose Lives were all at his Mercy, as I may say, the whole City being since desolated by that one Action.

What we venture for ourselves is one Thing, but when we venture for other People, and that without their Consent too,

we so far injure them; and if the Danger be of Life, we are so far Guilty of their Death, (if that should be the Consequence,) and ought to be punish'd in proportion. Such Men would do well to tell us who they are; that if they should be the unhappy Instruments of bringing their Country into such a Calamity, the World may be able to do themselves Justice upon them.

Another Thing to be complain'd of in this Affair, is the eager running of Goods from Ships, which are oblig'd to perform Quarantine; a Practice which, if continu'd, destroys the very End and Reason of the Thing itself, and not only makes the Quarantine itself be of no effect, but indeed may make that very means, which is intended to preserve us from the Plague, be the Occasion of bringing it among us.

Recommend it, Sir, in the most pressing Terms possible to our Representatives and Governors, to put a speedy stop to this pernicious Practice. In vain the Merchants are oblig'd to lay their Ships up in little Holes, and remote Creeks, to the Hazard of spoiling their Goods, and to the delay of their Returns, and to their great Detriment many Ways; if some effectual Means be not used to prevent avaricious Minds, for private Gain, conveying Goods on Shore at the Hazard of bringing a Contagion upon their Country.

No Mercy is due to a Crime so merciless in its own Nature; nothing can in itself be more cruel. No Thought can be more barbarous, than to venture the Welfare of the whole Kingdom, and the Lives of Men, Women, and Children, for the wretched Gain of a private Man, and perhaps that Gain a Trifle. Such a Man should dye without Mercy, and would dye unpity'd, if ever Man did so.

The Damage of obliging Ships to Quarantine, is, as I have said above, very considerable to the Merchants; it spoils their Goods, and many sorts of Goods are perishable, and subject to decay in others. The Profit of the whole Voyage depends upon the Season of coming into the Market; as new Fruit, for Example, from Alicant and Malaga, Currants from Zant and Cephalonia, Lemons from Malaga, and the like; also new Wines, Oyl, Pickles &c. Raw and Thrown Silk must come to its Time, for the Demands of the Manufacturers for their Spring Trade; and all these are very much interrupted, and, as

the Case may happen, may be some Times quite disappointed, the Profits of the Voyage lost, and the Merchants perhaps ruin'd, by the Ships lying for six Weeks for PRODUCT, as 'tis called.

Besides this, it stagnates Trade, makes Returns home, heavy and tedious, raises the Freight, and brings Goods to the Market dear, encreases the Risk, and every way harrasses the Merchant in his Business.

Yet all this we chearfully submit to for the Reason of it; 'tis allow'd to be just, to be necessary, and what really ought to be done. But if one Villain can pass the Barriers set,—if one Man can escape out of these Ships, with but one Bundle of Silk, or a Parcel of any sort of Goods, dangerous to Health,—he may lodge the Plague among us, the Merchants suffer all the Inconveniences for nothing, the Distemper spreads, and we are all undone.

Your Friend, QUARANTINE.

Essay to Revive Trade and Credit.

A. J., Aug. 5.—Sir, In all our late complaining Times, you have been one of the modest Ones, and have either thought as you should do, or withheld your Tongue (Pen) from telling what you thought; for which prudential, safe Way of Management, some have blam'd your Partiality; others have prais'd your Caution. 'Tis evident, however, and I may venture to speak it in your Favour, that as those who clamour'd did no good, so you that held your Tongue did no harm.

But we are now come to a new Scene of Affairs; namely, People begin to take Heart again, Credit begins to be talk'd of, at least, and every Thing rises. I hope you will take the Liberty to say something to us on that Head. Now, though I never intended to make a Fortune-Teller of you, or to set you up for a Wizard; yet as many People may be asking you Questions upon the Prospects that are now before us, so I would not have you be at a Loss for a good Answer, in a Matter of such Consequence as this.

The main Question before us now, is upon the Measures taken among the People; I mean the People without Doors, for what have we to do with those above us? I say, the main Question is, what shall we bring this dismal Story of South Sea Stock to, by which the Nation has been brought so near

her ruin? In short, Will Credit return? Will Trade revive? Will Stocks rise?

Now, tho' a Fool may, (if the Proverb be true,) ask more Questions in a quarter of an Hour than seven wise Men can answer in a whole Year; yet, to answer Fools in their Folly, I must encourage you to reply boldly in the Affirmative, and say YES! If am ask'd what I mean by YES; or, that the Answer is too short for the Question, I add to it,—say YES! Thus,—that Credit will return,—Trade will revive,—and Stocks will rise.

I might here supply you with Reasons, at large, to support these Answers, but I must abridge them, for no Man reads a long Story. First, Credit, in the Article of Trade, never fails to attend a Flux of Money; and tho' there has been a general Complaint of the Want of Money in England, yet you may venture to advance this, as a Fundamental, viz., That there is really no Want of Money in England. The Scarcity we have felt has been a Casualty to Trade, as a strong Westerly Wind, we say, makes the River low, because it keeps the Tide out; not that there is any Want of Water in the Sea, but because the violent Gale beats it back, and prevents its force, locking up those Waters, as it were, in the Ocean, and not permitting them to flow. But as soon as the Storm abates, the Sea returns to its due Course; and the Tides flow regularly as before.

Our Tide of Cash has been check'd by a Storm; a Tempest of Jobbing and Bubbling, and Picking of Pockets, has beat back the Tide, and the Money has been lock'd up. This Stagnation of Cash has been a Blow to our Credit, and the Credit having been wounded, the Cash is still lock'd up, not that there is any Want of Money in the Gross;—but this appears several Ways too long to insert in a Letter. Yet it is lock'd up; the general Distrust which has spread over Trade, on Account of the Game of Roguery that has been play'd among us, has made Men lock up their Money, till they should see Things settled, and that then they might bring it out with Safety, and dispose of it to Advantage.

Now if Things come to be settled, as, we are told, by the Bill depending in Parliament; and for which this new Session is call'd, what will follow? Men will be at a certainty; every

Man will know the Value of what he has left, (which now is not to be done,) and the Value of what he buys; (which now he cannot know,) and this will open the Door for Money to come Abroad.

I do not enquire into the Rate of Things, or the Value the Parliament may set upon them, or whether they will set any Value upon them or no; but they will certainly settle what is every Man's Right, so that every Man will know his own, and what he is to trust to; and when once that is fully known, we should by consequence know how to put a Rate upon it for ourselves, and then the Money will come out to buy. But till then, no Man knows the Value of what he buys; and he has no Confidence in the Expectations of its rising one Way or other.

When the Value of Things is ascertain'd, the Dividends on Stocks adjusted, and Men may come to know what they may depend upon, then Cash will flow to purchase; Men will be bold in adventuring, and that is Credit. Thus Credit shall return, Trade revive, and Stocks rise, all at once; and I am mistaken if we do not see all these three happen together, and that very speedily. In the meantime, I am

Your Humble Servant, T. B.

A. J., Aug. 5.—The King's Pardon having wip'd out all the old Scores of the Gentlemen of the GRAND CHEMIN, anglice *Highwaymen*, they are taking Care to run on Tick for more; for this Week they have been so audacious, as the like has not been known. Several Gentlemen on Horseback, and some Stage-Coaches, have been robb'd just in view of the Town; particularly on Monday they robb'd two Gentlemen between Islington and the Turnpike, call'd the Newington-Green Turnpike, and took away their Horses, Swords, and Money. On Saturday, one Gentleman, between Kingsland and the said Newington-Green Turnpike,—whom they robb'd, and afterwards abus'd him. On Monday Night they robb'd a Gentleman on Stamford Hill, near the Turnpike there; and on Wednesday Morning they robb'd a Stage-Coach on the same Stamford Hill. The same Day two Highwaymen stop'd a Coach, in the middle of the Day, and demanded their Money, on the same Road, just within the very Houses of Newington Street; but

seeing a great many Horsemen coming on, and too near them, they left the Coach, and made off.

We had an Account this Week, in the publick Papers, that on Tuesday last (1st August,) a little Horse was led up to the top of the Monument, and walk'd twice or thrice round about the Balcony for a Wager of 150*l.* Most People think it was a Hobby-Horse, or a Toy-Shop Horse, that was carry'd up in some little Boy's Pocket; but we are well assur'd that the Story is true, tho' the Wager was no more than 10 or 20 Guineas.

Anticipations of War.

A. J., Aug. 12.—Sir,—In reading the Accounts of Foreign Affairs, publish'd by the many Weekly News-Papers, which we see every Day among us, I observe that the World seems to be now at the Point of enjoying a general, or, if I may so call it, a Universal Peace. The Temple of Janus may be shut up, the Swords be turn'd into Plough-Shares, and the Spears into Pruning Hooks; and if the Matter between the Czar of Muscovy and the King of Sweden is agreed, as the last Advices seem to make us believe it is, and that there will be no occasion for the Treaty intended to be held at Brunswick; I say, if this is true, there is no War now upon the Hands of any of the Princes, or States of Europe, or indeed, of any Part of the World; the little Quarrel between the Rovers of Afric and the Merchants excepted, which we do not call a War, nor does it deserve the Name of War.

But in the midst of all this Halcyon View, and the nearness of a general Peace, give me leave also to observe, that, in my Opinion, hardly any of the new Accommodations on which these Things are founded seem to be durable and lasting. But on the other Hand, the Princes and States of Europe stand upon such ticklish Terms with one another, that the least Spark would, as it were, set all the Gunpowder on Fire again; and as most of the late Disturbances were for Trifles, so a Trifle would, in my Opinion, set them all together by the Ears again. *For Example:*—

A precarious, patch'd up Peace has, for some little Time, given Poland respite from being the Seat of the most bloody War that any Nation on that side the World had felt for

many Years; and how is she again surrounded with the threats of War on every Side of her vast Dominion! The King with his German Troops hover over it ready to enter, either on this Side or that, as the Motion of the first Invaders may call him.

The Tartars make daily Inroads, and threaten an Incursion with a hundred thousand Men on the Side of the Ukrain. The Turks assemble an Army about Checzim, and threaten a War from Moldavia, having already thirty thousand Janizaries at Bender, and sixty thousand Men, most Horse, at Widdin, where they have laid Bridges, on the Danube. The Czar of Muscovy threatens them, on the other Hand: and has not only drawn together a great Army at Riga, where they are encamp'd, but has actually some Regiments in Lithuania. And, lastly, the Emperor and the King of Prussia lye ready with their Troops on another Side, to aid and assist King Augustus.

If we come into Germany, the Emperor is jealous and watchful of the Turks; and, far from disbanding, continues to raise Men, and strengthen his Army on the Frontiers, for fear of a Surprize, having had Rumours, all this Summer, of the extraordinary Preparations of the Turks. And in the Heart of the Empire, the Intrigues of the Catholick Powers threaten loudly a Religious War, at least it intimates that they desire it.

Between Spain and the Imperial Court, there is Peace indeed, but no good Understanding; and the Disputes seem to tend to a widening, rather than a closing. The Imperial Mandates themselves, which have been frequently issued in favour of the Protestants, are not able to obtain the Justice which the Protestants Demand, and which they seem to be in a Condition to obtain by Force, if not fairly conceded, as they ought to be.

Between the Dutch and the Emperor's Governors in Flanders, a War of Trade seems unavoidable; and those Things generally end in Blows.

France only, and Great Britain, seem to be appointed for Lookers on, whatever happens; but how long that quiet Temper may remain, we cannot tell.

The King of Denmark and the Czar of Muscovy are indeed remote; but they would certainly have some Scuffle soon after the Peace with the Swedes. If the King of Denmark was in any Condition to support himself against the Czar, no doubt

he would be willing to maintain his Dominion of *the Sound;* but whether he will dispute it as it is, we cannot foresee.

There is then the Quarrel of the Duke of Holstein for the Duchy of Scleswick, and for the Succession of Sweden; both of them Articles which lye, as it were, in Embers, ready to Kindle a new Flame of War in the North.

All these Things consider'd, let any one Judge whether the Peace, which Europe has been so long earnestly groaning for, is like to continue long; or, whether we may not expect to see a great Part of the World embroil'd again in a few Years. Only Great Britain seems unconcern'd in all the Views of approaching Trouble, and Heaven be prais'd that it is so; for tho' I hope we shall be always able to defend ourselves, and there is now no French aspiring Genius in the World aiming at universal Monarchy; I say, tho' we have these Securities, yet it cannot be said that England is in the best Condition to support a War that ever she was in. 'Tis to be hoped a few Years may restore her again, the Wounds of the late War may be heal'd, our Funds redeem'd, our Rogues all punish'd, and our Treasure encreas'd; till then, it is what we may be justly thankful for, tho' almost all Europe seems to be likely to Quarrel, we are not likely to be concern'd in it.

Your Servant, C. M.

Rallying the Whigs.

A. J., Aug. 19.—Sir, I am a Country Gentleman,—I live at some Distance from London towards the East; and we have, in our Country, a Multitude of those strange Sort of Creatures they call Whigs. Now you may remember you had once a Letter, and publish'd it, in which it was observ'd, that most of the People by whom all these Mischiefs are come upon us, were of those Sorts they call Whigs; by this you may know you have corresponded with me before. This Observation I have made very often here among my Low Church Neighbours, and they testify to the Truth of it by this, that they cannot abide to hear of it.

This, I confess, has not hinder'd me from reproaching them with it; but perhaps on the other hand, has made me do it the more. For why should not we love to mortify them a little

who have lately mortify'd us so much? But they are brought to this by it now, that truly they rail as fast at the late Management of Things, as any Body does; ay, and at the Managers also, and as those Sort of People always out-do us in their Passions, when once they are angry, so they call their old Great Friends a thousand Times more ill Names than we call them, and indeed we may sit still and look on; for nothing can be more outrageous at them than their own Fraternity.

The Case is strangely alter'd with them, I assure you, for they tell me, in open Company, that they had rather an honest Tory was entrusted and employ'd, than the Party that are now, or have been lately employ'd; and they rejoyc'd as heartily when the Whigs lost it lately in your Town of London, at the Election of Sheriffs, as they used to do when the Whigs gain'd it formerly. And what think you will be the Case then whenever we shall come to a new Election of [Pa . . . . .] Church-Wardens? If such a Day shall arrive in our Age, depend upon it, many of our Whigs will give their Votes for *honest Men*, whatever they did in former Days.

I was very plain with one of my Neighbours t'other Day upon these Things; and I told him, that I hop'd now he would come over to the Church Party, and be one of us, for that now he saw what a Whig would be when he had an Opportunity, and how they would sell Father, Mother, Sister, and Brother, Church and Meeting, ay, even King and Country for Money. And so I told him a long Story of the late Conduct of some of them. He shook his Head, and told me, no, he hoped a Whig might be an honest Man, tho' some Whigs were Rogues; and I must distinguish between *South Sea* Whigs, and other Whigs, and so run on in a long Tale of the Difference between Modern Whigs and Ancient Whigs, which I don't trouble my Head with. But upon the whole, I find they are so out of Humour with their South Sea Whigs, who they call C——t Whigs, that they will rather trust a Tory at any Time.

I find that they have a new Name for these discarded Whigs, whom they speak of with so much warmth; they call them *Aislabean* Whigs, that is to say, they are *Infamous* Whigs, *Corrupt* Whigs, &c., the Parliament having declared that Gentleman Guilty of *most dangerous Corruption*. Now such as these, they say, should, like that Person, be render'd incapable to serve

their King in Offices of Profit or Trust, or their Country as —— Church-Wardens, to represent the Parish.

Now upon the whole, you may be sure we joyn with them in this Part; and I must say, I think 'tis a most just Retaliation upon these People. For 'tis not many Years ago since they insulted us so much with the Capacities, the Honesty, the Integrity, the Courage, and the disinterested Zeal for their Country, which appear'd to such a Degree among their Party,—as well those at Court as any where else,—that it look'd as if they thought King George and all his Friends depended upon them, and that the Government could not be upheld by any other Hands; and if that had been true, what had been the Case Now? 'Tis happy for the whole Kingdom that they were in the wrong, and Woe be to that Prince whose Prosperity, and the Safety of whose Government, depends upon not Whig Honesty partly, but even any particular Man's Honesty, or the Honesty of any particular Party.

A King's Safety depends, under Heaven, upon the general Affection of his Subjects; and they are far from the King's Friends, that lessen, by their ill Conduct, the Affection of the People to their Sovereign. Let it appear to all the World, whether these Whigs have made any Step in that mischievous Path or no; if they have, it will one Day or other fall on their own Heads, and make Way for honester Men to come in their Room. Mean Time, it is worth while to observe, however, who the Men have been by whom our present Misfortunes are come to this Height! Who have exhausted our Wealth, confounded Trade and Credit, and caused such a Retention of Cash in the whole Kingdom, that every branch of our Commerce and Manufactures feels the Want of it! That they have been most of them Whigs, hot, fiery, outrageous *South Sea* Whigs, much to the Honour of the Whigs be it spoken!

Your Servant, R. S.

A. J., Aug. 19.—*Dantzick,* August 6. An Accident hath happen'd here, which hath already made a great deal of Noise, and is likely to have consequences. An English Bomb-Galliot, commanded by Captain Harris, and a French Merchant Ship bound to Petersburg, — Nevel, Master, — lying at anchor together in our Westerdiep, the latter, upon occasion of enter-

taining some Friends on board, let fly a Streamer upon his Top-Gallant-Mast. The English Commander would not suffer that, but desir'd him to take it down; but the other refusing it, Captain Harris sent some of his Men on board to do it for him. Hereupon Nevel complained to our Chief Magistrate, who immediately summon'd the English Captain to appear before him. He taking no Notice of the third Summon, the Affair was debated in a full Council. Here it was resolv'd to write to the King of Great Britain about it; and in the meanwhile to put the English Captain under an Arrest. At the same Time, the City Arms were order'd to be fix'd upon the French Ship by way of Protection. However, Captain Harris, threatening to throw the Messenger over-board who was sent to arrest him, the Man return'd without executing his Orders. Mr. Jeffreys, formerly his Britannick Majesty's Resident at the Court of the Czar, being here, began now to take Cognizance of the Matter; and far from blaming the conduct of the English Captain, he disapprov'd that of our Magistrates, and gave them to understand they would do well to make Satisfaction for the Affront offer'd to one of the King his Master's Ships. But they not thinking fit to follow his Advice, he wrote about it both to his Court and also to Admiral Norris. Sir John immediately sent a letter to our Magistrates demanding publick Satisfaction, and threatening, in case of Refusal, to come and take it by Force. The Council of Dantzick have answer'd this Letter, and written another to the King of Great Britain, to justify their Conduct, and refute the Allegations of Mr. Jeffreys. We long to see the upshot of this Affair.

Monday last one R—— P—ke, a little Fellow that turns the Wheel at a Razor Grinder's, in Butcher Row, over against the Thatch House, did eat up at one Time a Leg of Mutton, weighing about eight Pounds; and afterwards, to make up his Meal, he ate about half a Pound of Candles.

Some Days before, the same little Cormorant ate two Dozen of Cucumbers, Rind and all, for his Breakfast, without either Vinegar, Pepper, or Salt; to the great Mortification of the Gentlemen that push the Steel Bar in that Neighbourhood.

We hear that he hath also undertaken to eat a roasted Cat or two; with a Dozen fry'd Mice, set round to garnish the Dish, and other proper Sauce.

They write from Rome, that Cardinal Alberoni stands mighty well with that Court, and is going to marry his Daughter, (which by the way he must have had before he was made Cardinal, unless she is a By-blow,) to the Marquis de Bracciano; in consideration of which Match, the Pope raises the Family of Alberoni to the Dignities of Nobles, and Antedates the Patent two hundred Years; so that at one Stroke it is made a very ancient Family, and will take Place accordingly.

We are told that the famous Mr. Law, lately Bubble Master General in Paris,—from whence he made his escape,—as he had likewise once done out of England from his Majesty's strong Box, call'd Newgate,—has made a third Elopement, namely from Rome; and, as they say, has abdicated all Italy. But as to the Place whither he is gone, or the Time when that Comet will appear again, this Deponent sayeth not.

Defoe's Problematic Society.

A. J., Aug. 26.—Sir, I have observ'd some Time ago in the publick news from Lisbon, that the King of Portugal,—or some of his People under him, and by his Authority,—in order to encourage Wit and polite Learning in that country, have erected several Societies of learned Men, in Imitation of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris. And that, pursuant to this noble Design of the King, a Royal Academy of History has been set up, in which the Members have been encouraged to search into Antiquity, and collect whatever they can find of the Memoirs of ancient Writers, relating to the History of their Princes and great Men, and they find great Encouragement for such a Work. I cannot observe this Part without a secret Wish, that the Times would encourage some such extraordinary Labours in our Country; in which Case I would offer my poor Endeavours at restoring to the World the elaborate Histories of all the Secretaries of State,—for some Ages past,—from the famous Walsingham in Queen *Elizabeth's* reign, of whom a modern Poet says—

> "Her Walsingham cou'd dark Councils unriddle,
> And Conjur'd by th' Help of his Book and his Fiddle."
>
> ANDREW MARVEL'S *Satyr.*

I say, I would put in for the Prize of History, by an Essay at the History of these famous People we call Secretaries of

State, from the famous Walsingham, down, down, down to ———,* as far as their Labours would bear a History, or the Times bear relating it. *But that by the by.*

Besides that Academy of History, I find the Portuguese have erected another, which they call the Problematical Academy, or Society; and in this, I and they propose solving difficult Questions relating to Things doubtful in History, and that they have already harang'd upon an old and long controverted Question (viz.) who was the greatest Man, Diogenes *the Cynick, or* Alexander *the Great?* In this the Prize was given, as I hear, to him that took up the Cudgels for *Diogenes*, tho' I doubt they will find it hard to form a Body of *Cynicks* in this Age, where a Society of Libertines would much sooner be raised; whether you take it in the Court, the City, or the Country. The next Question I hear they harang'd upon, was, *Whether it were better for the Romans that* Carthage *was destroy'd?* or, *whether it had not been better to have preserv'd it?* And in this Dispute, they say, the latter Opinion carry'd it; merciful Councils being more agreeable to an Age of Christianity.

Now to remove the Scene from Portugal to Great Britain, I would desire you to inform your Readers, that I have erected a Problematick Society here in London, by the Subscription of Friends; where we design, in a summary Way, to make Speeches, and deliver in our Performances in Writing, upon some eminent Questions of State; and that they may see that we are no inconsiderable Statesmen, you shall hear some of our learned Debates, as they come to Perfection. And first, I shall let you see what important Questions we have already discuss'd; and what the results of our Performances have been, on those Heads which we have gone through. *For Example;*—

1. It was propos'd to consider whether it has been better or worse for Mr. Aislabie, that he has suffer'd a *Pamphlet, call'd a Speech, &c., to be publish'd;*—and divers fine Performances have been brought in upon that Head. But the Judges appointed to determine it, have, it seems, given the Prize to the latter; namely, to him that argued, *it has been the worse;* his Reasons

* John Aislabee is intended.—*Ed.*

being raised from this Principle, *that a lame Defence of a bad Cause, makes that bad worse;* which was approv'd, and the Casuist receiv'd with Applause.

2. The Society have before them for another sitting, Whether it has been better or worse for Great Britain that there has been a South Sea Company? The Opinion on the first Part of the Question seems to stand fair for the Prize; the Persons on that Side having exhibited several fine Pieces, setting forth how infinitely advantageous Knaves and Cheats are to a Nation; for that, to detect secret Villany, and to discover who are the Knaves that cheat us, so that they may be able to abuse their Trust no more, is much better than not to be cheated at all. But as the Arguments on the other side are not yet brought in, nor those on this Side finish'd, we must wait some Time for a fuller Account of the Matter.

Your Servant, JONATHAN PROBLEMATICK.

N.B. Our Society intends to start a Question of great Importance very quickly, in which the Opinion of several learn'd Politicians will be given on both Sides. The Question is this: Whether the Triennial Bill has been of any Advantage to this Nation? Or, whether it had not been better if it had never been pass'd?

All our Correspondences are busy preparing their Opinions upon this Critical Subject, and we expect there will be a very nice Dispute.

A Roman Story.

A. J., Sept. 2.—Sir,—In my last I told you a material important Question was upon my Hands, namely, Whether it had been better or worse for the Nation that there had been a South Sea Company? In debating this Question, we have had some learned Authors, as Times go now, who have given their Opinion; and one of them, a merry Fellow, and well vers'd in History, began to talk of ancient Times, and of the Roman Governments, a Thing much in Vogue at this Time with you Journalists; and he began thus: "I hope, learned Gentlemen," *said he, making a Bow to our Problematick Society,* "to prove to you that this Nation has been much the better for there having been a South Sea Company; and in order to do this, I desire to tell you a Story.

At the Time when the famous *Hannibal* was in Italy, and about the eleventh Year of the second Punick War, the City of Tarentum was, by the Treachery of *Nico* and *Philomenes*, two principal Men among the Tarentines, betray'd to the Carthaginians. Great Part of the Roman Garrison were cut in pieces in the Surprize of the Town, but the Governor *Marcus Livius*, with a Part of the Garrison,—such of them as found means to make their Escape,—got into the Castle; which being strong, and so situated, that the Romans could bring Relief to it by Sea, held out against all the Attacks of the Carthaginians, and was the Means that afterward the City itself was also recover'd for the Romans.

When this City was again recover'd, there was a great Debate in the Senate House at Rome, on this Question: Whether *Marcus Livius* had deserv'd Reward for his good Conduct, in preserving and defending the Castle of Tarentum? or deserv'd to be hang'd for his Negligence, when he was Governor of the Town, and let it be surpriz'd by Traytors?

Fabius Maximus, who was Consul, and commanded at the recovering of the Town, (the Debate holding very long,) said he was on *Livius's* side; for that certainly he contributed the most of any man to the recovery of Tarentum; seeing if he had not, by his Negligence, let the Town have been lost, it had never been regain'd from the Enemy. As to the Loss the Republick of Rome had sustain'd, he said he had nothing to say to that, but the Senate must judge as they thought fit.

I leave any one to apply this to the question about the South Sea Company in this Nation. Nothing is more certain than that we have seen, by Experience, the fatal Consequences of an extravagant rise of Bubbles and Stocks; and that we are not to be so entirely surpriz'd again. That the Directors of the South Sea Company have furnish'd us with all this seasonable Wit by Experience; which, if there had been no such Company, we had not gain'd as we have; this is most certainly true. In a Word, if we had not been made Fools, we should not have been now made Wise; and this is all we have to thank them for that I can yet see; to which I have only this to add, that when the Wisdom we have learnt gains as much Money as the Folly has cost us, then we may venture to say the South Sea Company has done us no more harm than good.

We are told now, that the South Sea Company have some extraordinary Things yet before them, which will still give a lift to our Spirits, and that we shall see Something that we do not look for; that the Stock will still be a rising Estate in every Man's Hand, and that the Parliament being to sit in October, will have some great Thing before them for the Benefit of the Company, which will give new Life to their Stock, and make it rise, not on the Foot of an Imaginary, but of a real Value; and that the ruin'd Families, who have been mortally wounded, in their Substance, shall revive again.

If this News were not too good to be true, nay, if it were not almost impossible to be true, something more might be said than can yet be thought of; at least some Encouragement might be given to People to hope. But hitherto we see the Magnitude of the Stock appears too big; the Blow is so great, the Wound so deep, and the Body so heavy that is fallen by it, that the Strength of the whole Nation seems to be insufficient to raise it up. In a Word, nothing can raise the South Sea Stock now, but putting the Company in a Capacity of paying a Yearly Dividend higher than at present they are able to do. If this can be done, the Rate of their Stock will certainly rise in proportion to the Dividend, let it be what it will; with this Exception only, namely, that People be assured that Dividend shall continue; and therefore I think it was a great Mistake to say, that the Company did ill in declaring a high Dividend. It was certainly the only way to have kept up the Price of their Stock; nor was the declaring the Dividend, and the certainty of it for twelve Years, any part of their Crime; that is to say, in my Opinion, since had the Subscriptions then made, been all paid in, 'tis easy to demonstrate that the Company was able to have paid a Dividend of 50 per Cent. for twelve Years; and if so, the Price of Stock at Market would have held up in proportion.

In the like manner, if any People now would ask me how they shall raise the Stock, my Answer is plain, raise the Dividend and you raise the Stock, and no other Thing can do it. You shall hear more of this in its Time.

Your Humble Servant,

JONATHAN PROBLEMATICK.

A. J.—Paris, September 3.—We have had here an unhappy Execution of a Man of Quality this week, but it has been on an extraordinary Occasion. Our Government have discover'd lately several very large Quantities of Louis d'Ors that have been of a counterfeit Stamp; no less than 17,000 of them were found in one House, and these, by putting some Persons to the Torture, have been trac'd to the Chevalier Philip Mareau, a Gentleman of a good Family, Lord of Mezieres, of Cressenau, and of several other Lordships in the County of Anjou and Poictou, and also Seneschal of Anjou. By how much greater the Person, of so much worse Consequence was the Crime; and so much the more necessary was it to have Justice executed. The Proof against him being full, he was brought up hither, the counterfeit Metal, and Tools for melting, and drawing, and stamping, were all taken with him; as also, a Quantity of Louis d'Ors not quite finish'd, and others perfected, and ready for putting off. These Things appearing so plain, a special Commission was granted for his Tryal, when he was convicted, and sentenced to be beheaded; which Sentence was accordingly executed the 26th past, in the Great Square of the Town House of Paris. The Executioner made two Blows at his Neck, but miss'd his Stroke, and wounded him very sorely; and, being confounded at the Miscarriage, his Servant, or Deputy, took the Sword, and cut off the Head at one Blow. The Executioner is sent to the Bastile for his blundering, and will be punish'd with the Fouette, or in English, *will be whipt at the Cart's Tail.*

The Problematic Society, continued.

A. J., Sept. 9.—Sir, I told you some Time ago that I had erected a Problematick Society; and some material Questions I have mentioned, which have come before us, and some still are upon the Anvil. I shall trouble you with but a few of them, that I may not tire your Readers with too much of a good Thing. There are three eminent Questions now before us, which remain undecided, and our Politicians are very busy about them.

(1.) Whether Acts of Grace, as they are call'd, or Pardon, are, generally speaking, the worse or the better in a State?

(2.) Whether of the three remarkable Judgments which

have befallen this Nation, are to be esteem'd the greater,—the Plague, the Fire of London, or the South Sea Scheme?

(3.) Whether would it be better for this Nation, at this Time, to have the present Parliament continued, and the Triennial Bill again dispens'd with; or to have them cease to be, and to come to a new Election?

These are three weighty Questions, and he must be a bold Fellow that would venture to speak freely and fully to them. Assure yourself, the Members of the Society I speak of will not be afraid to speak their Minds, being all true to one another; but whether they will venture to send the Result of their Debates into the World in Print, or, if they should, whether you would venture to print them, is a Question, which it may be as difficult to resolve as any of the rest.

We are a Nation of Liberty, that is true! Liberty of Speech, Liberty of the Press, and Liberty to be as wicked as we think fit, (a few Restraints upon Killing and Robbing excepted); whether we are the better for these Liberties, or the worse, take them one way or other, I cannot tell, and think to lay it before the Problematick Society I talk of; for 'tis a difficult Thing to decide. It is true that Liberty, abstracted from a Liberty to do ill, is a valuable, I had almost said an invaluable Thing. But as our Liberties are so great, that we claim Liberty to affront God and Man, I believe it will be hard to judge whether it were not better that we had no Liberty at all, till we could agree upon proper Limitations upon our Vices, and consent to proper Punishments when those Limitations should be broken.

For Example: Why should we not consent that Adultery, Perjury, Forgery, and Blasphemy, should be punish'd with Death, as they are in several other Christian Countries, and even in one Part of this Island also?

Why should not printing of Blasphemy, and printing of Atheistical and Heretical Books, as also printing of obscene and immodest Books, be punish'd with an equal Severity, as printing Books reflecting on a Minister of State, or a Peer? Why has not God, our Maker, as much right to bring an Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* against a Profane, or Blasphemous Scribbler that denies the Godhead of his Saviour, as a Petty Baron has for a Reproach upon what he calls his

Honour, whether his Character is tolerable or no? And why, on the other Hand, should not Laws be made to punish Men for thus insulting God Almighty, as in Duty and in Interest it should be; lest he be obliged to take it into his own Hands, and do himself Justice another way; as, for Example, he is now doing among our Neighbours?

Why should not human Laws be made to support the Magistrate in the Execution of the Divine Laws? Or indeed to punish the Magistrate for not putting God's Laws in Execution, which is the real Grievance of the whole Nation?

The Liberty taken in all manner of Scandalous Immoralities, thro' the neglect of the Magistrate, is another Complaint against Liberty, and helps to carry the Balance against it in the Question proposed above.

Till the Liberties to break the Laws of God are restrain'd, what do we boast of Liberty for? Freedom to do wickedly, is not Liberty, but Licentiousness; and the Limitations of the Law are no Impeachment of just Liberty.

"*Restraint from Ill is Freedom to the Wise.*"

Let us then talk no more of the Advantage of Liberty, till we can give a better Account of the Use we make of it; and till Magistrates cease to punish Men for using the Liberty of telling them, when they abuse their own. We want nothing more in England than a due Liberty of censuring and reproving the Crimes of great Men. It is true, this is not a Work to be done with ill-Manners; but as in the Commonwealth of Rome, that is to say, in the Consular State of the Romans, there was always a Censor, whose business it was to expose and condemn such as did not pay reverence to the immortal Gods,—such as led immoral Lives, and were Scandalous to the Commonwealth,—so in all just Governments there should be allowed particular Men, who should take care to see the Laws put in Execution against Scandalous Liberties, and against the Persons who were guilty of them.

Till such publick Censors are erected, the Press is the best Way to bring Men to observe the Rules of Morality, by just Satyrs, to expose all manner of Wickedness; and till we know how to allow such Things, we may be well said not to know what belongs to true Liberty.

I doubt not but the itching Ears of many of your Readers will expect my deciding the Questions above; and, were just Liberties allow'd, and lawless Liberties restrain'd, I would do it. But while Men in Magistracy have Crimes they care not to hear of, and are afraid other Men should tell of, we must not expect such a Liberty as these Things call for; but perhaps we may find out a way to touch these sore Places, and yet not come within the Lash of that Power which protects the Crimes it ought to punish. Your Humble Servant,

JONATHAN PROBLEMATICK.

First Inoculations in England.

A. J., Sept. 9.—On Wednesday the seven Persons who had the Small Pox inoculated upon them for an Experiment, were discharged out of Newgate, viz., Richard Evans, John Alcock, John Cowdrey, Ann Tompion, Ruth Jones, Elizabeth Harris, and Mary North, and they are all in a perfect state of Health.*

Last Week an unlucky Boy, (without any other Provocation than that of getting a Piece of Money,) put a Scurvy Trick upon one of the D——'s cold Cooks, living at the Sign of the Coffin near the Strand. The young Rogue finding there was a Penny to be got by giving an early Intelligence of People's Death, went and told the Carrion Hunter that a certain Captain in Henrietta Street was just that Moment dead; and that a Friend of his, that was Servant to the Deceased, would help him to the Job. Upon this he presently tipp'd him a Shilling, and thereupon lost no Time, but went to the House to take measure of the Captain's Corpse; but as he was telling the Servant the Errand that he came upon, the Master overheard him; and having furnish'd himself with a good Oaken Towel, came out, and took measure of his (the Undertaker's) Corpse, by drubbing poor Crape at an unmerciful Rate. And it is generally believed that he never met with such an unruly Corpse in all his Life before.

On the Plague.

A. J., Sept. 16.—Sir, I cannot but observe in many of our Papers, a very affecting, melancholy Account of the spreading

* Felons condemned to death, but offered pardon after submission to Inoculation.—*Ed.*

of the Plague in our neighbouring Country of France; and a heavy Judgment it is, no doubt, and the Consternation of the People must be very great.

But I must also take Notice to you, that had that Distemper happen'd among us, as it did among them, it must certainly have spread a great deal faster than it has among them; and if its contagious Nature be as they say it is,—so much more virulent and furious than former Contagions have been,—it must, by this Time, have destroy'd infinite Numbers of People here more than it has there. And, if it be true, that in the Cities of Marseilles, Thoulon, and Arles, especially the two latter, nine Parts of ten of the People have died, what Havock must it have made among us!

The Methods used in France with the Towns and Places infected, have been to surround them with Lines, and guard them with Troops, so that they should not stir out to mix with the rest of the Country, and spread the Contagion; and this Method has been so severe, and been executed so rigorously, that many very cruel barbarous Things have been done, when Despair or Famine has driven the distress'd People to break out beyond the Lines prescrib'd. In short, the Government declared a sort of defensive War against all the infected Towns and Places,—prohibited the People, on Pain of Death to stir out, or to offer to pass those Lines;—and though, notwithstanding all their Precautions, the Plague has broke Bounds, and is discover'd in Places remote and distant from those first infected,—as in the Country of Rovergue, the Gevaudan, and Parts adjacent; yet, without doubt, had not that severe Method been taken, Paris itself had, by this Time, been as Thoulon, and perhaps no Part of France had been wholly free.

The Methods therefore which they have taken, have been certainly just and prudent, with Respect to the rest of the Country; but suffering not the Sound to come away from the Sick, must most certainly be infinitely the worse for those Towns which have been visited; and where, had the People had Liberty to have gone away, one half of that Number could not have died.

But now to bring this Case home to ourselves; methinks we might, without alarming and distracting our People here, I say, we might talk of using some proper Measures for our con-

duct in England, where such Measures as are practis'd in France cannot be taken.

It is true, we have those Things call'd Privileges and Liberties, which will not allow the Government to proceed with the People as they do in France. For Example; If a Town should be infected, we cannot surround it with Lines, and shoot the Innocent despairing People, that attempt to break out; we cannot imprison the People, and oblige the Sound to stay and die among the Sick. No Officer dare command his Soldiers to fire at a Man that offers to come out of any infected Town, no, tho' he had the Plague upon him; if he did, that Officer commanding would be try'd, and being convicted, would be condemn'd to die for wilful Murther; and if the Widow of the Person so kill'd lodg'd an Appeal, that Officer must die, the King himself could not pardon him.

What then must we do? And what Remedy must we prepare for our Preservation, and to prevent the Confusions which threaten us in case of an Infection? I am not entering too far into such an Enquiry, because People will take more Alarm from such Things than is intended; but certainly it cannot be our Prudence entirely to neglect such a Thing, till it comes to the very Door, the Consequence of which will be, that then we shall be all in Confusion and Distraction.

The French tell us, that at Paris the King has order'd that all Beggars and Vagabonds, and People who are not settled Inhabitants, and cannot give a very good Account of their Business there, shall depart the City; and they have order'd twenty thousand Beds to be prepar'd in the Great Hospital, call'd *La Charity*, and others; which, in case of Infection, are to be as Pest Houses, and it is a very good Thing without doubt. But nothing of this can be done here. Beggars and Vagabonds may indeed be pass'd away; but as for those Poor who have, as we call it, legal Settlements, be they from what County or Town soever, they cannot be compelled to stir. These happy, unhappy Obstructions, call'd Privileges and Liberties, stand in the Way of all this.

It is doubtless the Wisdom of the People to disperse, as much as possible, and separate themselves as much as possible into the several Counties of England where they have any possible Resort. And to persuade them to do this, as soon as

they have any just Cause to apprehend the Distemper will appear here, would be the best Piece of service any Man could do them; and were it effectually done by all such Families whose immediate Business,—or want of Friends to retreat to—did not hinder them, and that such as are oblig'd to stay would send away their Wives and Children, and Servants, into such Retreats; I say, this, by thinning the City of Inhabitants, would go a great way to prevent the Encrease, as well as the spreading of the Distemper.

But I have yet other Methods to propose for regulating and disposing of the People; so as, that if the Distemper should come, it should find no considerable Numbers together, and consequently would much sooner be stopt than it may otherwise be. For certainly nothing can stop the Progress of such a terrible Destroyer,—Providence concurring,—like separating effectually the vast concourse of People which live here in so little room, throng'd together as they do, (so that their very Breath would infect one another,) and giving them a clear Air to breathe in.

It will be objected, that the Poor cannot remove, being not able to subsist for want of Work and Wages, which they depend upon, and would starve without it. I shall state a Method to make this easy also, if the Mischief appears nearer our view. In the mean Time, 'tis but Prudence to conclude beforehand upon what must be done,—when the Time and Occasion comes upon us,—to avoid the Confusions which necessarily attend such Cases, when they find us undetermined: *The Prudent Man foreseeth the Evil, and hideth himself; but the Simple pass on and are punish'd.*—Prov. 27, 12.

Yours, PRUDENTIAL.

A. J., Sept. 16.—They write from Greenwich, that a Gardener in that Town, who was but lately marry'd, has almost ever since led his Wife a very uneasy and weary Life,—and about a fortnight ago, at his going out of his House, told the poor Woman that she should never see him again,—which had so great an effect upon her, that she, like a Fool, went immediately and hang'd herself. But, as good luck would have it, the Man had forgot something, and so came back to fetch it, when, finding the poor Wretch truss'd up with a Halter, he cut her down,

and by the Use of proper Applications, she came to herself again in a little Time; and the Man finding his Wife so good as to humour him in this Particular, (for it seems he often wish'd her hang'd,) is resolv'd to make her, for the future, a very good Husband, and wishes himself hang'd if ever he offers to leave her again, or otherwise treats her unbecomingly.

A. J., Sept. 16.—John Smith, commonly call'd half-hang'd Smith, on Account of his being formerly hang'd seven Minutes at Tyburn, when a Reprieve came from her late Majesty; and, being recover'd in a very short Time, was discharg'd out of Newgate, but was soon after committed thither again for breaking open a Warehouse, when a Special Verdict given at the Old Bailey,—which was afterwards, by the Judges, decided in his Favour,—was, on Tuesday last, committed to Newgate, by the Lord Mayor, for breaking open the Warehouse of Mr. William Loveday, at Five in the Morning, with intent to steal; several Picklock Keys being found upon him when he was apprehended.

Strictures on Publication of Aislabie's Defence.

A. J., Sept. 23.—Sir, I have had some Leisure since I wrote to you last, to reflect upon one Thing, that, I believe, has not much occupied the Heads of your Speculators in London, at least not yet.

The Speeches, as they are call'd, of the famous Mr. Aislabie, (I say famous in the Sense of the Parliament of Great Britain declaring him Infamous,) are, as I am inform'd, translated into French; I should have said Mr. Aislabie has caused his Speeches to be translated into French. Now if the publishing his Speeches, after they had been spoken in Parliament, or at the Bar of the House of Lords, is allow'd to be an Appeal to the People, nay, as some have said, is an Appeal to the People against the Parliament; then I desire to know whether publishing it in French is not a kind of Appeal against the Parliament of Great Britain to the People of France, a Thing that must of necessity fill the Thoughts of observing Men, concern'd for the Honour of their Country, with a kind of Horror at the Design, tho' at the same Time with the utmost Contempt for the Designer.

It may be objected, and therefore Objections ought to be removed, that the having a Book translated into any Language, after it has been printed here in English, may indeed be a Testimony how well that Book is receiv'd in the World, and of the general Approbation it meets with, but cannot be laid to the charge of the Author by any means, unless it can be made appear that the Author has directed such a Translation.

All this is granted; but if then it appears, as I doubt not it does, that this Gentleman has directed the very Translation we speak of,—that he has employ'd a certain Scandalous Implement to translate it,—that he has sent him a large Sum of Money for the Work;—and that the ostentatious Wretch has serv'd him so ill, as to boast of his being so employ'd,—and has told the very Sum he receiv'd for doing it; I say, if the Tool, thus set to Work has, in his infinite Vanity, discover'd this, and it appears that the Translation is the Act and Deed of the Author, and of a piece with the Publication of it here, what shall we then call it, Mr. Applebee? This, I think, is not an Insult upon Parliament only, but an Insult upon the whole Nation, bringing the Parliamentary Justice of our Country to the Bar, not of our own People only, but of the Neighbouring Nations; and appealing from the Legislature to a Nation that have really suppress'd Legislature itself, and subjected all their Laws, and the very Principles of Justice, to the absolute Will of their Sovereign,—who know no Right or Wrong but what is centred in Slavery,—and resolve all Liberty into Submission and Obedience.

To appeal to these against a British Parliament! Heaven defend us from Foreign Power! What is it but calling upon them to come over, and do him Justice? And what is it but Treason in Embrio? Not that I think, as Things Stand just now, there is any great Reason to fear the Assistance France can give to any Malcontents here, or to any Persons, were they really oppress'd; but how far such an Example may be brought into Practice hereafter, that I will not answer for.

What can this Gentleman's hiring a French Butterfly to translate all his Flourishes and Rhetorick into their Language, I say, what can he mean? But that he would have those People be made sensible of the Hardships he undergoes here

by the Injustice of the Parliament? And this was to some purpose, or to no purpose; if the first, he must be a ———; if the last, he must be a ——. I waive the Explication, leaving it to be explain'd in his next Defence, or Speech, at the Bar; for doubtless this Treatment of a British Parliament will require almost as much Art to defend it, as the Charge upon him of an Infamous Corruption did.

Is it likely that a British Parliament should be silent in such a Case as this? Will those in whose Hand it is to do us all Justice, not do themselves Justice? Shall it ever be said, that a Man sentenc'd, or censur'd by a British Parliament appeal'd from them to the People, or appeal'd from them to the French People? What would this last have been call'd in former Days? Nay, what will it be call'd in future Days? What will Posterity say or think of it?

This is indeed a Nation of *Liberty!* If such Liberties as these are to be taken with the Parliament, then I see not why we may not write Satyrs upon Legislature itself in Time; for what Power can be held sacred? It was one of the Arguments which Philip II. made use of against William, then Prince of Orange, that he, *being a Subject,* had complain'd of Oppression, not in a legal Course, and to such Courts, or States, or Powers whither he might, by Law, have referr'd for Justice; but, by way of Manifesto or Declaration, printed in several Languages, had appeal'd against the Justice of his Country, and against his Sovereign; endeavouring thereby to arm the Princes, and States of Europe, against the Government, he was oblig'd to submit to, and thereby to bring in a Foreign Power, which was no less than Treason and Rebellion; and therefore, his Catholick Majesty declares him a Traytor and Rebel.

This Subject I am speaking of is indeed too little and low for our Uneasiness this Way; and it is not, *Blessed be God,* in his Power to make himself considerable enough for such Things as these,—especially since his Avarice has been reduced so much,—and that his Finger lyes now so far below his Ambition. But the precedent is not the less dangerous, and merits to be thus branded with a Mark of Infamy; that whoever may offer the like, may see the Eyes of Great Britain are opened, and they are justly alarm'd at so audacious a Step as this, and will never forbear to resent it as it deserves.

Some have insinuated, that there are more People concern'd in this Man's Vindication than we are aware of. I believe indeed that there are more Confederates with him in his Crimes than we are aware of, and the Arts to conceal great Criminals have been too Successful; but as some Truths are come to Light, and even into my Hands, which are surprizing, expect that I will, in a few Days, furnish you with Something that way, that shall surprize not you only, and your Readers, but all the Town that hear of it.

Yours, ENIGMA.

A. J., Sept. 23.—One of the late South-Sea Directors, has put up Prayers, in the Congregation of which he is a Member, to this Effect, *viz.* "That the Lord will be pleas'd to deliver him out of the great Troubles he is involved in."

The Bubblers Rail at each Other.

A. J., Sept. 30.—Sir, We have an old English Proverb very significant in itself, and verify'd often by Practice, *Give the Loser leave to speak.* In right of this Proverb, or Custom, we have given our Passions vent a great while, and have rail'd most plentifully at the Law Managers of the *South Sea* Stock, and particularly at the Directors by Name.

Not content with that, we have, speaking nationally, brought them to Justice, and they stand, as some call it, attainted in Parliament; their Estates are confiscated, their Persons disabled, and the like.

But that which very much surprizes me, (and indeed the Assurance of it is surprizing,) is to hear, not the Losers, but the Winners rail. To hear Men open against the Scheme who were deepest ingulph'd in the Crime of it; nay who,—if we may believe all the Evidence that has convinc'd a Parliament,—were Guilty, even of the very Machination, the original Plot, and the first Thought of it. 'Tis a merry Story to hear these Men open against the *South Sea* Company, against the Directors, against Mr. Knight, against the Brokers, and against every Body that had a share in carrying it on.

Some are condemn'd and censur'd in Parliament for infamous Corruption, and for being concern'd therein with those who are censur'd with them in the same Bill; and yet they

are the Men who, with a particular Rage, are the first to fall foul upon the Directors, no Men more.

This, Sir, has been so far from giving us in the Country an Idea of those People's Honesty or Innocence, that, on the contrary, it gives us a Sketch of inimitable Confidence and Assurance, I had almost call'd it Impudence; likewise it convinces us of the Rectitude of Parliamentary Justice, and the Necessity there has been of consolidating some Men's Case with the Directors. Nay indeed, we think the Parliament had done well to have begun with these Men, and have made Examples of them first; and then perhaps we had not had such Complaints made of Skreens, and of skreening the guilty People from the Publick Resentment.

Had these Men been laid hold of before Mr. Knight had fled, and had that Time been spent in an Enquiry after the Head of the Mischief, before we began to take hold of the lesser Thieves; perhaps there would have been Cause given to have secur'd Mr. Knight, and have fasten'd him down, that he might not have had Time to move off; and then, the green Book would have been perhaps discover'd also, and many a Truth have been discover'd, that now we can only guess at.

But for want of this Discovery, we find them not only insisting upon their Innocence, and appealing, as I told you last Week, to the People; but grown loud in their quarrelling at Public Justice; and, in their Turn, casting Dirt upon their Fellow Criminals, and upon others also.

Is it not an unaccountable Stock that these Persons are arriv'd to? That they should, at this Time of Day, fall upon the other Schemes and Projects,—such as the Assurances, and York-Buildings,—when they at the same Time assisted in that great Scheme, of which these were only the Seconds, and to which they were really as nothing? That they should charge these with a Crime in raising the Value of their Stocks, and making Offers to the Advantage of the Government, when they were in the great Cheat of all? Where a Bargain was made with the Government, which 'tis apparent now they cannot perform, and on the Chimera of which, such immense Sums were advanc'd, as in the Disappointment must necessarily shock the whole Nation?

That they should reproach particular Men for espousing

those Things which they call'd Bubbles, when they themselves, in a very particular Manner, espoused the great Cheat of advanc'd Subscriptions to such a Degree, as to give in Lists of vast Sums to those Subscriptions, and that at a Rate which they well knew could never be comply'd with?

Give me leave to tell you, that 'tis our Opinion here, that these Men have been the Chief Agents of the Nation's Misfortunes; the Supporters, the Encouragers, and the Grand Confederates in the whole *South Sea* Disaster. If some Body else has been as the *Spencer* of old Time, they have been the GAVESTONS, a name equally odious; and together, they make us all Honour and Reverence the late Resolution in Parliament, as the general Voice of the whole People of England, (viz.) That they have been Guilty of most INFAMOUS AND DANGEROUS CORRUPTION. Yours, &c., N. B.

N.B. You may inform your Readers that a New Opera is design'd shortly to be presented to the Town, and to be acted by a Company of Comedians coming over from Brussels. This famous new Opera will be call'd CACAPISMOS, or the History of the two CRAGGS'S.

Their hungry Projectors have been our Directors,
And with Bites and with Bubbles have Schem'd us;
Their *Gaveston* and *Spencer* have got all our Pence Sir,
And *Craggs*, the old Barber, has trim'd us.

A. J., Sept. 30.—We hear that about the middle of last Week a sad Accident happen'd in the City. A Gentlewoman and her Daughter, who had lost all they had, during the Time of the late Infatuation, ran both Distracted. A Nurse and a Maid were hir'd to look to this unfortunate Couple; but as they both stood talking together at the Door, the old Gentlewoman jump'd out of Bed, threw up the Sash, and flung herself headlong out of the Window, and in the Fall, dash'd her Brains out.

Essay referring to the Great Plague in London.

A. J., Oct. 6.—Sir,—I observe other Papers are very particular in their Accounts of the Plague, with which our neighbouring Countries are visited; but that you say little of it, which I suggest may be either, first, that you do not give entire

Credit to what they say, or that, secondly, you are loth to alarm us too much at Home.

As to the first; I do believe, as I suppose you do, that we have not true Accounts from Abroad, nor can I blame the French for concealing their own Disasters; I know we did so in England when the same kind of Judgment was upon us. Many Reasons are to be given why we should allow them the same Latitude; they are a Trading Nation as well as we, and it is already very heavy upon them that their Commerce is shut up on several Sides. Nor are they without Reason to apprehend it would be quickly shut up on every Side, if the Distemper should spread much farther; or, that it should be known how far it has spread already. It is therefore their Prudence to conceal, as much as in them lyes, their Misery from all the rest of the World; and, upon this Foundation, I doubt not but that the Southern Parts of France are much more afflicted than they suffer us to know. The Infection of Avignon is a Proof of this; where the Pope's Legate, tho' surrounded by the French, concealed the Town's being Infected, for above a Month.

I have heard, and have a great deal of Reason to believe what I have heard of that kind, that in the City of London, when visited with the Plague, many Thousands perished more than an Account could be taken of; and that many Thousands of those that were known,—and of whom they might have given an Account,—were not put into the Bills, lest the People in other Parts of the Kingdom should have been frighted from bringing Provisions for the rest.

Thousands likewise died in the Fields and Ditches adjacent to the City,—whose Bones lye there still, and have been frequently dug up on several Occasions,—who were never bury'd at all otherwise than by the People of the next Hamlet or Village, throwing Earth upon them as they lay. I doubt not the World never will have a true Account of the Numbers of People that dye at this Time Abroad; neither shall we know how far the Distemper spreads, if they can help it, till perhaps it may come so near us as to discover itself, in a Manner not to be conceal'd.

But I come to the second Reason, which I give why you are perhaps backward to speak in this Case, (viz.) That you are

loth to alarm our People too much. 'Tis a Charitable an Christian Reason I confess, in the main Part of it; but I cannot say that it is a good Reason why we should not let the People know the true State of their Condition, and what it is they ought to do, or to expect. Nay, on the contrary, it may be injurious to many Families, in not giving them timely Notice to take needful Measures for their own Safety, and that of their Families; and this will certainly encrease the Hurry and Fright that such People will be in, if it should once come upon them.

It may pass for a doubtful Question among some People, whether it would be best, that the People of this City should know the Plague will visit them, if it is to come; or, that they should not know it before it should come; and many I know pretend to be of the Opinion they should not know it.

I know my Reasons why I am not of that Opinion, and I know them to be good Reasons; but the Town will not bear them at this Time. I remember what our Saviour says of the Day of Judgment; that the People will buy and sell, marry, and be given in Marriage, even to the last Gasp. And I doubt I may say the same of the City of London, they will Drink, Swear, Blaspheme, deny Christ that Divinity which they will after tremble at; they will Trade, Cheat, Stock-Job, set up Bubbles, act lewd Plays, keep Whores, rob on the Highway; and, in a Word, go on as they do now, not only till the Judgment comes upon them, but even till they, as we may justly call it, bring it upon themselves; and are these the Men that should not be alarm'd? You may, with as much Justice, say, when a House is on Fire, you should not alarm the Family, or wake them out of their Sleep, for fear of frighting and terrifying them. Such a Family would say afterwards you were very unjust to let them lye till they were in Danger of being burnt in their Beds; and so will the People here say, if they should be surpriz'd with this Calamity, that it was very unkind not to inform them of their Danger, that they might have Time to provide for themselves and Families, but to let them be led on in Ignorance till the Evil was upon them.

I am, Sir, Your Humble Servant,

H. R.

Of Doing Something to be Talked About.

A. J., Oct. 14.—Mr. Applebee, when I read the wise Observations of your Brother Journalists, and upon what excellent good Terms they make themselves popular, it puts me in mind of a Tinker in the West of England, who was hang'd at Exeter for being very busy in fomenting the Discontents of the People in the Country, and their Insults against the Government, which afterwards broke out into open Rebellion.

It seems the Tinker (for he was no other, tho' he call'd himself a Blacksmith) used to run up and down from one Market Town to another, and from one House to another, and rail plentifully at the new Government they had then erected, at the Ministers of State, and at the King too, for he spar'd no Body; and by this means he became mighty popular, for People are always fond of any Body that will talk boldly, as they call it, against the Government.

By this means, the Tinker was admitted into abundance of Families; talk'd Treason to the old Women, and, among the rest, carry'd Intelligence, raised Factions, encreased Disaffection, and at last it issued in Rebellion, as I said above.

This Man I take to be the *Weekly Journal* of those Times, at least for the Country, for they had no Pamphleteering in those Days; but he, going from Time to Time among the Country People, spread Jealousies, Misunderstandings, and Prejudices among the People; and this, I say, came at last up to Rebellion. In the Process of the Story, this Rebellion ended in a Defeat; and, as most Rebellions do, brought the Principal Agents of it, who escap'd the Slaughter of the Field, to the Gallows.

The Tinker, it seems, was not with them in Arms; those that inflame the People seldom hazard themselves in the Madness they excite to, so he thought himself safe. But the King's Officers, understanding what an Agency he had in Kindling the Flame, tho' he had no Share of the Risk, thought fit to take him up for an Incendiary; and, as he justly deserv'd, they brought him to the Gallows. When the Tinker saw his Fate inevitable, he pull'd up his Courage, and told them, that since he must dye, he could not help it; but it was

some Satisfaction to him that he had done something in the World to be talk'd of when he was dead.

I apply this Story to your Brethren Printers of Publick Affairs, who foolishly blow up the Coals of Sedition, and bring themselves to Newgate, and to the Bar, for meddling. They may comfort themselves with having done something to be talk'd of; and tho' it be with the Infamy of being publick Disturbers of the People, yet 'tis most certain they will be made Publick to their Heart's content.

Now it is certain some of these Men must be in the wrong, because they are directly opposite to one another, and in the main we may easily see who is right and who is wrong; but that is not to the purpose, the Moral is this:—'Tis doubtless the Wisdom of a Writer of public Things not to embarrass himself with the Government he lives under; and I cannot but say that I think nothing is more easy than for a Writer to make just Remarks, and even Reflections too upon the Publick, and yet not provoke and make Men angry; or, if he has a mind to be Satyrical, he may do it so as that the Law can have no hold of him; and so, he may keep himself out of the Briars, and out of the Broils of State.

I will pay no Compliment to the prudent Distance you have taken in this Case. Had your Contemporary Mr. M(*ist*) done thus, he might have expos'd all those that he would expose; he might have blacken'd those he would blacken, and yet have kept himself out of the Lash of Justice, and the Law would have had no Fangs to have gripp'd him as it has done.

Now, for Example, suppose you declaim against an Ethiopian, which some would fain wash white; suppose you remarkably point out those who have joyned with the late South Sea Directors in their most pernicious Practices, and have been Guilty of most Infamous Corruption, have you not full Scope for the Satyrs Lash here, and yet bring yourself under no Man's Power or Resentment? You have room enough to mark out the Men, without naming of them, so that every Man must know them again. You have room to lash the Crimes of the greatest of Men. Crime is the Subject of wise Men's Abhorrence, and of just Men's Resentment. If any great Man be lewd and vicious, what is that to the purpose? Must we not expose Lewdness and Vice, because our neigh-

bouring Justice, or suppose a bigger Man than he, is Guilty of it? This can never be deny'd. Suppose I exclaim in Print upon the abhorred Practices of Drunkenness, Cursing and Swearing, and of particular Debaucheries, shall this offend any Body because it may happen that such or such a great Lord, or great M(*inister*) of S(*tate*) may be Guilty of such Crimes? No, no, Mr. App., let them not take it upon themselves, unless they are Guilty; and if they are Guilty, let them mend it, and then the Satyr is no Satyr to them; nor is any one to blame for exposing the Crime, for none but the Guilty can be concern'd in it.

Thus you may act Safely, and yet act Smartly. Expose Avarice, Treachery, betraying great Trusts, dangerous Corruptions, infamous Practices of all Sorts, and let the Men alone, then you will be out of Danger; and as for those that fit the Coat, let them wear the Coat. If they are Known by Character, the Satyr will bite as close as if they were known by Name. Your Servant, CAUTION.

A. J., Oct. 14.—On Thursday, one Harris, an Exchange Broker, was taken in Southwark on Suspicion of Robbing the Bristol Mail. The Description given in the publick Papers of the Man and Horse agreeing, occasion'd his being secur'd; and some of the Bills were found about him, and also a Mask, &c.

Of Doing Something to be Talked About—continued.

A. J., Oct. 21.—Mr. Applebee,—I sent you a Story of an eminent Tinker in my last, who being Guilty of Rebellion, pleased himself, and boasted at the Gallows that he had done something to be talk'd of. We really have many Sorts of People among us now that do Things to be talk'd of; and, if being eminent Rogues, eminent Cheats, eminently Perjur'd, and eminently Impudent; or, if being eminently Foolish, eminently False, eminently Treacherous, or eminently Impertinent, will comfort the Men of the present Age; many of our People may go comfortably to the Gallows; for doubtless they have done enough to be talk'd of.

If a Man be declared infamously Corrupt, not only by the common Opinion of his whole Country, but even by the Representative Body of his Country, by the supreme Judicature

of his Country; has not this Man been made sufficiently eminent?

If a Man has given in upon Oath an Account of his Estate and Effects, as the Law requir'd, in order to the making publick Satisfaction for the Rapine and Robbery he has been Guilty of; but, when the Penalty of Felony appears to be annex'd to the Oath, in case of Collusion, gives in another Account, double in its Magnitude to the former, has not such a Man made himself sufficiently eminent?

If a Man has for some Time appear'd Zealous for the Interest of his Sovereign, and for the particular Establishment of his House, and has received immense Favours from the Royal Bounty of his said Master; yet shall afterwards turn upon his Benefactor, court his Enemies, and fly in the Face of all that Benevolence which he never deserv'd, and as ill apply'd; has not such a K——t made himself, by Impudence and Ingratitude, sufficiently eminent?

If a Man entrusted with Posts of Advantage, and loaded with Honours, under the shelter of which he loads himself with Wealth, shall abuse all those Trusts and Advantages, to aggrandize himself and Family, and lay up an immense Wealth at the Expense of his Country; has not such a Man made his Name sufficiently eminent?

Indeed, Sir, I think, and recommend it to your Readers to judge, whether I am right or wrong; I say, I think that any or all these Folks, and all such as they are, may go to the Gallows with great Consolation, as to the particular of the Tinker of the West Country, and may depend upon't they shall be eminently talk'd of after they are dead.

I might descend lower than these, and observe, that when a Shop-keeper has gam'd away Wife and Children, Credit and Creditors, among the Jobbers of the South Sea, and having retir'd into the Shelter of the Mint from the Justice of a Commission of Bankrupt, then gives in a false Account to the Commissioners, clandestinely concealing his Effects, which he, upon Oath, declares to have discover'd, and goes to Newgate for the Fact; such a Man is certainly made eminent his own Way, and may be assur'd he shall be spoken of hereafter.

If an Exchange Broker, after having robb'd upon that an-

cient well-frequented Highway, the ALLEY, as long as any purchase was to be gotten there, turns afterwards to the Trade of a Highwayman, in the ordinary way, and borrows now and then a Bank Note or two out of the Bristol Mail, and the like; I say, if this Accomplishment appears to be his just Character, would any Man desire to be more flagrantly eminent for a Rogue of Rank? Such a Man may venture to take it upon him, that he shall be talk'd of for some Years after he is hang'd, as an eminent Gentleman of his Profession.

I could furnish you, Sir, with many Instances of the like Kind among our worthy Citizens, and could single out some of all Professions for your Admiration; but you must be sparing of your Characters, lest you touch some gall'd Horses so near that they wince, and give you a Kick of their Power before they are lower'd in their Sails, before they may be stript of that Strength which they have so ill improv'd, and so much abus'd.

Let this Sketch serve, for the present, for your Instruction, and your Readers Diversion. Time will furnish you daily with more eminent Persons, and perhaps some that are more wonderfully eminent than those that have gone before them,—for restless men are never Satisfy'd till they get upon the Pinnacle of Fame,—whether it be Good or Evil. Every Man, according to his particular Talent, and as he is mov'd, by his private Genius, or by his good or bad Inclination,—whether guided by a right Principle to a love of Virtue, to good Actions, and to pursue what is Honourably great; or, as his Ambition, Pride, or Avarice directs, to a degenerate Baseness, and to pursue Crime to his own Destruction,—to the fixing a lasting Brand of Infamy upon his very Name and Posterity.

I am, SIR, your Humble Servant,

Mr. EMINENT.

Capture of Cartouche.

A. J., Oct. 21.—The whole talk of the City of Paris is upon the taking that famous Rogue of all Rogues LEWIS CARTOUCHE, whose Enterprizes will supply Posterity with Subject for more Romance than ever did that of the seven Champions, or Amadis of Gaul. Never any Robber that has been heard of has been equally daring, resolute, and successful. He rang'd the Streets of Paris for near two years,

and committed most desperate Robberies, some of them even in the Mid-day. He never baulk'd coming into the City, and parading with his Gangs, in all Parts of it, even to the last; no, altho' five several Detachments of the Guards were every Evening in particular quest of him. He was several Times seen and known in the open Streets, but no private Body dare offer at him. Nay, the Archers, (that is, the City Sergeants) had so often their Hands full of him, that tho' they were Arm'd with Fire-Arms, they at last declin'd him; and if they knew where he was, as they often had Information given them, they car'd not to attempt him, unless they were driven to it. Upon two Occasions of their attacking him, he fought his way through them all, wounding several, and killed two of them; afterwards, when the King's Foot-Guards were employ'd, one of the Officers of the Regiment employ'd a young Fellow, a Soldier of the Guards, to be a Spy upon him, to set him, and to give Intelligence, which he undertook, and to that End listed himself among Cartouche's Gang. This was the Man that gave Notice of him when he was attacked by Monsieur Guet, whom he kill'd, and escaped;—but in a few Days after, this young Fellow was found murder'd, his Throat cut, his Body cut open, and his Heart pull'd out; by which it was supposed that Cartouche had some Intelligence of him, and how he was employ'd to betray him.

This Murder, however, was the Means to bring him to Justice; for a young Musqueteer of the Guards having the next Day been observ'd to have his Clothes Bloody, his Officer question'd him about it. He put it off, with saying, that he quarter'd at a Butcher's House, and that he had assisted at the killing a Bullock that was unruly. The Officer said no more at that Time, because he would give him no Jealousy, but acquainted Monsieur PACONE, Aid-Major of the Regiment, who, knowing, it seems, the young Fellow to be a Rogue, sent for him; and speaking at first kindly to him, "Look you, GRILLAC," says he, calling him by his Name, "you know well enough that I am acquainted with some of your Rogueries, and that I have known you a great while. I know also that you are one of Cartouche's new Gang, and that you assisted him in the Murder of my Corporal; and I have good Evidence against you. Now to shew you how much I am your Friend,

if you will immediately and faithfully discover where Cartouche is, so that I may apprehend him, I will undertake to procure you the King's Pardon, and you shall never be brought upon the Stage at all." Grillac hesitated at the Thing, and would have deny'd that he was concern'd with Cartouche, or so much as knew him; but the Major soon let him see that he knew Things too well to be deceived so, and changing the Tone of his Speech, told him, that, in a Word, if he would save his Life it was now in his Power; but that after this, he would never have another Offer, and that he would send him to the Dungeon of the Chatelet, from whence he should never come out, but go directly to mount the Wheel at the GREVE (that is the Place of Execution). Upon this, seeing the Major in earnest, he began to relent, and having had Assurances of his Pardon for himself, he told the Major that he had promised Cartouche to meet him at Nine a-Clock the next Morning at a certain Tavern in the Suburb St. Martin, and that if he would send a certain Number of the Guards to invest the House, they should certainly find him. Accordingly five Sergeants, with every one two Files of Musqueteers, were sent for; and the Major being resolv'd to trust no Body with the Work but himself, went at the Head of them, and having first effectually beset the House, so that it was impossible for any Man to escape; he seiz'd upon Cartouche in Bed, and in such a Manner, as has been made publick already. He was surpriz'd, so as not to be able to make any Resistance; but he has since attempted his Escape, and was gotten out of the Chatelet through a Stone Wall four Foot thick, but with an Accomplice was taken in the next House, and is now in the Dungeon, double fetter'd and double guarded. They talk indeed of sparing his Life, if he will discover his whole Gang; and upon the very first Rumour of such a Thing, no less than thirty Men of the Regiments of Guards, and some of the Queen's, deserted, and are fled. On the other Hand, about twelve are taken up; and it is not doubted but that Cartouche will be brought to the Wheel, notwithstanding any Confessions he may make; for he is so desperate a Rogue, they really know not what else to do with him. My next, I suppose, may give you an Account of his Execution.

D. P., Oct. 21.—The famous Mr. Law, having obtain'd his

Majesty's most gracious Pardon, and the Appellant having likewise, before the Lord Chief Justice King, withdrawn the Appeal that stood against him; the said Gentleman and his Son arriv'd here along with Sir John Norris, and on Sunday last they were at Court to wait on his Majesty, and to return him their most humble Thanks.

On the Religion of a Printer or Bookseller.

A. J., Oct. 28.—Mr. Applebee, It is a long while ago that I wrote to you anything about Religion; I pray you, if it be in the Power of any of the Members of your Oracle, tell me what Religion are you Journal Writers of?

I have heard it related, how true I know not, that when the Dutch Ships came to Japan, and the Merchants heard that the King of the Country had resolv'd to admit no Christians to Trade there, no not on pain of Death; they resolv'd when the Question was ask'd them, not to say they were Christians, but to say they were Hollanders.

Now, I think, when any Man asks, as above, what Religion you are of, that is, you of the Brotherhood, you should answer, not that you are Christians, or Protestants, but that you are *Printers*.

As St. James says, that out of the same Mouth comes Blessing and Cursing; so out of the same Printing House comes Prayers and Play Books, Bibles and Ballads; the same *Types*, or Letters, compose the Companion for the Altar, and a Companion for the Halter. One Day, you print for King George, and another Day Treason against King George; one Day you print Devotion, and the next Day Blasphemy; one Day for the King, another for the Pretender; one Day for God, and the next Day for the Devil. And all is one to the Printer; he is a Printer still.

Well, the Letters may be Tories, but the Press is always a Whig, for it lives by Liberty, and often times, (like some Whigs too,) it turns that Liberty into Licentiousness. Liberty of the Press may be the most needful Liberty, but it is the most abus'd Liberty in the World; and therefore it is that I argue, that you ought not to say you are of any Religion, but that you are *Printers*.

And yet, after all, you may plead in your own Defence, that

you have as much Religion as your Neighbours, for pray, if we come to argue upon the Square, let them tell us,—

1. What Religion is a Bookseller? That sells you all you print, and puts the Money which he gets by Religious Books, or Blasphemous Books, Modest and Bawdy, Adorable and Horrible, all into one Pocket; and all the Men alive can't know the Shillings asunder.

2. What Religion is a South Sea Director? Who gives one Account in upon Oath, and swears 'tis true, *so help him God;* but when his Neck is ty'd to it, and he is to say, *may I be hang'd if it is not!* then gives another Oath, and another Account, perhaps double to the former!

3. What Religion is a Statesman? Who to-day serves one Prince, and to-morrow serves his Enemy? To-day swears to him, to-morrow fights against him? To-day wears his Badge, to-morrow affronts him? Of such this Nation has had many; I do not say there have been any in this Age; and if there were, I am not talking about them!

4. What Religion pray is a Modern Arian of? Who prays to Christ Jesus, and denys him; worships him, and yet disowns his being a God; stands up at the Prayers, and sits down at the Doxology; stays in the Church at the Psalm, but goes out at the *Gloria Patri!*

Certainly these are Hereticks, they must not be call'd Christians. I could name you abundance of double-minded Christians of this kind, besides these; but, for the present, let these few serve, and when I can be inform'd what to call these People, I may talk with you again.

In a Word, Religion is so much lost among these Sorts of People, that if I were of their Council, they should be advised to talk no more of it in the World; or, to separate it, at least, from all the rest of their Management, as a Thing they can as well do without. And thus, I think, I have made you Printers amends for enquiring after your Religion.

There are some Exchange-Alley-Men whose Religion it would be hard to determine; but as they belong to another Country, where that may be Honesty which is not Honesty in our Country; and, where that may be Religion which is not Religion in our Church, I therefore leave them to be try'd by a Jury of Foreigners like themselves, and shall talk next Time

to you of the Religion of another Sort of Folks, who pretend to more Religion than other People, but really have as little as any Body. 'Tis a strange Thing to say, but it is too evident, there are Hypocrites in Politicks as well as in Religion; and we see some of your Profession practising the Art of Daubing as well as other Painters; but of this more hereafter.

I am, SIR, Your Humble Servant,

SINCERITY.

A. J., Oct. 28.—This has been a very unhappy, unfortunate Month for the Gentlemen of the *Catchpole Society;* and some of their Calamities merit our Condolence. The Beginning of the Month three of the most eminent Bombs, or Bailiffs, of the Wapping and Ratcliff Division, with their Wives, *or &c—s,* having, it seems, had pretty good Success in the Way of their wicked Calling, resolv'd to be Merry, and took a Boat, stor'd with good Liquors, &c, to go down the River. Whether they overloaded the Boat, or overloaded their Heads, or what other Fate attended them, *this Deponent sayeth not;* but certain it is, they went all to the Bottom, as we formerly gave an Account. Two others of them, having, in the Execution of their Office, arrested a worthy Gentleman (Captain Edward Lutterell) near Norfolk Buildings, treated him so roughly in the height of their Modesty, that, it seems the poor Gentleman was found shot thro' the Body, stabb'd in several Places in the Back; and, being since bury'd at St. Clements Danes, the two Bailiffs, it seems, lye in good strong Irons for *Wilful Murder,* as charg'd by the Coroner's Inquest. The third Misfortune of the Brotherhood is, that last Week a Bailiff and his Follower coming to a Publick House, near Westminster School, an ill-natur'd Gentlewoman, who knew them to be Rogues by their *Phyz,* (as most People do, and any Body may,) went and inform'd the young Gentry, call'd King's Scholars, of it; these immediately sent a strong Detachment to seize the Enemy. The Bailiff, by the goodness of his Heels, made his Escape; but the unhappy Wretch, call'd A DOG, fell into the Hands of Justice, and was made decently free of the Place, being toss'd in a Blanket as usual.

Progress of Plague in France.

A. J., Nov. 4.—Sir, I have not myself a Letter directly from France, as I have had sometimes when I wrote to you before; but I am assur'd by my Correspondence among Gentlemen of very good Credit and Reputation, that the Accounts from Languedoc give us some Reason to hope that the Plague is very much abated there. Some indeed have undertaken to write, that unless it pleases God to send it by Methods out of the ordinary Course of Providence, we may depend upon it, it will finally cease in the Country where it is; that is, that it cannot pass any farther, or into any other Place, by the usual Way of Infection from one to another, the Lines being so made, and so strictly guarded, that it is next to impossible. A Friend of mine, who lives at Lyons, writes to his Correspondent here, that the Lines on the Side of Dauphine reach from above *St. Paul Trois Chasteau* to the *Durance;* which must then take in the Cities and the whole Districts of Orange and Avignon, so that those Countries are entirely cut off from all Communication. And I hear, the French General, the Count de *Medavi,* has declared, that he is well assured that not one Man, Woman, or Child, has pass'd those Lines any where, tho' they are near eighty miles in length, and many have attempted it in a most desperate manner; and, that it is impossible any should pass them without being Shot by his Men, or Kill'd by the Country Militia, after they have pass'd, for that all are up in Arms to discover Stragglers.

I find by all the Intelligence I have met with, that tho' the Distemper is spread over the whole City and Districts, or Bounds of *Avignon,* and likewise of *Orange,* yet that it is not in so raging and desolating a manner, as it was at *Marseilles;* what it may yet be, we cannot tell. All the Letters from the upper *Languedoc,* and the *Vivarez,* speak comfortably, and tell us, that the Snow begins to fall in great Quantities on the Mountains, which has served to cool the Air very much; and this, they say, is one Reason why they think the Rage of the Distemper has received some Check. Also in the flat Countries on the Banks of the *Garrone;* and also on the *Loyre* they have had very great Rains, which are reckon'd to be much in their Favour. There are still some Places where the Distemper is

yet violent; but as Winter comes on apace, they tell us, even from thence, that they hope to be deliver'd from it in a little while.

In the mean Time, the Officers in the Lines have been quicken'd on every Side, by repeated Orders from the Council, to be vigilant, and to double their Guards, where they find it convenient, in order to prevent any People breaking out from those Towns and Places where the Distemper has been discover'd; and this is certainly the most effectual Method to stop the spreading of the Infection, that it is possible for human Wisdom to contrive. It is true, it is attended with great Severities, and sometimes Cruelty, such as we in our Country cannot put in Practice, unless many of our Laws are repeal'd, and standing Forces rais'd for the Purpose, which, I hope, we shall not see done; and therefore I likewise rejoyce to send you Word, that there is Room to hope we may escape it.

I heard once indeed that the Plague was gotten into *Lyons*, where it would, without doubt, make terrible Work; but I am assur'd, by very good Intelligence, that it is not confirm'd: And on the 24th of the Month of October, Letters from Lyons gave an Account, that they were yet preserv'd. It is said indeed, that the City of *Vienne* in Dauphine is touch'd, that is, as they say, they are suspected; and 'tis very likely it may be so. But this is a great Way from Lyons, at least eighty Miles; and the Guards that Way are kept very strictly.

Upon the whole, Sir, and from all the Intelligences that I meet with, I draw this comfortable Conclusion: That we have great Reason to hope we shall escape this terrible Judgment, *at least for this Year*. What it may please God to do in another Summer, with a Nation that has so many other Reasons to expect Judgment from Heaven, that I can say nothing to; but take it also as you go, that I do not venture to say prophetically we shall escape it. I would no more make People be rashly secure, than I would fill them with needless Alarms. We lye more open to it than other Nations, by Reason of that cursed Trade of Smuggling, by which the Distemper may be brought in upon us in a Moment; and I do not believe all the Power and Wit of Man can find any Remedy that will be effectual to put a Stop to this Wicked Trade, while the high Duties on Importation of Goods from Abroad are such as tempt

Men to incur the utmost Hazards to run them on Shore. There are some Methods which I do not find the Government have yet thought of, and which I could propose if Occasion requir'd. But 'tis not my Business to be officious; neither is this a proper Place for it.

I am, SIR, your Humble Servant,

CAUTION.

On a Famine of News.

A. J., Nov. 11.—Mr. Applebee,—I observe, among the rest of your Fraternity, you have given us frequent Intelligence about the Plague in France; and I won't say but that some Times you have made more Noise about it than there may have been Occasion for. At least, you have beat your Drum louder than Ordinary, and alarm'd us to-Day with its being here, and to-Morrow there, as if it was just at the Door; when, at the least, it has been more than four hundred Miles off, nay above five hundred Miles if it were to come by Land.

I could spend some Time too, and perhaps not unprofitably neither, in telling you how groundlessly some of our People have been led into Delusions about these Things, and how many improbable Stories have been told among you about this Infection; some telling us 'tis better than it is, and some telling us 'tis worse than I hope it ever will be: But of that hereafter.

Yet I cannot but observe with some Wonder, how you keep your Eyes all upon one Calamity, however remote, and pore upon it, and sing *Lachryma* to all your Readers; but pass by another terrible Article, which, however full of Dread and Terror, you take no Notice of; no, tho' it be near us, very near, and that it particularly threatens us of this Nation, more than any of our Neighbours.

It is true, that the Plague is an Article full of Terrors and frightful Ideas, to take up our Thoughts about it; nor am I jesting either with it or about it. But methinks you Journal People are in the Case I am going to mention, something like the old Prophets, who could prophesy of other People's Disasters, but could not foretell their own; or, some Irish Witches and Wizards, who they said could Conjure for every Body but themselves.

In short, you foretell much about the Plague, but tell us nothing of the FAMINE, and yet 'tis most apparent that a severe Famine is coming upon us; a Famine, in which, according to my Notion, you will not have Bread to Eat. Not to hold you long in Suspense, let me tell you this Famine is coming upon you *Printers* in a Special Manner; and I wonder much, you that are such cunning Fellows in other things, should be so Blind in this particular, not to foresee that inevitable Ruin that is coming upon you: *To explain myself.*

News is the Bread of a Journal;—and the Life, the Blood of a Journal *Printer*. 'Tis evident that a Famine of News is coming upon you all; and what can be more wonderful than that you should not see it, and endeavour to provide yourselves in Time?

Well, who can wonder that you Printers should be such disaffected Fellows to the Publick and to the Government? Why it is *King George* that has brought the World to Peace, and to begin to be quiet; and the Consequence of that is, that there will be No NEWS. Woe, alas! *No News!* for certainly no War, no News; *that is to say,* no News for your Purpose. What signifies an old rotten Pope or two dying now and then? Or a Baby Prince or two making a Cradle Wedding? The Emperor's going a Hunting, or the King of Poland and his Court going to Harvest Home? These will do for now and then a Paragraph or so; but what's all that to support thirty or forty News-Papers a Week, and four or five Sheet-and-Half-Journals? It will not do; NO, you will be starv'd! Peace will starve you all, ay and your Friends the Coffee-House People too; for who will go to the Coffee-House when there is no News there? And now we shan't have one fighting Story, I know not when! No Killing of Folks, no burning of Towns, or ravaging the Country to talk of; no, none at all, and all along of King George! Why this is the strangest Thing! Bless us all! What no News to live on! Why this is not like the brave old French King's Days, old *Le Grand;* he used every now and then to set the World in a Flame, and fall upon his Neighbours right or wrong, and then we had News enough, and Fighting Stories enough. But this keeping all the World to a kind of a Calm, is such an unhappy Thing

for the News-Men, that they will certainly have a Famine of News. Nay, if some Care is not taken about it, we shall have the People,—ay and the Princes of the World too,—fall in love with Peace, and love to live at quiet; leave off Soldiering, and turn to Trade, and plodding, grow Rich and Wise, and such grave Doing as that. Why this will be Death to you Journal-Men, and all your Scribblers; nay, it will starve you all, both you and your Heirs for ever.

Is it not strange now that such a Calamity as this should be so near? Should be, as it were, just upon you, and that you should stand still, be unconcern'd, and not alarm'd? I have wonder'd at your Stupidity a good while. My Friendly Advice to you now is, that you would immediately Summon all your Fraternity, and joyn your learned Heads together, and consider who to apply yourselves to for Relief. As to the Princes of Christendom, I confess I see no great likelihood of their falling out any more; for King George has so much Influence over them, that, they say, he has secur'd them from Quarrelling, *for I know not how many years to come;* so that if any turbulent Head should attempt any Thing towards a public Disturbance, there are so many leagu'd and confederated Powers every where at Hand, that they will either perswade him to be quiet, or force him to it; and I can give you no hopes that way. But if you can come at the Czar of Muscovy, or the Grand Seignior, or some such Self-big People as they are, and can perswade them to Kindle the Coals again any where, that so you may have some Blood and Wounds to talk of again; I say, if you can do this, there may be still some hopes for you. If not, I know not any one Thing that is likely to happen in the whole World to relieve you, but that you must inevitably perish.

I will in my next consider of some Method, if possible, for your Relief, till when, you are Objects of Pity; and so fare you well. Your Friend and Servant,

TOM TURBULENT.

On the Bills of Mortality.

A. J., Nov. 18.—Mr. Applebee, I have spent some Hours lately poring upon those ridiculous Legends, call'd Bills of Mortality, or Weekly and Yearly Bills; that is to say an Ac-

count Weekly publish'd of the Diseases and Casualties, and Burials, and Christenings, in the several Parishes within the Circuit, which we formerly call'd the Lines of Communication, and which we now call within the Bills of Mortality.

These Bills of Mortality have been publish'd, and an (exact) Account taken, (so they would have us believe it,) of the Numbers bury'd within the said Lines of Communication ever since the year 1603, or thereabouts; which was the Year when the first Plague happen'd in England in the last Century.

It is our great Misfortune, that all the Calculations of Numbers of Inhabitants, of Increase and Decrease of People, of the Magnitude of the City, and the Proportions which it bears to other Parts of the Kingdom, and to other Kingdoms, and other Cities, and to other Parts of the World; I say, it is our great Misfortune that all these Calculations are taken from the Numbers of People that dye, or rather the Numbers of People bury'd in the City of London, and Lines of Communication, as above; which Calculations, were they to be depended upon, would be very valuable Things; but being taken from wrong Foundations, are themselves all wrong also. The Reason is this: If a Patient sends for a Physician, and gives him a wrong Account of his Constitution, or of his Condition, he will give him wrong Physick. If a Client gives his Counsel a wrong state of his Case, he will give him wrong Advice. Thus if these Bills of Mortality, and Accounts of Deaths and Burials, are wrong, so will all the Calculations that are made from them.

Now I am afraid that not only now, but even from the beginning, these Parish Clerks, to whom that Matter is committed, have been such a Gang,—I had almost said such a Drunken Gang of Amen Men,—that they never made it any of their Care to be exact in that Affair; notwithstanding it has been, and is still many Ways a Thing of the greatest Consequence of that kind that can happen in the World. And not to enter into a long detail of the usefulness of the Thing, and the Necessity there is that it should be exact, nor into a particular Discourse of the neglect, to say no worse of it, of that important Matter, and how much a Thing of Course it is made among the People whose Business it is, I crave leave to observe:—

First, it is for want of this that we have no exact Account to this Day of the Numbers of People who have died in any

former Time of Infection; nor are we likely, I doubt, which is much the Reason of writing this, to have a true Account of what may happen in the like Case for the future.

I shall at a little Leisure, shew the scandalous Deficiency of these Mortality Men in the Time of the late Infection in 1665, and in the several Times of Infection before that; but for the present let me only tell you in general, that this Affair calls for an immediate Inspection, that, if possible, we might bring it to be depended upon.

I am perswaded, were there Encouragement given for it, the greatest Fraud, chiefly by way of Omission, would be found in this Case. Why else is it an almost constant Observation, that the Bills decrease one Week, and increase another? That several Parishes are every Year exactly the same; or with very little Alterations the same? That the Diseases are all, as it were on a sudden chang'd; and that the greatest Numbers are transferr'd from the Article of the Consumption to that of the Convulsion, which could never be from the positive change of the Distemper; but certainly from the ignorance of the Searchers, and the slight Inquiries they make after the Fact? And till this is Detected, and Search'd into, I expect nothing can be depended upon from our Bills of Mortality.

That several of the Clerks of the small City Parishes carry in their Accounts once a Fortnight instead of once a Week? That some of them happen to forget, and that when they come to be examin'd, their Yearly Accounts do not agree with their Weekly? That the Diseases are the same kind of guess Work? That the Searchers are a sort of old Women, Ignorant, Negligent; that many Times the Clerks, who are not above half a Degree better old Women than the Searchers, often supply the Searchers Office, and put the Dead down of what Disease comes next in their Heads? And in short, 'tis not one Time in many that in some Parishes any Searchers come near a dead Body; often not near the House, and as often ask what the Person died of, get Money, perhaps Drink, and go about their Business.

How this was in the Time of the late Plague; and how it will be, if another should happen, I shall take the liberty to tell you more at large hereafter.

Your Servant, TOM BEADLE.

Bubbles again Threaten to Rise.

A. J., Nov. 25.—Mr. Applebee, Your Friends that write Letters to you put them strangely together; one Day they tell you of a Famine, and the next Day they tell you of a Feast; one day they congratulate you about Health, and the next give you a Story of Bills of Mortality. These are strange contradictory Things, and you seem to contrive them to work our Passions into differing Extreams; I hope you make good Uses of them all.

But let me turn your Eyes a little off of these superficial Things to what more nearly concerns the Public good. We are now come to that happy Time which a few Years ago we had no prospect of, I mean a general Peace. It was begun in the Reign of the late Queen Anne; blessed Queen Anne! who did most effectual Good, to those who did most essential Evil to her.

When her Majesty first stopt the Sluices of Blood, which for a long Time had been open in Christendom, and invited all the World to Peace; when tired, and sick with seeing the Blood of her Subjects daily spilt in a Quarrel, which she saw might easily be made up, she endeavour'd to perswade all the Parties to Peace, and finding some of them immoderately dispos'd to fight on, overrul'd them by her Influence, both Abroad and at Home; I say, when this was done, what injurious Treatment did her Majesty, and her faithful Servants meet with in the World on that Account!

Now, after seven Years farther Hurry and Expense, and the best Councils in Europe assisting, his Majesty, pursuing the same pacifick Design,—with better Success indeed, and we hope with better Usage,—has at length brought all the Christian World to Peace; the Powers of Europe have laid down their Arms, and the Temple of Janus is shut. Peace begins to spread its Blessings over the Nations round us; and had not Projects and Bubbles drawn the World into ruinous Snares, some of the Nations had, by this Time, felt the happy Effects of Peace.

But alas! France, England, and Holland, in particular, may say they have had the Bubble Plague upon them; other Countries have felt it, but these more fatally, by which they are

robb'd of the Sweets of that Peace which they had so long fought for. I call it a Plague allusively, and think it may well be called so, for it has been not only mortal to our Estates, but contagious to our Persons; the Infection has spread to a length which we thought was impossible.

Well, now we have got a little Interval also, and we seem to be deliver'd from the Plague of Jobbing and Bubbling; some of our chief Leaders in that part are deliver'd indeed of much of their Money, which first set them to work that Way; but we are told now, that the great Bubble Master of Europe, being allowed to come hither again, from whence he was before justly excluded for the worst of Crimes, we are told he is to make a Return for the Royal Clemency, by starting new Projects, and perhaps setting us all Bubble Mad the second Time.

I do not take upon me to charge this upon him personally, till I see farther; but I see most plainly, that the Bubble Humour is at work again; and if he will not Father the projected Schemes of these Men, they will, nevertheless, lay their Brats at his Door.

Thus we are told of two right noble Schemes, of which I have seen some Particulars; and which, they tell us, will quickly be made publick.

1. A Design, or Scheme, for raising the Value of our Coin, by forming a double Species, and sinking the Test, or Standard, of the present Coin; and this, they say, is to be for the Benefit of Trade. So I have heard was that of a certain Sea Commander, who propos'd sinking the Ship to drown the Rats, which certainly would have effectually answer'd the great End and Purpose for which it was proposed.

2. A new Scheme of a Lottery upon the South Sea Stock! I must confess that Stock has already been made so much Game with, that I do not see it propos'd that we should now play it all away; nor do I blame the Proposers, for if People will be Fools, and throw away what they have, why should not cunning Men come in and catch at what they can get?

I could name you some more Bubbles preparing at this Time to bite the Town with; but for the present I think these two may serve. I shall in a little Time prepare you to expose the Cheat of these two, and to let the World have timely Notice before they fall into the Pit; and if afterwards they

will be DUPED, let them never blame Mr. Law, or any one else; for they that will be cheated after they have been fairly warn'd, ought to be cheated, and should blame no Body.

Mr. Law, no doubt, may find Canary Birds enough to put him upon new Schemes; and to joyn with him in them, if they think Money is to be got by them, but I cannot. The Age is not so ripe to be imposed upon as before; and if I were to whisper to him, I would caution him to have a Care how he attempts it.

I am, SIR, your Humble Servant,

ANTI-BUBBLE.

A. J., Dec. 2.—'Tis remarkable that Cartouche suffer'd the single and double Torture, without confessing any of his Crimes, or discovering any of his Accomplices; but the Sight of the Scaffold on which he was to die unsealed his Lips, and he made a full discovery of all; in consequence whereof Persons of all Sorts are daily taken up; among others, one of the Magistrates, for having, 'tis said, once favour'd his Escape for a Sum of Money. In the night, between the 29th and 30th, one of his Accomplices was hang'd at the usual Place of Execution by Torch-Light. He was the Son of a Gilder of the City, twenty-two years of Age, and his Body was left hanging on the Gibbet till Ten the next Morning.

On the first Instant, two others of the same Gang were broke alive upon the Wheel; and not a Day passes but more or less of them are executed. 'Tis assured that the Night before Cartouche was put to Death, he impeached 68 who dwell in Paris, most of whom are already apprehended, besides those who are dispers'd here and there in the Country, whose Number amounts to above 600.

Results of Stock-Jobbing in France.

A. J., Dec. 9.—Sir,—We have gratify'd our Passions for a considerable Time past, with complaining against the Vice of Stock-Jobbing, the Villany of the Managers, the cursed Contrivances of those who have let their Friends into Secrets, and fish'd their Estates out of their Pockets to their Ruin, making themselves Rich at the Expense of Widows and Orphans, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, and all Sorts of Relations; and we

have good Reason for all we have said, and much more on that Subject.

But since always harping upon the same String has something surfeiting and unpleasant in it, be the Case ever so just, let me give your Readers a little Relaxation, by shewing them how much deeper our unhappy Neighbours the French have drunk of the same Cup, and in how much worse a Condition they are than any of us; their Capital low, as it is lying still at the Mercy of their Arbitrary Governors, in whose Honesty I will not venture to say, that they themselves have any Satisfaction.

There has been a Commission,—or Inquisition, it might much rather be call'd,—granted by the King there, to examine, as we call it, they call it the *Visa*, all the Paper Effects; that is to say, all the Stocks. This has been an Enquiry, in short, into private Persons' particular Estates, and to Know who are rich, and who are not; the Use of which in France we are not unacquainted with.

I am not now to trouble you with enquiring into the particular Designs of the Court of France, or what they intend to do with all these Stocks; for they are all entirely resign'd into their Hands, and the Commissaries may give back for them something or nothing, little or much, as they please, and perhaps at last something next to nothing may be given for them. But of that by itself.

But my present Business is to shew your Readers a little, to what a Bulk these Things were arrived in France, and what an immense Substance the People there have been Bubbled of; and this will appear, FIRST, by giving you a List of the Value of the Paper,—as they call it,—which has been brought into the Visa, which, by a particular Account, I had from Paris; the last Post stands thus:—

	Livres.
Perpetual Rents establish'd on the East-India united the Mississippi Company; that is, Interest paid, like South-Sea Bonds, by them on Money advanc'd	867,668,186
Provincial Interests of the like Kind, but payable in several Provinces	32,499,275
Carried over	900,167,461

	Livres.
Brought forward	900,167,461
Annuities on particular Securities	84,267,283
Annuities on the Companies Securities only . .	863,064,600
Bank Bills (sunk on their stop of Payment) for current Cash	283,081,800
Actions; that is to say, Bank Stock, valued at prime Cost	253,938,300
Accounts in the Bank, the Bank being Debtor .	820,254,200
Actions, or Bank Stock, of another Kind, call'd (*Re-entiere*)	60,423,172
Total	3265,196,816

Three Thousand, Two Hundred Sixty Five Millions, One Hundred, Ninety Six Thousand, Eight Hundred and Sixteen Livres.

Now, Sir, (2.) you are to consider, that so much of this immense Sum,—which is here rated at only prime Cost,—as relates to the Bank Stock and Mississippi Stock,—which is by far the greatest Part of it,—was once sold in the Market of the Quinquampoix Street in Paris, at 2000 per Cent.; which if you add to the principal Sum, is indeed more in Value than all the Cash in Europe put together could be able to pay for.

Behold now the Triumphs of Stock-Jobbing in the World! And recommend it to your Readers, if they like all this, to apply themselves to the eminent Mr. Law,—who was the original Contriver and principal Manager of it all,—to set those Wheels at work again among us; which I can assure you, many of our busy Gentlemen are very desirous of.

When you are casting this immense Sum up together, and putting it into Sterling Money, forget not to add to the Account, the innumerable Millions of our own Losses; reckoning South Sea Stock at 1000; York Buildings at 620; the Insurances London and Royal Exchange at 1000 to 1500 per Cent., and let them see to what a Degree we have been Bubbled, as well as our Neighbours. I think you would do well to dedicate the first Part of this to the particular Fame of the extraordinary Mr. Law, of whose Merits you shall hear farther.

I am your Humble Servant,

QUINQUAMPOIX.

A. J., Dec. 9.—On Monday (4th) the English Captives that have been redeemed by the late Treaty made with the King of Fez and Morocco, to the Number of 280 Persons, marched in their Moorish Habits in good Order thro' a great Part of this City to the Cathedral of St. Paul's, to return Thanks to Almighty God for their Redemption from Captivity; on which Occasion the Reverend Mr. William Berryman, Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of London, who was also present there, preach'd a suitable Sermon from Psalm 102, v. 19, 20, 21. Afterwards they went up to St. James's to return Thanks to his Majesty, for interposing in their Behalf; but by reason of the vast Multitude of People that crowded to see them, they were forc'd to divide themselves into several Companies, and to take different Ways thither. Upon their Arrival they were let into the Garden behind the Palace, where his Majesty and their Royal Highnesses view'd them. We hear that his Majesty hath order'd 500*l.* for their Relief, and his Royal Highness 250*l.*, and that above 100*l.* was collected for them at St. Paul's; and 'tis believ'd that a much greater Sum would have been gather'd if many Charitable Gentlemen and Citizens could have found Access thro' the prodigious Crowd. However, it is still hop'd that such well disposed Persons will send in their respective Contributions.

A. J., Dec. 9.—The multitude of Robberies on the Road this last Week near the City, has been surprizing, considering how many of the Highway Gentry are now in safe Custody. The Tottenham High Cross Coach was robb'd just at the New Alms-House, a little beyond Shoreditch. Two of the Stage Coaches belonging to Hackney were robb'd between the Nag's Head and Cambridge Heath; and another Coach going to Newington Green, between the two Turnpikes, near the End of King Harry's Walk; likewise one upon Finchley Common; one a little beyond the Gravel Pits at Kensington; and two more Coaches belonging to Richmond, all in the Space of about five Days. They talk of Edgerton or Edgcomb, a Captain among these People, who is esteem'd the CARTOUCHE of our Country, and defies the famous Mr. Jonathan Wilde, and all his Archers.

On Assassination of Rulers.

A. J., Dec. 16.—Sir, It is easy to entangle a cause by subtilty of Words, and by long Harangues; and when Men are resolv'd to impose artfully upon Mankind, they often make such Circumstances as may amuse and confound the Judgment of their Readers. This is call'd by the *Moderns*, fineness of Reasoning: And it must be confess'd that Men by these Methods have frequently reason'd themselves and others into, and out of, the worst and the best Principles, as well in Civil as in Religious Affairs. Thus all the most damnable Heresies, and even Principles destructive of Religion itself, have been brought into the World; and Fautors and Champions of Error have seduced Thousands from the true Religion. Nay, to testify the Antiquity of it, the Devil thus deluded the first and best of Women, perswading her, by his sophistick pretended Oratory, that it could be no crime to encrease Knowledge; that if the eating the Fruit would make her wise, it did not consist with the Goodness of her Creator to forbid it; and, that such a Command must be the Effect of a jealous Knowledge of her being able to be a Goddess herself; or of Envy, lest she should attain to a Perfection of Knowledge equal to him that forbade it. With this hellish Oratory the subtle Fiend deluded the unthinking ambitious Soul of Eve, and brought her to commit Treason against Heaven.

By the same Arts, and deriv'd from the same Fountain, have we a secret hellish Plot carrying on among us at this Time, to deface all Principles of Christianity in the Souls of Men, and Principles of Loyalty in the Minds of Subjects. These two hellish designs have been propagated by a Set of Free-Thinkers and Deists in Religion, Independent Whigs, and such as set up even Heathenism for Christian Doctrine; Principles which naturally lead us to be Commonwealth-Men, Rebels in matters of Government, and Levellers in matters of Property. One would think that the late unnatural War,—which ended in the most unnatural Murder that ever was committed since the Crucifixion of our Blessed Saviour,—should have ingrafted in the Mind of every loyal Subject, a principle of Horror at the very Thoughts of Murder and Assassination, let the Person propos'd be who it will. But we

have a set of Men, who, having first made themselves popular by writing a News-Paper fill'd with Clamour at private Grievances, tho' not sparing the King himself, are now instructing us in two Principles equally abhorr'd by all Christians, viz. Self-Murder, and Assassination of others; both which the Christian Doctrine, much more the reformed Protestant Doctrine, abhors. The Authors of the *London Journal* have set up this new Undertaking, such I must call it; I do not doubt but the End will prove, that the old Leaven is in the Lump, and that the Doctrine of KING-KILLING is at the bottom of it all; that they will tell us, some time or other, as plainly as they dare, that if Justice, *as they call it*, is not executed on every Statesman, whom they please to call VILLAIN,—for that has been one of their most gentle appellations,—every private Man has a right to execute it himself. And, as this is but one Step lower than an Assault upon the Head of all Government, 'tis as evident that all the Particulars are contain'd in the general Proposal; and, that this is but a Preludium to that of assassinating Monarchs, and Monarchy itself, as has been once already our Case. We have had many Essays of this Nature in this Kingdom; the first was that of a Pamphlet written in the late Usurper's time, entituled, *Killing no Murder*. If ever the Killing any potent Robber, or powerful Thief, in the World, was lawful; the laying Hands on such a Wretch as Cromwell must have been so. Julius Cæsar was nothing that he was not; but Cromwell was much that Julius Cæsar was not. Cromwell was the Murderer of the King, and even of the Monarchy itself; he was the Robber of his Country, and of all Civil Rights; he overthrew not the Laws only, but the Legislature itself; not the Lord's anointed Governor, but the Government itself; and it is remarkable, that this very Parricide justify'd himself from the same Example of Brutus, which these Men extol. And his Flatterers call'd him Brutus, and the Deliverer of his Country, as may be seen in several of the vile Harangues made to him, and Poems made in Compliment to him, and his Tyranny, on that Occasion. O Loyal Britons! How can you bear this Language in your Streets? Is not this making way for Rebellion and Blood? For Murder and Assassination to rage again among you?

It may require some Time to follow these disguis'd Phana-

ticks, thro' all the Parts of their bloody Principles. The Scots Scribbler concern'd in this Libel, the *London Journal*, could not fail of bringing hither those Tenets own'd upon the Scaffold by the bloody Murderers of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's in his Country; where they defended the Assassination of that Reverend Prelate on the very self same Principles on which Brutus and Cassius murder'd Julius Cæsar. I shall give you a larger Account of those two Assassinations, and set them in a clear View one against the other, and you will find that the very Reasons which these Men give for justifying Brutus, in Assassinating Julius Cæsar, were given by the Rebels in 1648, for cutting off King Charles the First; and, by the Murderers in Scotland for assassinating and murdering, in cold Blood, the Archbishop of St. Andrews.

As for their Hero, whose Name they vainly assume, I shall also prove to you, that he was a proud, vain, haughty Wretch, and that in his killing himself as he did, he was a rascally Coward; that he neither understood the Nature of Life, his own Fame as a Man, or his Duty to the Commonwealth; and I may add, that they who have wickedly and profanely stil'd him the Godlike Cato,—as Mr. Dennis very handsomely expresses it,—neither understood what Godlike means, or what Cato's Circumstances at that time were; much less what Examples they ought to recommend as Patterns of Heroick Virtue to Christians. Besides, I shall go a step or two towards proving that these Men are Traytors too, as well as Phanaticks; and that Treason lyes at the Bottom of all their Writings on these Things.

I am, SIR, your most humble Servant,

ANTICATONIST.

A. J., Dec. 16.—They write from Paris, that they are sick with the daily Butcheries in the Greve; that is, the common Place of Execution, where, since Cartouche, the great Captain of the Robbers, was executed; they have had about sixteen more broke alive on the Wheel, besides several only hang'd. And they talk of three and thirty more that have to be executed, for, it seems, they pardon none.

They give a very melancholy Account of the City of Avignon, where the Plague commits the greatest Ravages imaginable,

and with this surprizing Misfortune; that at the great Lazaretto, or Hospital, in which they had crowded together above 400 poor People, all sick of the Plague, a sudden Fire had happen'd, by what Negligence or Disaster they could not tell, but that it burnt with such Fury, and the miserable Creatures were so unable to help themselves, that before sufficient help could come, they were all suffocated with the Smoak, or perish'd in the Flames, except thirteen, who broke thro' a Window, and threw themselves down near twenty Foot high. That several of the Servants of the House, and such as attended the Sick, were also destroy'd, and some of the Surgeons; that the Fire had extended itself into one Quarter of the City, but was timely extinguish'd, after having burnt about twenty Houses. This deplorable Accident is confirm'd by Letters from Lyons, and also from Montpellier, and several other Places.

On Assassination of Rulers, Continued.

A. J., Dec. 23.—Sir, As we have new Doctrines, as well as new Politicks, put upon us every Day, by the haughty and dogmatick Writers in the London Journal, give me Leave to proceed a little farther in the exposing that Libel, who now declares against Heaven as well as against Men.

Dr. Prideaux, who handled the point of the Death of Julius Cæsar, has done it with a just Moderation, tho' with much Vigour and Soundness of Judgment; and it is one of the least weighty Inferences which he draws from that History, that Divine Justice declared itself in that Matter, otherwise than those do who plead for it. For, says the Reverend Doctor, "It pursued every one of them with such a just and remarkable Revenge, that they were, every Man of them, cut off in a violent Manner, in a short Time after, either by their own or other Men's Hands."

But Dr. Prideaux could not forsee that he should have a Set of Men come upon the Stage, with whom, in Argument, the Declarations of Divine Justice were of no Weight, neither would be allow'd to pass as anything in the Case.

We, who profess the Name of Christian, and who keep our Eyes up to the Hand of Divine Justice, have observ'd, and considering Christians do ordinarily observe, how Divine Jus-

tice pursues the Hands that are dipt in Blood; and how Murtherers very rarely Escape the Vengeance of Heaven.

Moreover, do we not take it for an evident Declaration of Divine Justice against the horrid Murther of King CHARLES the First, of blessed Memory, that as in the Assassination of Julius Cæsar, the Murtherers were pursued with such a just and remarkable Vengeance, that almost every one of them was call'd to an Account for it; and every one of the principal Actors in it was cut off in a violent Manner in a short Time after! In like manner the Murtherers of the Archbishop of St. Andrews were brought to speedy Justice, and those who escaped the Hand of Man, Vengeance suffered them not to live; of which I have promised you a farther Account.

Nor did the Divine Justice satisfy itself in bringing the Actors of that direful Tragedy to their End, I mean that of the Murther of King CHARLES; but it overthrew the whole Usurpation. They sank, under the Blast of Heaven, into all manner of Confusion, and at length in Destruction and Death; and this, considering Christians, I say, cannot but take Notice of, as an open Declaration of Divine Justice against the horrid Fact. Nay, it has always, in all Ages, been understood thus; and be it of good Princes, or of bad, Divine Justice has so warmly pursued their Murtherers, that very few have ever escaped in the World who have lifted up their Hand against them.

But we are arrived to an Age wherein we can say what we please, and justify what we say. The first Argument brought to justify Brutus in the villainous Assassination of Julius Cæsar, is, that Julius Cæsar was an ill Man, and the like. This has been the Foundation on which all publick Murthers have been justify'd. Nothing can be said of Julius Cæsar which the Regicides did not say of the Blessed Martyr, whom they condemn'd to Death. Now, indeed, if I were to speak of Brutus, I might enter upon a Vindication of Julius Cæsar; but as I am speaking to Christians who live under another Law, part of which says, *Vengeance is Mine, I will repay; Avenge not yourselves, but give place unto Wrath;* I say to Christians,—who give any Weight to Divine Laws,—all Pretence to justify the Act of Brutus, from the Crimes of Cæsar, is taken away.

But then say these Men, we insist that it was a good Action then, and that Brutus reveng'd his Country's wrong only; now if I prove that Cæsar had done his Country no wrong, but that he was vested with as legal an Authority and Power as the People of Rome themselves had, or as any of the lawful Princes of the World had, then I shall easily prove that Brutus, besides being an ungrateful Ruffian to his Benefactor, was a Traytor and Murtherer of his lawful Superior and Governor.

To blacken Julius Cæsar, in order to prepare to prove him justly Murther'd, the London Journal takes the same Method that the Conspirators did to animate one another in the Murther, namely, that Cæsar had for his Title only Power gain'd by Violence. That acquiring and exercising Power by Force, is Tyranny; nor, says the Journalist, did ever any reasonable Man say, that Success was a Proof of Right.

Here he runs a length, needless to follow, about usurping Power, and calling it lawful Authority; and at last brings his truly Phanatical Inference, as follows: "Against any Man," says he, "using lawless Force, every Man has a right to use Force," which is false; for then a private Man may go and assassinate the Person of any Prince, with whom his Country is at War, which is a Thing all good men detest and abhor.

But come we nearer to these new Advocates for the King-Killing Doctrine. Let us take our Turn, and look a little who were they whom Cæsar had thus Usurp'd upon, and how came they by those Liberties which he is said thus to have invaded? Obtained they not the City they liv'd in,—the Dominions they were possess'd of,—the Country they rul'd in,—by the same Robbery and Violence that he exercis'd over them? Were they anything more or less than a Band of valiant Thieves, who merited to be rooted out from under Heaven? And shall Julius Cæsar be censur'd for making himself the Head of this bold Troop of Plunderers? Was not his Title to rule them, as good as their Title to rule the Latines? And had not he as much Right to tyrannize over them, and to murther and destroy them, as their Title was to attack the Tuscans, to besiege the Veientians, to make continual War upon the Samnites, to Murther the Citizens of Locri, and of Capua, and

many other Commonwealths and Cities, which they reduced by the like lawless Force?

How came these People call'd Romans into the World? How seated they in Italy? How arriv'd they to that Country, which they then call'd their own dear Country? How could Brutus have the Impudence to say he murther'd Cæsar for the Love of His dear Country? He should have said it was for the Love of that Land which the Thieves and Rogues his Ancestors had, by Lawless Force, taken from the lawful Possessors of, and whose rightful Dominions they, against all Right and Justice, possessed.

But thus can Thieves and Robbers cant of Justice and Right, when they have got honest Men's Goods and Lands in their Possession. And thus the Roman People, being themselves a Race of Thieves and Mighty Robbers, had no Reason to object that Julius Cæsar, having led out their Armies to commit more Robberies in their Names, and by their Consent, (for that it must be allow'd he did,) usurp'd a little more Authority than they gave him. In which he did nothing but what he had been employ'd before to do upon other Nations, much more Innocent than they. And, for this, Brutus murther'd him; which was a villainous Act in him, whatever Julius Cæsar had done; and had no Principle in it but this, that he murther'd him because he would not rob any more in the People's Name, and with their Armies, as he had done before, but would rob by his own Authority, and in his own Name; which he had, Forsooth, every Jot as much right to do, as they had to do all that had been done before in their Names.

I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

Anti-King-Killer.

A. J., Dec. 23.—We hear that a treasonable Letter, threatening his Majesty and his Royal Family, was found in Tower Street, and has been laid before the King in Council.

Assassination of Rulers, Continued.

A. J., Dec. 30.—Sir, I find you have given us two very pertinent Answers to the King-Killing Principles of the London Journal, and to their falling upon the Reverend Dr. Prideaux for censuring the Murtherers of Julius Cæsar. Admit me, I

entreat, to put in a Word or two upon that way of Writing, and of that known opinionated Writer, who would celebrate his Pen at this Time, by recommending the Murther of Princes, and the villainous Practice of Assassination, which Doctrine if it be receiv'd, no Christian Prince can be safe, no, not in his Bed-Chamber. It must be confess'd, that as this Writer is call'd a Whig, and a Commonwealth's Man, it is no great Wonder that he is a favourer of the King-Killing Doctrine; but that Herd of People had ordinarily more Policy than to profess openly, the very Murthering Principle itself. They rather disguis'd themselves with a Mask of Moral Virtues, the better to conceal the hellish Liberty they took; and that they might put it in Practice with Safety to themselves.

But let us enquire into the knavish Disguise of their Writing in this London Journal, and you will find an evident Contradiction, between their Writings and their Designs; and, that what they aim at, and what they pretend, stand opposite to one another, as directly as the Evening and Morning, as Light and a Depravity of Light, which we call Darkness.

They pretend to write against Rogues, but with the very Spirit of a Rogue; they justifie the horrid Principle of Murthering Princes, and yet at the same time pretend to support the Authority of Princes.

They write against Tyranny with a Spirit of Tyranny, condemning assum'd Power to Rule; and yet justifie an assum'd Power to Kill and Destroy.

They write against Persecution, with a Spirit of Persecution, for they tell us of the Superiority of Conscience; and yet, against all Conscience and Honour, prompt the World to commit Parricide and Murther, and to Assassinate their Rulers.

They write against invading Liberty; and yet rob Men of the liberty of professing just Principles, in opposition to Atheism, Deism, Free-Thinking, and Irreligion.

They write with a pretence of Religion and Morality, and yet justifie Self-Murther, the worst of all Immoralities, and inconsistent with the very essentials of Religion, namely, Resignation to the Will of Heaven.

They write with a loud pretence of Obedience to lawful Princes; and yet give up the greatest Part of all Obedience, namely, the Obedience to the Laws of their Country.

They plead for the Conduct of Brutus, Cassius, Cato, and Others, who according to the brutal Notion of Liberty, took the Liberty to be their own Murtherers. Having said something very faintly to excuse them, they bring it in as a corroborating Evidence, that several People in these Christian Times do the same Thing; that Men in Fight defend a Town to the last Extremity, till they are sure to Die; others blow themselves up and the Ships they are in, with several other Instances.

Now had not this Wretch been as ignorant in the Laws of War, as he is in those of Christianity, he should have remember'd to have added, that by the Laws of War, such as defend Towns in mere Fury and Desperation, ought to have no Quarter given them; and if in the Storming them, any of them happen to be taken Prisoners, they may be Hang'd up as Murtherers, for pushing their Defence beyond the Rules of War. Such are not said to defend a Town like Men of Honour, but like Enemies to Mankind, and for the sake of Destroying brave Men; and many Examples might be given, where such have been taken and Hang'd.

Defending a Town like Men of Honour, is to defend it as long as there is any possibility of Defending it effectually, or any Room to hope for Relief; but when the Garrison see the Mines ready to Spring, the Storm ready to be given, no Relief at hand, or likely to be brought them, when holding out any longer is impossible, and no delaying the Enemies Affairs, or other End obtain'd, but mere desperate Resolution, both to destroy themselves and others; Such Men are not to be used any otherwise than as Criminals, deserving to be cut in pieces in the Breach, and hang'd up afterwards if they escape; for this is not Bravery, but Madness and Rage, and is neither any Part of Bravery or Christianity.

The Governor of the Castle of Alicant,—where Col. Richards and an English Garrison lay during the late War,—was of this Number. The French and Spanish Generals besieg'd the Place; it was thought impregnable before, but the French Engineers shew'd an extraordinary Skill in their Work, and had made their Way under the very Body of the Place. When they had all things ready, the French General summoned the Garrison; and, as it was related here, offer'd to show them the Mines, to let them see that they could not fail ruining the

whole Castle. Nay, it was said that some Officers did go out to see them, and acquainted the Governor how it was, and perswaded him to treat, the Enemy offering still very honourable Conditions; that upon refusing, they told them to an Hour when they would spring their Mines, and gave them time till then to Capitulate. Nay, some said, entreated them to consider that they had done all that Men of Honour could do; but that still they were obstinate, upon which the Mines were sprung, and blew them all up, not a Man escaping. Now was this Bravery? Or rather, were not they who refused the generous Offers of their Enemies, Murtherers, and merited to be hang'd, for throwing away the Lives of so many brave Men as perish'd with them? This is the Bravery and the Christianity of that mad Fellow Cato, whom the *London Journal* calls, (blasphemously) God-like,—who ought if he had had Courage, to have reserv'd himself for the further Service of his Country, and have look'd Cæsar in the Face, wherever he could have Animated any to take Arms against him, and at last he should have Dyed fighting for the Liberty of his Country, not basely regarding his private Liberty only, and killing himself because he could not resist Cæsar in that one City, which was the Case of Cato; and, in a few Words, he kill'd himself only for mere Pride and Cowardice, namely, the Fear of falling into his Enemies' Hands, which a Man of true Christian Courage would have boldly ventur'd. But it was Dying for fear of Shame, which was both Cowardice, and the extreme of Pride. I shall take a Time to let you see how easily Cato might have carried the War against Cæsar on, longer than he did; and how, had he encourag'd the Romans by his Example, rather to Fight for the common Liberty, than to Die for private Liberty, he had done good Service, and might by his Reputation in the Army have hazarded Cæsar's Fortune, and perhaps have sav'd his Country. All which Advantages he lost to his Country by his Rashness, Pride, and Cowardice, which this new Principle of the *London Journal* Scribblers would Christen by the false Names of Gallantry, and a Love of Liberty.

Your Friend and Servant.

A. J., Dec. 30.—On Saturday last (23rd) the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor went to the several Markets of this City to collect the Charity of well-disposed Persons for the poor

City-Prisoners, (according to an ancient Custom on the Eves of Great Festivals,) and, with Meat and Money, we hear his Lordship hath sent in very considerable, as well as seasonable, Supplies to those miserable People.

On Assassination of Rulers, Continued.

A. J., Jan. 6, 1722.—Sir, No Man that has read the London Journal for some time past, could suppose that all that long Rhapsody of Exclamation against Julius Cæsar, and the Eulogium in praise of the most execrable Ruffians that Murther'd him; was with Design only to set out the Story of that Murther in proper Colours, and acquaint our People with what was done at that Time, and to go no farther; he that thought so, knows little of the Men, or of their Principles. I always told you it had an Application in reserve, and that it was to refer to our Times, wherein they would have the same Thing acted over again; and it is evident to impartial Men, that they are animating all the Ruffians they can reach to undertake the like Wickedness. They have now brought their Harangue to the intended Point, and give us, in plain English Words, the meaning of it, namely, that all Men are born free; that they are to be govern'd no farther than is for their good; that when it is otherwise, of which they are to be themselves the judges, they can do as Brutus did; and this these Conspirators call Liberty, as their Predecessors in Rebellion did some few Years ago. Now you cannot serve your Country more in any Thing that can be made the Subject of a publick Paper; neither can you do any Thing more agreeable to those who have a due regard to their Country's true Liberty, than in turning your Pen, and the Pens of all those who assist you with their Letters, against the contagious Phanatical Principles of that vilest of all Libels, the *London Journal.* I was indeed, for some Time, of Opinion, that slighting and contemning a Libel of such a mean and base Import, was the best Method to be taken; and I was the more confirm'd in that Opinion, because I saw the wisest and best of Men of all Professions Vote it to the most infamous Uses, as a most infamous Paper; and particularly as it was known to be the Work of a Set of the worst and most infamous Writers. But, as little Criminals which are pass'd over by the Clemency of a Government grow

more Insolent, till at length they make their Punishment become necessary; so these lesser and baser Writers of Scandal, growing Insolent, by the forbearance of the Publick, and by the backwardness of wise Men to meddle with them, are now arriv'd to a presumptuous height, offensive to God and Man. It is highly needful that you, and every good Man, should oppose them; that the Poison of their corrupt Principles may not infect others, and especially weaker Judgments, who may not be fully establish'd in the Foundations of Christian Society, and of true Christian Liberty; which consists in Obedience, not in Rebellion and Murther.

I have read that in the Spartan Government it was decreed, that whosoever was found Guilty of spreading about Principles pernicious to the Good of the Commonwealth, should lose his Freedom of the City, be bound Hand and Foot, and sold for a Slave. We who have so fresh in our remembrance the mischievous Consequences of the unbounded Liberty which these Men teach,—namely, of murthering and assassinating Princes,—should not want to be admonish'd of the Mischiefs which those Tenets may still bring upon the State. None can be so weak as to perswade us that these Men have nothing in their view, but the telling us a Story of Brutus and Cassius, and of the Murther of Julius Cæsar, or of the Value of legal Liberties. Do these Men content themselves with reciting the History? Or, do they recite it to recommend the Example of murthering Princes? Wherefore do they applaud the Murtherers? Wherefore do they justify the Assassination itself? And wherefore plead for the Liberty of doing such Actions, but to prepare the Minds of Men to relish the like Villainy, tho' it were to be practis'd upon the King, or upon any of his Ministers of State? Why the Justice of the Nation forbears to punish the Publishers of such dangerous Tenets as these, is best known to those who have the Power thereof in their Hands, and who best know when to strike. But it is the Duty, in the Meantime, of every loyal Subject to enter his Protestation against Murtherers, against Men claiming Liberty for a Cloak to Licentiousness, and against Men publishing murderous Principles. And therefore, (as before,) you cannot do your Country better Service than to shew your Detestation of those Things, and more especially of the wicked Knot of Men con-

cern'd in propagating them. It is evident what these Men aim at, that they are carrying on a Conspiracy against the Monarchy, and against the Government of Great Britain; and albeit the Conspirators are known to be Men of base Characters, and of vile Principles, meriting the Contempt of all good People; yet as we see nothing is more catching than an evil Example, so, I think, therefore, nothing calls for more speedy Correction. In evil Examples, it is observ'd, that, like the Plague, the highest and best Person, whether for Quality or Character, is capable of receiving Infection from the contagious Breath of the meanest Beggar. Evil Examples are Infectious in the most intense Degree of Infection; for they infect the Mind, corrupt and poison the Principles; and they do it in these Ages of Vice with but too much Success. The Conspirators in the Case before us are not ignorant thereof; and are the more adventurous in spreading their evil Morals and evil Principles in this Part of the World.

It is true that the Conspirators are known to be Persons whose Names are infamous, being Men whose practice has long been to sow Divisions and Disaffection among the People in Civil Matters, and prophane and blasphemous Principles in religious Matters. Nay, the Conspiracy itself is form'd to represent us to ourselves as born free from the Government, either of God or the King, spinning their Notions of personal Independency, which they call Liberty, to so fine a length as to bring Men to claim a Liberty to rebel against their Maker, and to murther their Sovereign.

To this End, the Conspirators represent the most execrable Murther of the gallantest Man who was at that Time in the World, and the boldest of all Assassinations, as a lawful Zeal arising from a Love of Liberty; and to support it the Conspirators run out into their old Republican Topicks of lawless Force, Tyranny, and the Abuse of Power, which Cæsar, they say, was guilty of. I shall finish my Letter with referring your Readers to the Judgment of our Saviour himself, concerning that very lawless Power of Julius Cæsar and the Conspirators; could they Blush for themselves, they might see their bloody King-Killing Principles condemn'd, and Obedience recommended, even to that lawless Force, which, they say, may be opposed with Force.

Render to Cæsar the Things which be Cæsar's, are the Words of our Blessed Lord, who order'd his Disciples to pay Tribute for him. Now it is manifest that all the Cæsars, whether Augustus, Nero, or Tiberius, or any of them, exercis'd the same lawless Force as did Julius, and founded their Empire upon the Ruins of the Roman Liberty, as he did, and therefore might as lawfully be assassinated and Murther'd; but notwithstanding all that, our Lord calls the Tribute Cæsar's Right, and, AS SUCH, causes it to be paid. Submitting in all Things to the Government of those Tyrants, which these Conspirators say might lawfully be murther'd and assassinated by private Hands. Let the Example of JESUS CHRIST, and, after him, of his Apostles and Servants, be opposed to the Tenets published by the Conspirators; and then, let every indifferent Man judge whether they give us right Notions of Liberty, or whether they have not merited to be detested of all honest Men. Your Friend and Servant.

Sonnet.

A. J., Jan. 6.—

Cæsar, the Great, the Generous, the Brave,
Who Conquer'd to set free, and fought to save;
Travers'd the World, subdued it by his Name,
And humbl'd Empires bow'd beneath his Fame.
No Man beyond his Mercy could offend,
A clement Enemy, a faithful Friend:
But who can vile Ingratitude dispute?
He fell a sacrifice to Brutal Brute,
From whom our King-Destroyers take their Name,
Brutal their Crime, and Brutish is their Fame.
CÆSAR and CHARLES, two martyr'd Heroes, live,
Their Fame shall Time and History survive:
While Cato's Cowardice his Glory stains,
And nothing but his want of Fame remains.

Assassination of Rulers, Continued.

A. J., Jan. 13.—Sir, You have sufficiently followed the Clan of Libellers belonging to the London Journal, through their corrupt Whiggish Principles of Murdering Princes; in which you have fully exposed the Design they are carrying on, and, with a great deal of Justice, have given it the Name of a Conspiracy. Undoubtedly it is no less, and that not a Con-

spiracy against the present Government only, but against the Monarchy itself; all which I shall make evident in the short Compass of this Letter. I suppose I need not give you the Anatomy of a Commonwealth; this Kingdom has sufficient cause to remember what it is. The Wounds which it formerly made in the Royal Family of the Stuarts are felt to this Day, and the Ravages it committed by the Plundering and Sequestration of the Estates of the Loyal Nobility, and among the best and wealthiest Families of the Gentry, are felt likewise to this Day, many of those Families having languished under their Cruelty to this Day, their Posterity being in many Places in mean Circumstances whose Ancestors spent great Estates in Defence of their King and their Country, but were ruined by prosperous Villainy, and by the merciless Sequestrators, and conscientious Plunderers of the Rebel Party. Now whoever reads the London Journal will see that the very same Arguments which were used in those Days, by the Pretenders to Justice, in vindication of the most execrable Murder of the Blessed Martyr King CHARLES, are used, by these Conspirators against Monarchy, for vindicating the Murder of Julius Cæsar. Moreover be pleased to trace them in their subsequent Papers, and you shall find, from their applauding the execrable Murder of Julius Cæsar, they proceed to bring Arguments for the Liberty of the People to erect what Government they please, to depose their Governors as often as they please, and, in a Word, to do what they please. This they gild over with the specious Name of Liberty, as if destroying legal Authority was really Liberty, by which Rule robbing Houses, plundering the Rich for the good of the Poor, and all the LEVELLING Principles of those Times of Rebellion may be justify'd, and call'd Liberty. Julius Cæsar, they say, usurped the Imperial Power, and therefore was a Tyrant; and yet now they say the People have a right or Liberty to erect what Government they please. It is evident that the People of Rome, being sick of the Tyranny and Corruption of the Senate, confirm'd Julius Cæsar in the Government, by their own free Choice. They did so again when, after the Death of Caligula, the Senate moved by CHÆREUS, another Cassius, who had murder'd Caligula, endeavour'd to restore the Commonwealth. SATURNINUS, the Consul, seconded him, and pleaded for rewarding Chæreus, who

he alledg'd had done so great a Service to the State, by slaying the Tyrant that had oppress'd them. The Consul, as in our modern Historians, and the Reverend Mr. Echard's words, used the same Arguments for restoring the Commonwealth, as these Conspirators use for what they call Liberty; namely, "That the Monarchical Government extinguished all Virtue, depriv'd the Freemen of all true Magnanimity, and teaches them both to flatter and to fear; that by this means the Commonwealth is not guided by Laws, but abandoned to the Fury of intemperate Governors." What followed? The same Historian says, "The Senate readily agreed with his Opinion, resolving to restore Rome to her ancient Liberty, and utterly to extinguish the name of the Cæsars, and the Monarchy." But what was the Event? (1.) The City was divided, the Nobility, or Patricii, were for the Senate, because they would then share the Power, being most of them Senators, or capable of being such. But (2.) the Plebeians, or common People, hated the Senate for their Tyranny and Extortion, under Pretence of Liberty, therefore resolved to continue the Monarchy, and bring the Conspirators to Justice, which was done; for they, the Commons, calling in the Prætorian Cohorts, and the German Guards to their Assistance, proclaim'd Claudius Emperor, being the fifth from Julius Cæsar, and of the Imperial Blood, and Family of Augustus. Nor is it unworthy your Remark how much the Roman Government flourish'd under the Monarchy of their Emperors, more than it did under the Factions and perpetual Divisions of a Commonwealth, which may be judg'd by this; that at the Lustrations, or Numberings of the Citizens, during the Commonwealth, we never find that there were above 400,000 Citizens, in which Number, if the Women and Children and Slaves, were not reckon'd (of which we are not sure,) we may suppose them to make four times that number, which would be still under two Millions. But in the Reign of the above-nam'd Emperor Claudius, Tacitus assures us, that in one Lustration there were found Six Millions eight hundred and eighty thousand Heads in the City of Rome; an infinite Number indeed to be contain'd in the Walls of one City. Now, by a Majority of this mighty People, the Monarchy was continued in the Person of Claudius, and the Assassinators of Caligula, with all their Pretences to

the Liberty of Killing Tyrants, were put to Death, as they deserved.

What I gather out of all this is, to remind you that it is most apparent those Conspirators, who daily vent their Treasonable Republican Principles, aim directly at the destruction of the British Monarchy; and would instil into the minds of the People such Notions as are destructive of the legal Kingly Government, and tending to Anarchy, and Confusion. Whether those Things are not Treason intentionally, and whether they are not therein real Enemies to the present Royal House, and even unto every Royal Family that has been, or may be, let the World judge. I am, Sir, your Most Humble Servant,

PHILO-ROYALIST.

On Liberty.

A. J., Jan. 20.—Sir, Since the World is lately artfully work'd up to entertain new and extraordinary Notions of Liberty; it will not be amiss to add some just Ideas of true Liberty which these Men, who would abuse Liberty to the worst and most destructive Ends, with great Care, omit and leave out, that their unwary Votaries may have no Thoughts of distinguishing rightly on these Heads. The word Liberty is very popular, and People think themselves oblig'd to have a good Opinion of everything that is said in favour of it. In the Roman Government there were scarce any Attempts made to overturn the State, but they began with proclaiming Liberty; and many sorts of Liberty were proposed, as those Occasions presented. Sometimes Liberty from the Factions and Extortions of the Patricii,—sometimes Liberty from Usury, and the Oppressions of Usurers,—a particular Liberty which was sometimes carry'd on to such an Extream, as to be a Spunge to wipe out just Debts, and ruin Creditors, under a Pretence of exacting Interest for their Money. Sometimes Liberty of Slaves from the Oppressions of their Tyrannical Masters; and this had its Extream too, for it encouraged all the Bondmen to rebel against their Masters, whether they were oppressed by them or no. Afterwards the Word Liberty was used in a more public Sense, as it was to signify the Liberty of the whole People; and this carry'd them on to Murder and Assassination, as was the Case in the Murder of Julius Cæsar, and others.

In all these Cases the Word Liberty has been made a Cloak of Rebellion; has been abused to the private malicious and pernicious Ends of Men practising rebellious, and otherwise mischievous Principles. By Mischievous you must understand me to intend Principles mischievous to the Commonwealth, the Good of which depends upon preserving due Subordination to the supreme Power, and to Laws made for the publick Regiment, or good ordering of the Government.

It is most easy for us to pretend Love of Liberty in all the most tumultuous Distractions, which we endeavour to bring upon the State. Whoever is aggriev'd at the Elevation of this, or that, Minister of State, at the disposition of the Favours of the Prince this Way or that, he presently cries out of Partiality and Breaches made upon Justice, and cries aloud for Liberty. But now to bring this Thing into a narrower Compass, it is necessary to enquire, what we are to understand by the Word LIBERTY; and how it ought to be used when we are speaking of it, with respect to the Rules of Life, and next with respect to the Government we live under, and are subject to.

And first with respect to moral Virtues, which a wise Man will always acknowledge to be the Rule of Life; Liberty consists not in a freedom to do Evil, but in a freedom and just Resolution to do well. A Liberty of the Will to virtuous Actions, and a restraint upon the Will, withholding it from a desire to do anything inconsistent with Virtue and with human Prudence.

This, in the second Place, extends to Civil Government, and there Liberty, by the like Rule, consists in a due subjection to the Laws of the Country in which we live, and in Submission to that Power, which Providence in his wise Disposition of the World, has permitted to be set over us; knowing, as the Scripture says, that the Powers that be are ordain'd of GOD; and on this account it was that our Blessed Lord subjected himself, even to the tyrannical Government of the Emperors of Rome, and to the Roman Government, which at that time was permitted to tyrannize over the World. Our Saviour did not argue the Liberty of Mankind to be govern'd by their own Laws, and by their own Magistrates; but God's own People, who had been long before suffer'd to fall from a Theo-

cracy, the best of all Governments, to a Bondage under the Roman Usurpation, yet were commanded to preserve their subjection to that Usurpation; and it was for their obstinate Rebellion against that Government that God suffer'd (nay caused) them to be utterly destroy'd.

Rebellion then can never be call'd Liberty, or justify'd on pretence of Liberty, unless we call that Liberty which all wise Men abhor. And this is the true Reason why all the Murmurers against just Government set up a Claim of Liberty; not that Liberty, rightly understood, and properly so call'd, is their Design, or that they really intend to heal the Breaches which may have been made upon the People's Rights; but that the Word is popular, and taking with the People, and the most likely to prevail upon their Minds to raise a popular Tumult.

Wherefore we ought to warn the People of this Nation, that they be not imposed upon by the specious Pretences of those who once formerly enslaved us by those worst of Chains, namely, Subjection to an ungovern'd Anarchy, which is Confusion, and this under the Cloak of a Love of Liberty. The British Nation are fam'd in History for this, that they not only love Liberty but understand it; and this they have often manifested, by preserving the Monarchical Government, notwithstanding so many Attempts to overthrow and dissolve it. Let us be jealous for our Liberty, as our Ancestors were before us; as it consists in the Preservation of the Monarchy, under which our Ancestors have been happy so many Ages, and of which they have taken such care, that they have chosen many Times to bear the Errors in Government of some of their worst Princes, rather than break the Peace of their Country, and hazard the Government itself under which they live.

Your Servant, LIBERTAS.

On Pride.

A. J., Jan. 27.—Sir,—The School Men tell us, that Pride was the first Sin in the World, and I may add, that it was before the World; for it was the Sin of Angels, and the Sin that made Devils. Thence we find that Pride is the Foundation of all Crime; that Sin, from whence all Offence derives. If this be so, we see it diversify'd into many kinds since; and

it is to be observ'd, that it varies its Shape, and is call'd by divers Names, according to the Several kinds of Instruments it acts by. For Example:—

In Monarchs and Princes, it is call'd Ambition;

In the richer common People, it is call'd Envy;

In the Female Sex, it is call'd Emulation;

In the meaner Sort, it is call'd Malice;

In the Soldier, it is call'd Rage; some would foolishly have it pass for Courage, but 'tis nothing but Pride.

In the Merchant and Tradesman it is call'd Avarice; the Dependents upon which are Knavery and Dishonesty, Trick, Cheat, Stock-Jobbing and Bubble.

Now do but bring all these Things back to their first Principle, and 'tis all Pride; only, that as Subterranean Water running thro' several Sorts of Earth, is ting'd, and receives both Colour and Taste from the Minerals or Soil thro' which it passes, and operates in its farther Uses accordingly; so Pride, branch'd thus out, is denominated from the Temper and Circumstances of the Persons it appears to Act in.

But, to illustrate smaller Things, by those of greater Weight, we do well to ask of the wiser Heads of this Age, what this Sin of Pride must (or should) be call'd, when it comes to act in all the other Shapes, which we meet with among the Men of the present Age? For Example:—

1. When Men of the second Rank (above-named), swelling with Envy, set up for Censors of other Men's Conduct, and make long Harangues, exciting the Populace, or common People, to Uneasiness and Disaffection; and, all this while, aim only at making themselves popular.

2. When Men, taking the Liberty to talk of their Governors and Sovereigns with a secret Envy, and a Spirit of Treason in their Hearts, heap upon them the bitterest Reproaches under the Masque of Ironical Praise.

3. When Men carry on their private and secret Interests, and visibly aim at Popularity, under the Disguise of the most Self-denying Principles; pretending to be courted to what they above all Things desire, and to refuse what they principally push at obtaining.

4. When Men harangue upon the excellence of Moral Virtues, and upon the Reverence due to Religion, and the

Duties owing to their Maker; and yet are Heterodox in their Principles, Libertines in Practice, and prompt others to that worst of all Immoralities, viz. Rebellion.

What are these Men to be understood to be? And what is the Sin of Pride to be denominated in them? I take it that the Crime in these is to be call'd Hypocrisy; and these Men ought to be abhorr'd among Christians, as the worst and most dangerous Hypocrites.

This remark of mine is Occasion'd by a Paragraph which I met with lately in the "Whitehall Evening Post;" where a certain Man deservedly stil'd formerly Mr. ALL-PRIDE, is represented as condescending to grant the humble request of Taunton, and to give them leave to Vote for him at the next Election of Parliament Men; intimating, that the Major Part of the People, of every Party and Perswasion, are already assur'd to him, which, if it be true, there would be no need of making any Part of it publick.

In the meantime, this worthy Wou'd-be-Member is writing London Journals, and Harangues, to promote the publick Confusions, to prove the lawfulness of Assassinating of Princes,—the killing of Princes, and bringing back a Monarchy to a Commonwealth,—by Blood and Treason; and, in the next Place, to cover the infamous Character of his Cato, endeavours to extenuate the Crime of Self-Murder, and recommend it as denominating an Heroick Spirit. This is your Eminent Candidate, that tells us, the Men of Taunton, have prevail'd with him to stand for their Town. Horrid Hypocrisy! The true meaning is, that this Scribbler and Insulter of Princes is using his utmost Interest to be chosen.

I have observ'd, in my reading these People's Arguments in Vindication of Cato, that they pretend that Self-Murder is not indeed allow'd among Christians, but that it was the Mark of a Hero, at that Time. But this likewise is false in Fact; as that most valuable Roman Historian Mr. Lawrence Echard assures us, from the Mouth of one of the most Heroick and truly valiant of all the Roman Emperors, viz. "That it was a greater Instance of true Magnanimity to sustain than to avoid the Shocks of Fortune; that Brave and Valiant Men support themselves by Hope against Fortune, while Cowardly and Impotent Spirits, by Fear, are suddenly driven to Despair."

Let this stand upon Record from a Roman Emperor, against the Fear and Despair of the Cowardly Cato, who abandon'd his Country and Life, when there was much room to have employ'd the latter, in Defence of the former.

> "*Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam;*
> *Fortior ille facit, qui miser esse potest.*"—HOR.

I shall, in my next, give you a little of the Character of this same Writer, in his peculiar way of maltreating Sovereigns, by that Hypocritical Method of IRONICAL PRAISE.

Yours, &c.

Immoralities of Roman Deities Imitated by the People.

A. J., Feb. 3.—Sir, St. Augustine, in his Epistles to Marcellinus, tells us, that the Romans justify'd the Liberty they allow'd themselves in, to the Practice of all manner of Vice, from the Pattern of their GODS, which Patterns they drew from the fabulous Writings of their ancient Authors, and the Recapitulation of them in Homer, in Ovid, and such celebrated writers of those Times.

The Stories of the Rapes and Incest of Jupiter, the Lewdness of Venus and Mars, and the like, made those Crimes not only familiar to Men, but took off the Scandal of them; for it was hard to perswade Men that they might not be allowed to commit such Things as were legitimated by the Practice of those Beings, who they thought fit to adore.

It must be confess'd, it seems wonderful how the Honour and Reverence given to those impious Deities could be so long maintained in the World, while their Histories were stain'd with so many vile Actions! Things, some of which were shocking even to Nature, and could no otherwise be supported but by extinguishing both the light of Nature, and Reason, in the Minds of Men; nay, by extinguishing all the Degrees of Virtue and Morality, and transforming Men into Monsters of Wickedness!

There is no doubt but this very Thing did assist, at last, in pulling down the Pagan Worship in the World, and exploding those Rites which were manifestly appointed to a Set of imaginary Deities; who, if they had any real Essence, were fitter to be detested, as infernal Furies and Devils, than worship'd as Gods. On the contrary, the Christian Religion

recommended itself from the Purity of its Precepts, and the sublime Nature of its Worship, which was directed to the Glorious Maker of all Things, and to him only; and withal, from this general happy Character, which its Professors also made evident by their Practice, namely, that it commanded all that was Good and Virtuous, Just and Upright, Humble and Gentle,—and Forbad all that was Wicked, Unjust, Dishonourable, Immodest, or Arrogant and Proud.

But to go back to the Romans; while they serv'd these impure Deities, it was no Wonder, I say, that they imitated their Practices, and justify'd their Manners from their Example; and by this means the World was, in those Days overwhelm'd with all manner of Vices and Immoralities.

Since the Suppressing the Pagan Worship, and that the Examples of the Gods would no more bear Men out in their Impious Practices, the Sons of Crime fly to the Practice of their Governors for their Pattern, *Regis ad exemplum;* and it is a kind of Warrant for Debauchery, either of Morals or of Principles, that those who are either the Guides or Censors of Men's Actions should be allow'd for their Examples.

Hence, in all Christian Nations, pious and just Princes have thought themselves highly obliged to keep a Guard upon their own Conduct, lest the People should fall into Corruption and Degeneracy of Manners by their Example. It was the Saying of a wise Heathen, *That it is in the Power of Princes to reform Kingdoms by their Example, but that it can never be done by Force.* It was said, by way of Character, of Constantius the Roman Emperor, Son of Constantine the GREAT, that he gave excellent Laws to the Empire, but did not promote their Execution by his Example; and upon this Score it was left doubtful, whether he was to be rank'd among the good Emperors or the bad.

It is farther observable, that an evil Example is much more prevalent and fatal to the Morals of a Nation, when it comes from those Magistrates or great Men, who are most popular, and who have gain'd most upon the Affection and Opinion of the People.

I began the Argument in the Examples of Emperors and Sovereign Princes, but I level the Inferences to that which is my principal View and Design; namely that of Magistrates

and great Men; who, tho' they are not immediate Sovereigns, are yet the Men to whom the People have their Eye in a more than ordinary Manner, with respect to their Morals; because, by their Office, they are empower'd to punish the Immoralities of others, and therefore ought to be as popular in their Example, as they are in their Stations and Authority. And I insist that when any Person has, either by his private or publick conduct, made himself popular; he has a double Obligation upon him to guard his Behaviour in such a manner, that no corrupt Precept or Principles may come recommended to the World from his Authority.

Would Men act from good Principles, and, when they pretend to be publick People, have the publick Good of Mankind at Heart, they would be very careful how they advanced any evil Notions, or evil Examples; that is to say, how they allowed themselves to recommend Things to the People, which were dangerous to their Morals, or to their Practice.

And thus, Sir, I bring this Rule from the highest Example to the lowest, and let you see that those Writers of publick Papers,—the London Journal, for Example,—(and even yourself, if you merit the Reproof,) when they endeavour to spread erroneous and unjust Principles, and to poison the Morals and Loyalty of People—as the London Journal apparently does; they become the most infamous and dangerous of Men, and deserve not only to be exposed to the Abhorrence of all good Men, but to be punish'd by the Authority of every just Administration.

To recommend Treason and Faction under the Cover and Colour of Liberty, is the worst kind of Delusion; and is an Imposition upon the People in a manner unsufferable by just Governments. No Government that ever I have read of has enquired into such Practices, without censuring them in the most open and publick Manner, as Criminal in the highest Degree; and though, at present, such Men go on with Impunity, yet I cannot doubt but Justice will, sooner or later, detect such Behaviour, and expose it as it ought, and as the Crime deserves.

The ill Conduct of those Magistrates, and Men in Authority, who, while they execute the Law upon the Immoralities of the People with one Hand, encourage those Immoralities on the

other Hand by their own Example, is a Subject by itself; and as it is a Thing worthy of the Sovereign Authority and Justice to enquire into, I cannot doubt but that Justice will find Time to punish it, as the Nature of so Scandalous a Crime deserves.

Yours, &c.

D. P., Feb. 14.—There has lately been seen, at Vienna, a Latin Book printed under the Name of Count Erdoedi, Bishop of Erlau (otherwise call'd Agria or Eger, a City in the Upper Hungary,) which has been presented to the Imperial Commissioners at Presbourg. If the Drift and Principles of this Author were to be follow'd, nothing would be seen throughout the whole Earth, but Murders, Massacres, and Rivers streaming with Blood. For the Author pretends to prove, even by the Holy Scripture itself, that Hereticks are worse than Adulterers, Assassins, Robbers on the Highway, Turks, Pagans, and what not? That they ought to be compell'd to come into the Pale of the Romish Church, or to be exterminated from the Face of the whole Earth; and, that no Prince can answer the tolerating of them in his Dominions, even tho' he had engaged his Word to do so. This Work indeed well deserves the Title of *The Shortest Way with Hereticks.* The Reform'd of Hungary have sent Deputies hither with a Copy of this Book, who have presented it to the Emperor in an Audience he was graciously pleas'd to grant them. His Imperial Majesty was surprized to the last Degree that any one had dar'd to publish a Work of such a Nature, at a Time when he himself is using his best Endeavours to restore Peace and Tranquillity in the Church of Christ; and has, 'tis said, assured the Deputies, that he would cause the said Book to be publickly recanted, and would follow the Principles of the Kings of Hungary his Predecessors, who in Affairs of this Nature have never been sway'd by the Sentiments of hot-brain'd Churchmen, who, tho' they have always had an Itch to govern all, have made but lame Work on't, and prov'd in the End no better than silly awkward Politicians.

Trade is not Dependent on Liberty.

A. J., Feb. 17.—Sir, we have a long Harangue with a Flourish of his gasconading kind, in a late *London Journal,* to

inform us that Liberty is the only Fountain of Trade, and that Commerce cannot flourish under arbitrary Government.

This jingling Author, who affirms everything and answers nothing; that values not what Objections lye against his Writings, but, with an authoritative Insolence, offers his *Ipse dixit* against Reason and Experience, and, even against Nature, merits to have all Men told that he is not a Coxcomb, or rather not that only, but a dogmatick, insolent, audacious Scribbler, that regards not what can be offer'd against his Writing, or what Matter of Fact opposes him. Thus he goes on, in spite of the Light of Reason, to impose upon his Readers in the most egregious Manner in this Particular. *For Example* :—

Trade will not subsist under arbitrary Power, *says he;* Trade is the effect of Liberty. So that, according to him, Trade must decay in two thirds of all Christendom; for where is such a kind of Liberty, as he proposes, to be found? Now let us see if this be true. Have the French no Trade? How then do we complain that they will worm us out of the Trade of Christendom? Why do we fill our Heads with Jealousies, and our Thoughts with Apprehensions that the French will in time eat us out of our Manufactures, and work us to Death in our Trade? Nay, even in our own Product; so that we are brought to a great Straight? Either this Man speaks falsely, or the French can never thrive, or flourish in Trade; for upon my Faith, good Friends, the French know as little what belongs to Liberty, as most of the Nations in Europe.

This Man says, an extensive Trade flows entirely from, and is the Production of Liberty,—and that she cannot Breathe; that is, Trade cannot breathe *in a Tyrannical Air*. Now, 'tis evident from the present Constitution of Things in the World, that this is false in Fact. Not that I enter here into a Vindication, or a Recommendation of Tyranny, or arbitrary Government, that is not the Question at present; but the Question is, Whether the *London Journal* speaks Truth or Falsehood? And indeed the latter is so evident, that it is indeed no Question.

The French have made the greatest Improvement in Trade, Manufactures, and Navigation, and that in a few Years, of any Nation in the World. What Contests have we had in Eng-

land about the French rivalling us in the making our Manufactures in their Country; and about their rivalling us at Market in all the Ports of Spain, Italy, and Turkey? How was the Treaty of Commerce in the late Reign opposed, and thrown out on this very Account? And how have we clogg'd their Trade hither with heavy Imposts, that they may not over-run us in the Balance, and bring so many of their Goods hither, that none other should sell?

Are these People Friends to Liberty? Or are they the most abject Slaves to arbitrary Government that are in the World? And yet Trade flourishes among them; so that we are afraid of their out-doing us, even in our own Woollen Manufacture.

Look we next to the Dominions of the Czar of Muscovy, a Prince, whose Power is said to be as absolute, and his Government as arbitrary as the Argument can require for Illustration; —nay, I believe, is as absolute as the Emperor of China, or the Great Mogul, a Country whose People know very little Liberty, nor have, as I understand, much relish of it, or desire after it; a People among whom the very Name of Liberty, as some extend the Thing, is not so much as known, and perhaps they have seldom heard the Word; yet their Trade has made such a Progress within these five or six Years, by the indefatigable Industry and Application of an excellent Prince; that 'tis incredible, and will pass for fabulous in the Histories of the next Age. Such an Increase, as not only over matches his Neighbours, but as may, in a few Years, be fatal, or at least formidable, to all the Nations round them. How then does it appear that Trade is produced by Liberty? That it thrives by the Improvement of Liberty, and is the entire Offspring of Liberty? that it cannot breathe in Tyrannick Air, *and the like?*

The Sum of the Matter is, that the Author of the *London Journal* writes just anything that comes uppermost, a flux of Words without Meaning, and without either Sense or Truth to support them.

I might carry this Author to Spain and Portugal, where Liberty, as he understands it, may be said to be quite suppress'd, and that long ago; and where not only the Prince's absolute Power, but even the Church Tyranny, which is the worst of all kinds of arbitrary Government, prevails; where the Inquisition rages, and burns Men, only because they are

rich; where Innocence, I mean in the Inquisition, is no Plea, nor Law any Protection; and where all kinds of inhuman Things are done daily. Yet, how does Trade flourish among the Portugueze, and how extensive is their Commerce! To *Goa* in the *East Indies*; to *Macao* in *China*; to *Gomberoon* in *Persia*; to *Mozambique* on the Eastern Coast of *Africa*; to *Angola* on the West; and to the *Brazils* in *America*; from whence, I mean *Brazil*, they alone bring more Gold Home in Specie, than comes from all other Parts of the World, let it be where they will.

Are these the People that have no Trade? Does not our Trade breathe in that Air? Or, on the contrary, are they not, or, at least, have they not been, the greatest Traders in the World in proportion to the small extent of their Dominion? So that to tell us there is such a necessary Conjunction between Liberty and Trade, is, in short, a Fiction, a mere Harangue, a Noise about Nothing; and would insinuate what that Author is known to drive at in all his Writings, viz. That no Government can be agreeable to a Trade but a Commonwealth, which, it is apparent, is false in Fact from what has been said. Nor will the People of England be brought, by such bare-faced Impositions as these, to return to the old State of corrupt Politicks, upon the Notion only of improving their Trade; they having already paid too dear for the Experiment, which they made in Forty One, of that excellent Model, of a Rump without a Parliament, and a Parliament without a King.

But this scribbler is above the Necessity of writing Truth; for he that Men will believe, let him say what he will, may say what he will. But he that speaks without regarding Truth, should be branded with the Reproach of deserving not to be believed, whatsoever he says.

Your Servant, LIBERTY.

On the Favourites of Kings.

A. J., Feb. 24.—Sir, *Tacitus*, speaking of the Favourites of Princes, gives two Reasons why they are very seldom long lived in their Stations as such, *viz.*, that the Prince is weary'd with heaping his Gifts and Favours, and his Bounty, (perhaps too appearing ill bestowed) is exhausted, and at a Stop; or else that the Favourite has received till he can ask no more: "*Fato*

potentia raro sempiterna, an satias capit aut illos cum omnia tribuerunt, aut hos quod Nihil reliquum est quod capiant." Tacit. Lib. 3.

Favourites of every Age are much the same; but happy are those Nations whose Monarchs are true Judges of the Merit of their Favourites, and know how to measure their own Bounty by the Services of the Person it is to be bestow'd upon.

I have often thought of the Words of Philip II. of Spain, when he was reproach'd with not rewarding bountifully a certain Grandee, who was his particular Favourite, and whom he made, as it were, his Companion: "I measure my Rewards," says the King, "not by my Affection, but by Services done my Country; therefore I reward the Duke D'——, who leads my Armies, tho' I hate him; and Don —— goes empty, tho' I love him; the one is valuable to the State, the other good for nothing, but to play with me at Chess."

I could bring this Subject home to our own Times, and to our own Country, where we see ourselves so happy, and so fortunate, as not to have the People oppress'd, or the publick Wealth exhausted by Favourites; but my Subject is above Flattery.

As it is the happiness of the present Government, that no Man, by the Favour of his Prince, can dip his Hand in the publick Treasure, and grow rich by Misapplications, at least not without being liable to be call'd to an Account for it; so we should be more happy still if Misapplications of every kind, and all Corruptions in Management received their due Censure and full Punishment, and that none were able to cover themselves from the National Justice. Such Arts and such Accidents as assist in the delivering Criminals from due Prosecutions, ought always to be reckon'd among a Nation's Misfortunes. I cannot but reckon the Escape of Mr. *Knight*, late Treasurer of the *South Sea* Company, to be a publick Disaster; and I cannot doubt, by what Conduct soever it was effected, it has been the means to conceal much Knavery, and tye the Hands of National Vengeance from exerting itself in many Cases.

The Committee of Secresy, who were employ'd by the House of Commons, to search to the bottom, the Arcana of *South-Sea* Wickedness, closed one of their Reports with these Words:—

"And now your Committee find themselves under a Neces-

sity of closing their Enquiry into the Matters referr'd to them, by Reason of the absence of Mr. *Knight*, who appears to have been principally, and, in many Instances solely, entrusted in the Execution of this black and destructive South Sea Scheme."

By this it is evident, that the bottom of that Villainy is not yet fully discover'd, and if not the bottom of the Crime, 'tis a Consequence, that the Criminals also are not all detected. Now I cannot omit advancing one Notion of mine prophetically, viz., That a time may yet come when no Man will be able to be a Traytor to his Country, and yet skreen himself from their Enquiry; for I believe the late *South Sea* Scheme has taught the Nation two Pieces of Wit.

1. The Offenders who have so narrowly escaped, greater or small, will learn; and others, perhaps will learn from them, not to venture on so dangerous a Precipice, on which they must necessarily miscarry, unless deliver'd by so nice an incident as the Escape of the Agent they employ.

2. Future Enquirers will learn to take effectual and early Measures, to secure those they suspect, from escaping the publick Justice, and thereby putting a Check to their Enquiries.

Great Britain has another Happiness, *si sua bona norint*, in this Affair of punishing Offenders against the Publick, namely, the frequency of Parliaments; a Jewel the People of this Island will never, I hope, part with, nor often or easily suspend. I meddle not with what has been, nor do I enter into the Question of when it may, or may not, be necessary to suspend it, or enlarge the limited Times, not doubting but the Representatives of the Kingdom will impartially judge of that Necessity, for those they represent, when it shall come before them.

But as the frequency of Parliaments strengthens the Security of our Liberties, and breaks much into the Measures of those who would, if possible, form Factions and Parties among us; so it necessarily follows, that on every new Election, it concerns the People choosing, to be very sure of the Persons they choose, to consider the Trust reposed in them when chosen, and the Power committed to them, and, if possible, to choose none but such as will not abuse that Power, or betray the Trust, on any Occasion whatever.

How far the Conduct of any Person formerly intrusted ought to weigh with the Electors, in their choosing, or not choosing him again, is a Point I may discourse of to you at another Time. Your Humble Servant,

A FREEHOLDER.

A. J., Feb. 24.—On Tuesday last, in the Evening, a Gentleman passing along the Street at Charing-Cross, and three other Gentlemen in his Company, a Person, dress'd very well, comes up to him, and, pulling off his Hat, salutes him with, Sir, your most humble Servant, I am very glad to see you;—at which the Gentleman naturally pulling off his Hat too, and making some Stop,—his Company went a little Way forward, and then two more Gentlemen, as they seem'd, clap'd in between, so that the Gentlemen that went on, tho' they look'd back, could not see the first Gentleman that was Stop'd. In that Minute the first Man whisper'd to the Gentleman he had saluted and told him he wanted Money, and that he must give him what he had without any Noise or Hesitation, or he was a dead Man that Moment, and with that shew'd him a Pistol in his other Hand. The Gentleman seeing no Remedy, gave him his Purse and Watch, and he walk'd away with them. Being come to his Company, and acquainting them with what had happen'd, they pursued and took the two Gentlemen who, as above, step'd in between, but the Principal went off; and as the other offer'd nothing, only stood talking together, 'tis doubted they cannot be made Accessory.

National Morality lowered by the South Sea.

A. J., Mar. 3.—Sir,—Among your many former Observations upon the Mischiefs which have attended us by the potent Management of South-Sea, and other politick Frauds, I desire to put in one Hint, which you may find many useful Ways to enlarge upon and improve, and which indeed the Betrayers and Plunderers of the Nation are, in a great Measure, to answer for in the End; and this is, the great Influence that these Things have had upon the Nation's Morals.

It was a just Observation, tho' made by a Heathen, that "The Roman Glory never began to decay till the Roman Virtue began to degenerate. As the Worship of the immortal

Gods has been *Corrupted* and *Neglected, says he,* so we cannot but expect their Care of us should be withheld; and for this Reason JUPITER, Father of Gods and Men, has suffer'd the barbarous Nations to break in upon us, and Ravish from us so many Branches of the Roman Dominion."

This Speech was supposed to be spoken to the Senate by *Marcellus,* after the great Defeat of the Roman Army by Hannibal the Carthaginian. But how much more true is such a Reflection upon us in these Christian Times? Are not the Nation's Morals decay'd? Is not the Worship of the true and only immortal, eternal God, *Corrupted* and *Neglected?* And how should we expect anything but a declining State, as well as particular Judgments from Heaven upon us?

As to the Nation's Morals being decay'd, the Examples of it are too flagrant to require any enlarging on the Particulars; let us only reflect upon the prevailing Influence of the Vice of Avarice, one of the worst kind of Immoralities; which has gone so far towards the general Ruin, when Men that had enough before would have more, by whatever unlawful Means, and at whatever Price they got it, namely, at the Price of the Loss of Principle, of Conscience, of Justice, and of Religion; that men of the greatest Estates for this have not been *Morbus Plebvi:* This has been a Plague upon the Rich, who grasp'd so eagerly after more, as to hazard the opulent Fortunes they already enjoy'd; exposing their Characters and Persons, and debauching their Virtue and Honesty in pursuit of more Wealth.

This is an Observation worth your enlarging upon. These Men have no Excuse; nothing can extenuate their Crime to others, or lessen the Reproaches of it to themselves.

This unbounded Avarice has been the cause of the Nation's Ruin; and, what is our present Case in Consequence of abandoning ourselves to the fierce Pursuit of immoderate Gain? We now see the Blow it has given us is National, as well as personal. Confusion follows in publick Affairs, and Distress in private. The Reproaches, cast from one to another, create continual Feuds, Envyings, Strife and Prejudices one against another; and the Reproaches we cast upon ourselves, in the just Reflections we make upon our own Mistakes, have still worse Effects. What Convulsions do those Reflections

cast us into? The Loss brings Misery and Distress upon Families; and that, Ruin, Desperation and Rage.

How many Self-Murders do we hear of, almost every Day, occasion'd by the violent precipitate Fall of Families in this Calamity? Men cannot bear the Reproaches of their own Minds, under the Weight of the Ruin, which their Avarice has hurry'd them into.

The Consequences of this Mischief are hardly known, but to the curious Observer, Self-Reproaches fill every Family; Despair sits on the Countenances of Men whom we had, but a little before, seen flourishing and gay,—above the reach of Disaster,—and, as they thought, out of Danger of ever falling into the least Misfortune. Where this has not extended to Violence and Self-Murder, it has prey'd upon the Vitals, the Rage has fermented the Blood, and prov'd every way fatal.

Here raging Fevers have carry'd off the unhappy Sufferer; there mortal Grief has seiz'd the Spirits; here Tears and loud Exclamations give vent to the Passions; there, for want of that Relief, Lunacy has followed, and all the vast Variety of Distraction. Here one Heart breaks under the Weight, the Soul bursts the very Bars of Nature, and gets out of that Prison, where it could no longer bear the Oppression of its own Sorrow; there Melancholy sinks the Mind,—and worldly Sorrow,—which causes Death,—thrusts the Man silent and stupid into the Grave.

How many Ways have these Surprizes conquer'd us? We are daily alarm'd with such Objects of Horror; the Weight is too heavy for the Strength of Nature. Men dye like the Mutes in our Law; they are press'd to Death with insupportable Weight.

What Blood have those Men to answer for, who have been Guilty of all this Mischief; who have, in pursuit of their own insatiable Avarice,—and to quench the Thirst of Gain,—brought so many Families to Destruction? Are not these so many Sacrifices to their Barbarity? Are not all the Self-Murders, the sudden Oppression, either of the Life or the Senses, which have fallen out on this Occasion, caused by this Crime? May we not challenge them with the Blood of every poor ruin'd Man or Woman, whose Heart has been broken by these detestable Practices, and of every Widow and Orphan that has

been starv'd by their Villainy, or that have broken their Hearts and died for fear of it? O the unbounded Power of Avarice and Ambition! Your Friend,

ANTHONY BROADHEART.

Baby Marriages. A Queen Consort Four Years Old.

A. J., Mar. 3.—On the 2nd March, the Infanta Queen, (that is now her Title,) made her publick Entry into Paris with such Splendor and Magnificence, as was never seen here before. Even those who remember the publick Entry of Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain, and Queen of the late King Louis XIV., say it was by no means like it. The King has made the House of the Provost of the Mareschals at Bourg la Reine, a Fief Noble;—that is to say in English, a Barony, giving Title to a Nobleman,—and has ennobled the Owner, on account of the Queen being first seen, and entertain'd there, by the King.

Her Equipage was not so extraordinary splendid till she came to Estampes; being the same, and no other, that the Princess de Asturias had with her from hence. But Madam de Ventadour caused several Additions to be made there; as particularly all the Officers of her new Household were order'd to meet there, and take Posts as in waiting. Likewise were added all the Equerries and Pages which were belonging to her new Character; with the Royal Equipage in new Liveries. Her Guards, which for the Journey were no more than two hundred Horse, were encreased to eight hundred of the Life Guards, and six hundred of the Gens d'Arms, and the Regiment of French Guards, call'd de la Reyne, being new Cloath'd on purpose, met her without the City, and march'd before her, as her proper Guard; the whole Regiment Du Roy, being the King's own Regiment, consisting of four Battalions, being drawn up at the Entrance to receive her.

The Magnificence of the Entry itself is too great, and too long, to be publish'd here, the Particulars are appointed by the Regent to be printed. The King received her at the Coach Door, in the Entrance of the Palace, call'd the Old Louvre, and walk'd before her, with his Hat under his Arm, up the great Staircase,where she was receiv'd by the Dutchess of Orleans, and all the Princesses of the Blood; attended with

an innumerable Throng of Ladies, all in the gayest and richest Dress that ever was seen, the whole Court shining in Diamonds.

Never was such a busy Time for Taylors, Mantua-Makers, Stay-Makers, and all Sorts of such Trades as depend upon the Dressing, the Ladies especially, and the Gentlemen also. The Expense has been prodigious, and would have been much more, but for one Misfortune, which our late Stock-Jobbing has subjected us to; namely, want of Money and want of Credit. For as the Gentry could not, that is not all of them, raise Money, so the Shop-keepers could not Trust; and many were obliged not to appear at all, not being able to appear in a Figure according to their Quality.

The next Day the Infanta was visited in form by all the Principal Lords and Ladies of the Court; and the same Evening the Duke d' Ossuna, the Spanish Ambassador, play'd off an extraordinary fine Fire-Work on the River, before the Windows of his Palace, which were nobly illuminated, and he gave a great deal of Money and Wine to the Mob. Three other Fire-Works, one appointed at the Expence of the City, and two at the appointment of the Court, are to be play'd off to-Morrow.

The Character of British Justice.

A. J., March 10.—Sir, It is an undeniable Maxim, in Affairs of judicial Process, of whatever kind, that all manner of Partiality is a degree of Injustice. Hence Justice, among the Ancients, was painted with her Scales in one Hand, and her Sword in the other; but with her Eyes blinded, by a Cloth wrapt over them, and ty'd behind her Head, as supposed to be out of the reach, even of her own Hands, to loosen or untie,—that, not knowing the Parties, she might weigh uprightly, and execute impartially.

How remote from this Method of Proceeding, the modern way of executing Justice is now carry'd on, I leave you to judge; and how, on the contrary, in many Parts of the World, when the greatest Causes are to be decided, the very Persons appointed to decide them, are to be reach'd by the private Influences of Persons and Power.

Our Laws have made such Provisions against this, that, to

the Honour of common Justice be it spoken, our Judges are above the Application of private Persons, or the Influence of publick; holding their Places by a Tenure, that puts them out of the reach of the Resentment of the one or the other. As for the Corruption of Juries, whose Verdict determines the right of the Parties concern'd; we have a Law lately pass'd, which, it is hoped, will remove all Complaints of that kind also.

It is not enough that Justice should concern itself in the Prosecution of the Criminals accused, but even in the Crime itself. The judicial Proceedings against this or that Criminal, will never be effectual to deliver a Nation from the Mischief which generally attends publick Offences; but the Hands of Justice should be extended in quest of the Crime itself.

This is the Felicity of Parliamentary Proceedings in England, and perhaps more so here than in any Part of the World; that they do not confine themselves to this or that Person accused, but take Cognisance of the evil Practices themselves, and pursue the Scent, in order to detect, by the Chain of Offences, the Persons offending.

If, in the Search after this, they meet with Persons of a superior Magnitude, 'tis the Glory of Parliamentary Justice that these are equally subject to their Censure, and within the reach of their Power, as the meanest Freeholder in the Country. No Member of the Body Politick will pretend to be placed out of the reach of the National Justice; and therefore, when they have been at any Time on the pursuit of publick Grievances, if they have met in their Way with the highest and most powerful Favourite that has been guilty, we have always found that those Favourites either fly from their Justice, or endeavour to prevent the effects of their Enquiry.

What Methods have been made use of in former Times to shift off the Enquiry, &c. when great Men have been touch'd with Apprehensions of being push'd hard in Parliament, is not my present Search. Whatever has been done then, we have good Assurance that the Corrupt Practices of former Times, shall not be made Precedents for the Times before us; and therefore we have no need to fear, but, in Time to come, powerful Crime will meet with its due Punishment, and the most powerful Criminals be treated as Justice requires.

History is full of Examples in all Ages, when the protecting

potent Criminals from the Justice of the Nations, or States they belong'd to, has been always found fatal, either to the Publick, or to the Persons endeavouring to protect them.

We are in a Reign now, where Justice is left to the full Liberty of holding the Balances between Guilt and Innocence; and to her full Liberty of sentencing, as that Balance tries the Facts. No use is made of Power to influence Justice; no Methods made use of to interrupt the course of Justice, or to check the Search after Crime, or after the Criminals. If any of them who are guilty escape, it must be on some other Account, and with some other Artifice, than that of opposing the Power of the Prosecution.

It is true that there have been Ways and Means found out, other than the Influence of Power, to prevent a severe Inquiry into Things; and even the Parliament itself has found some Times, that their Enquiries have been, as it were, at a full Stop, by the Flight or Destruction of Witnesses, the Concealment of Facts, and the Subtilty of Persons. This was the Case of Sir *John Fenwick;* and this was the Case of some, who, in order to stifle Evidence, procur'd the Murder of Sir *Edmund-Bury Godfrey,*—and, has been the Case on many Occasions, where Parliamentary Justice has met with some Check. But the Parliament always found Ways to do themselves Right where Guilt was clear, tho' the Crime perhaps was not testify'd according to Form, as in the Case of Sir *John Fenwick* above in Particular.

The Parliament of Great Britain are not to be trifled with; the flight of Witnesses, cancelling or conveying away of Books, erasing of Names and Papers, have lately gone far to put a Stop, for a time, to Things; but there has always been some remaining Discoveries sufficient to give Light into evil Practices, if not to fix it upon the Persons; and first, or last, the Parliament has surmounted all the Difficulties contriv'd to obstruct publick Justice, and the Criminals have very rarely escaped. We hope for such a Time again, notwithstanding what has pass'd.

And let not those who at this Time trust to such little corrupt and clandestine Practices, in hopes to defend themselves against farther Search, or even to Pardons and Acts of Oblivion; I say, let them not flatter themselves with much Success in

their Measure, for first or last the Fraud will be detected, and the Persons be effectually expos'd, if not effectually punish'd; for an impartial Pursuit of publick Crime, if duly push'd on, is so certain, one Way or other to answer the Nation's desire, that, I believe, we are without an Example whenever it has once been totally disappointed.

Publick Infamy is a severe Punishment; and is equal to Fines, Imprisonments, Racks, Tortures, and even Death itself. Nay, where the Reflection is just, 'tis more bitter than Death. It is not wip'd off by the Arts that are often made use of to elude and evade Justice; and he that is clear'd by the Vote of one or two Creatures in an Assembly, as he may be really Guilty, notwithstanding that Escape, so the Wound is oftentimes as deep as it would have been if he had been cast by the same Majority; nay, and deeper too.

It is hard for me to determine, whether a Man cast by but one Voice, may not sometimes be cast with more Credit, than a Man acquitted by but one Voice is acquitted.

Fame founded on Virtue is lasting and durable; while Fame ill-gotten is scandalous, and the worst sort of Reproach. In like manner Reproach, or evil Fame, founded upon real Crime, leaves an indelible Mark of Infamy, and is never wip'd away; whereas Reproach without Guilt dyes of itself.

A Man, for Example, known to have gotten an exorbitant Wealth by the Frauds and vile Practices of the late Times, by the aid of the ill gotten Gain, has, perhaps, found his way out of the Scrape, was in Custody, was evidently detected, his Guilt apparent, and his Punishment in view; but is got out of the Tower, or has got over the hurry of the Prosecution, is dropt and forgotten, or, by other Ways and Means, has wip'd his Mouth and escap'd. Is this Man the less Infamous,—less Detestable,—less the Execration of all Widows and Orphans he has plunder'd? No! No! The Infamy cleaves to him, the Reproach rests upon his Family, and the Curses of the Poor will follow him beyond the Grave.

Your Servant, A. M. G. C.

On the Death of Toland, the Infidel Writer.

A. J., Mar. 17.—Sir, I saw it publish'd the other Day, that the late Eminent, or rather notorious, Mr. *Toland* was dead;

and that he declared, in the Agonies of his last Moments, that he was poison'd. I have nothing to do with that Part, nor with the Manner of it; but when I consider the Character of the Person, and also his History, how he has for many Years employ'd the best Parts, and a great Stock of Reading, to the worst Purposes, namely to shock the Faith of Christians in the glorious Person and Divinity of their Redeemer, and to sap and undermine the Principles and Foundations of the Orthodox Faith; I say, when I consider these Things, it revives in my Thoughts some Observations which I have made in many Years considering the Course of Divine Providence in the World, and confirms abundantly two particular Remarks of mine, which I shall speak to in this Letter.

1. That it is my Opinion, that no Age, since the founding and forming the Christian Church in the World, was ever like, (in open avowed Atheism, Blasphemies, and Heresies,) to the Age we now live in. I say, it is my Opinion; I impose it upon no Body.

2. That God never did, and has not now, (that I can observe,) alter'd the Measures of his Divine Justice, to proceed with such in a particular Way from his dealing with the rest of Mankind.

Now you, Sir, who have so laudably employ'd many of your Papers in profitable Discourses upon our Civil Affairs, and to expose the Corruption of our Manners in the Persons of particular Men, will not certainly deny one Paper, or one Part of a Paper, for the Service of your Maker, and to reprove the worst of Immoralities. I mean those open and unaccountable Insolencies which are offer'd every Day to the Authority of Heaven, and to the very Being and Nature of a God; which are too openly Practised among us.

I have heard, that the Stories of a Society of People, call'd the *Hell-Fire Club*, were all feigned and invented by some particular People, on a Politick Account; and since that, we find the Rumour of such a Thing is wholly drop'd from among us.

But I am told, and I fear 'tis too true, that there are several Societies, both of Men and Women too, among us, who keep up the Atheistical Spirit of the Age; and, in their private Meetings, make God and Religion the Subject of their Sport, and of their utmost Contempt; who, with an unparal-

lel'd Boldness, set themselves up in Defiance of Omnipotent Power; ridicule and insult God himself, not only denying his Being, but, with an unheard of audacious Spirit, make a Jest even of the very Notion of a God, and endeavour to banter it; as if they designed to erase the natural awe of a Sovereign Creator out of the Hearts of Men.

Of these horrid Creatures, I have been told, one Set was some few Years ago discover'd among us; and, they form'd themselves into Classes, Women as well as Men. And first, one Lady, who call'd herself the *Blessed Virgin*, another *Mary Magdalen*, a third *Elizabeth*, the Mother of *John* the *Baptist*, *and the like*. What horrid abominable Things they did, and what a hellish Part they acted, with relation to being with Child by the Holy Ghost, *and the like*, it fills me with Horror but to think of, and I cannot relate the particulars.

The Men of this Society, I was told, personated so many Devils, and old Idols, according to the great Council of Hell which Mr. *Milton* represents under his happy Title of the *Pandemonium*. Here one call'd himself *Saturn*, another *Beelzebub*, a third *Lucifer*, a fourth *Belial*, a fifth *Mammon*, a sixth *Moloch*, a seventh *Dagon*, *and the like*. And, in the Degrees, and fancy'd Shapes of these Monsters, they talk'd the most horrid Blasphemies that all the inhabitants of Hell could invent; such Things as I tremble to mention, and the best of your Readers would tremble to read, and I therefore omit them, besides, not being positive as to the Particulars.

Now I am one of those who have observ'd it, and think I may say, my Observation is just; *namely*, that God, in the ordinary course of his Providence, has distinguish'd his Abhorrence of these Kinds of Wickedness, in such a Manner, that, I think, I never knew one profess'd, open, avowed Atheist, that ever liv'd to be an Old Man.

There are many Instances of such who have been cut off in the midst of their Days, as the Text calls it, some of them suddenly, in the very blaspheming Act, and I could fill a large Book with Relations of that Kind; but I repeat it again, and recommend it to you to make a public Observation; *namely*, that, I say, I never knew an open Blasphemer of God live to be an Old Man. God has singled them out to Moments of his Vengeance; as they have singled their Maker out to be the Subject of their Insolence.

Who knows how general it may please God to make such an Observation, and what Good it may do;—especially when the Remark is made popular. I do not pretend, by this, to prescribe the Almighty Sovereign of the World from this or that delay'd Period of his Justice; but 'tis enough to say to any of these People, that either they must be cut off in the Course of their Impiety, or God must deal with them out of the ordinary Method of his Providence.

Now if it be true, that Mr. *Toland*,—who has in his Life time been so great an Enemy of reveal'd Religion, so open an Opposer of Orthodox Principles, and, if I may add, has so often Blasphem'd the Divinity of our Blessed Redeemer,—has now died in a violent manner, as is reported, whether it be by the Ignorance of his Physicians, or by what other Accident it has pleas'd God to permit his Fall; his End is yet a strong Confirmation to me of my Opinion, and will add force to the Observation.

It is on this Occasion that I send you this Remark, which I have often made publick, and shall continue to do so as often as Heaven is pleas'd to make publick Examples of his Justice.

Let the World see it, Sir, that your miserable Champions of Hell,—who still carry on so Audacious a War against their Maker,—may learn to fear, and may tremble at the Power of the Hand whose Being they Insult.

Civil Government will concur with you herein, and tho' we have seen the Hand of Man's Justice too often slack in punishing the Affronts given to the great Governour of Kings; yet, I cannot doubt,—if we awaken the Hand of the Government to do Justice, and show them the Objects that deserve it from them,—we shall always find Protestant Powers, and Christian Princes, willing to put their hand to the Work of punishing declared Enemies of him that made us. They would else ill deserve the Name of Christian Powers, and might in time see Heaven taking the Work out of their Hands; as he often does in the Case of Atheists and Blasphemers.

Your Servant, THEO-PHILO.

Exploits of a Highwayman.

A. J., Mar. 17.—Last Saturday se'nnight (March 3) a single Man on Horseback stopt a Country Man within Call of

the Turnpike at Kingsland, only it being dark, they were not in sight; the Countryman had Money about him in a Bag, and had pull'd out the Bag to give it to the Thief, when, at the very Moment, five or six Horsemen came up just in hearing, which made the Highwayman brush off, not so much as staying to take the Man's Money; and, for haste, dropt his Pistol, riding away behind the Hospital at Kingsland towards Islington. The Countryman coming up to the Turnpike, told 'em the Story; and they having a Speaking Trumpet, kept on purpose to call to the other Turnpike,—which is at the turning towards Newington Green,—made use of it accordingly, and call'd out to the Men at the Turnpike to keep fast and stop Thief. The Marauder, hearing the Call, and knowing what he was to expect, made his way over the Banks on the Left Hand; and, by the Goodness of his Horse, got into the Road again between the said last Turnpike and Islington, and robb'd a Gentleman of twenty Guineas and his Watch, just at the end of the Town of Islington. But not venturing to go thro' Islington Town,—where he might have been stopt again at the Grand Turnpike at the hither end of the Town,—he turned northward towards Holloway, and very unhappily chops upon a Gentleman's Coach going late home towards Highgate, and robb'd them, afterwards going off clear.

On the Monday Night following, on the same Road, where he first stopt the Countryman, only nearer to London, the same Fellow, by the Description given of him, robb'd the Newington Stage Coach. It was observable, that when he first came up, the Coachman whipt on, endeavouring to have got up to the Watch-house, which was near him; upon which the Thief ask'd him if he had a mind to Fool away his Life to save his Passengers a little Pocket-Money, and threatening to shoot him, call'd him by his Name, which is Frank; so that it seems to be some Rogue who is no Stranger to that side of the Country. He robb'd three Men in the Coach, but not being strict in searching them, they sav'd their Watches, and he got not above three Pounds odd Money from them all, and bade them, very civilly, good Night.

A. J., March 17.—We hear that a certain Person of Quality, who sets up for a certain Borough not many miles from London, where the Number of Electors is but 13, has

very prudently secured 8 of them at his House in Hanover Square; where they have been, for many Days past, entertain'd in the most sumptuous Manner, shewn all the Rarities and Diversions of the Town; and, are to be cloathed, besides their new Breeches hansel'd before the Election.

On Bribery at Elections.

A. J., Mar. 31.—Sir, While all the World have their Eyes and Expectations upon our present Hurry, and the Bustle of our Elections employs our Thoughts; while innumerable Libels and Pamphlets, and Journals are taking upon them to teach us all what we ought to do, who, perhaps, know it well enough already, tho' we do it so ill; give me leave to state the Case briefly, and tell you, in a few Words, the Condition we are in, the Temper and the Conduct of the Men of the Times at this Juncture.

The whole Nation may at this time be liken'd to a Fair, and the Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, and Freeholders, and Freemen, whatever they are at other Times, they are Traders now; open Traders or private Traders, take it as you please.

So have I seen a Country Wake, where every House draws and sells Beer, for the time of the Wake, even without a License, and by the Privilege of the Wake, tho' at other Times they do not draw Drink for Sale at all.

Our Nobility, Gentry and Clergy, are not Tradesmen at other Times; 'tis below the Honour of the first, and the Dignity of the last. The first are, by Birth, above it, the last by office. But on the particular Occasion, and for the Business of the Day, how do we see the Men, whose Quality is above the Mechanism of Trade; stoop, not to the Dealings only which are now made common, but to that we call clandestine Trade, and to the dealing in contraband Goods.

I charge no Body, let them wear the Coat who fit the Coat! Bribery and Corruption is a forbidden Trade, and Votes of Freeholders and Freemen are Contraband; the Law has forbidden the Trade as essentially, as the Gospel has forbidden Simony. Wherever any Persons are found out dealing in these forbidden Goods, not the Money only, but the Men ought to be put into the Hands of Justice, and be punished in Parliament.

Many Laws are made against this Practice; innumerable Motives are founded in Reason, and in Justice, and in the Nature of the Thing, to stir up our Abhorrence of it. 'Tis dangerous to those who buy, and dangerous to those that sell; but 'tis a Plague among us; it is gotten into the Blood, and into the Vitals of our Morals, and it cannot be gotten out. Our very Nature is infected with it, and nothing has yet been found sufficient to prevent its spreading fatally among us. Avarice is the Instrument on one Side, and Ambition on the other; Avarice sells, Ambition buys, and the Devil is the Broker that drives the Bargain. Life, Liberty, Posterity, Religion, King, Country, Law, Justice, these are the Things that go with the Buyer; and as we Trade in *Guinea*, and buy Gold Dust for Glass Beads; so these are sold for a Trifle, and the worst of Trifles sold for Vice. Corruption of Votes is exchang'd for Corruption of Manners; the Freeholder is treated out of his Liberty, drunk out of it. In some, the Hand is touch'd with Money; in others, the Head is touch'd with Liquor.

Nor is this Trade carry'd on in the Devil's Name only, but 'tis carry'd on in the Devil's Way too: Conscience, Faith, Honesty, and Principle, are sold, as well as common Sense; for a Man must sell all these before he can agree to sell his Vote at an Election. And yet, how do our Gentlemen pass all these Degrees, and yet call themselves honest? Such are something like a certain Lord, who, in the late Wars, had betray'd his Trust to his Sovereign, and gone over to the Enemy, and then, being taken Prisoner again, and being examined, answered, with this Addition, *Upon my Honour!* Can Honour remain where Bribery and Corruption have taken place? Can the Man that has sold his Country be said not to have sold his Conscience? Can Truth remain when Honesty is gone? 'Tis impossible.

I look upon the Nation, at such a Juncture as this, to be in a political Agitation, a kind of State-Frenzy; 'tis acted by a certain Spirit, that has, as it may be said, Possession of her. Who can exorcise us? Who can cast out this Devil? And by what Power shall the Legion be forc'd out? Nothing human can, in my Opinion, ever do it; it must be something Supernatural, something like that Spirit that operated at the late Revolution. And, as it must come from above, we must wait

for it; and I can do no more than repeat the Countryman's well-meaning Prayer:—

> "The World's divided into halves,
> Half honest Men, half Fools and Knaves;
> Help Lord, and stand unto us,
> Or Knaves and Fools will quite undo us,"

Yours, &c.

Tom a Bedlam's View of Bribery.

A. J., April 7.—Sir, I observe in the Writings of many of your Town Authors, that when they come to disperse their wild Notions of publick Affairs, and to talk Politicks to the People, they frequently speak with an affected Formality and Gravity, of *these distracted Times*, as they are pleased to call them, and of the People being Distracted, *and the like*.

Not that they do it now, more than they did before, but they have call'd them *distracted Times* a great while. Now pray, let you and I, good Mr. App, talk a little about the Times. Good Faith! Mr. App, I do not think the Times distracted at all; they are good, merry, rational Times, and I like them very well. Nor do I see why you, and other People, should not like them too.

It is true, that some time ago the Times did look a little Maddish, and the People were in a kind of Distraction, having a great deal of Money,—not knowing what to do with it,—and a mad outrageous Desire to have a great deal more; so that in that Fit of Distraction they made nothing of giving a thousand Pound for a hundred, and five hundred for Liberty of subscribing for a hundred, *and the like;* those were *distracted Times* indeed, and properly so called. But now, as Things are return'd to their intrinsick Value, and a hundred Pound is but a hundred Pound, and scarce that; the People too are cur'd of the Fits they were under; the operation of their Distraction is gone quite off, and they seem to be come into their Senses again.

It is also true, we are just now in a kind of a Frolick upon the Election of Members for a New Parliament, and the People are a little *Merry;* but must we presently pass for Lunatick and Distracted, because we have been playing a Game at Romps (as the Ladies call it,) about Elections? Why, the

Candidates have spent their Money among us,—have made us a little Light-headed,—have K[iss]'d our Wives, br[ibe]d our Freeholders, feasted our Rabbles, cajol'd our Magistrates, and play'd all the *Merry* Tricks they could to elevate us, and bring us up to a Pitch; and, when we have been in our Altitudes, we have disposed some of our Votes to the fairest Chaps. And what then? Must our Understandings be scandaliz'd for this and must we be Voted Mad and Distracted? No, no, that is not fair, Mr. App, we are as much in our Senses as ever we were, or as we ever will be; and, which is more, as much as our Fathers were before us; for I have heard what fine Doings used to be at Elections in former Days; how, if Fame is not a —— lying Jade, eleven thousand Pound was spent at one Election for *Winchelsea;* six thousand Pounds of a Side for a County Election in *Leicestershire;* a thousand Pound for an Election at *Stoch-bridge;* twice as much at *Bramber Castle,* where there is not fifty Voters, *and the like* in many other Places, and all this before you and I were born, Mr. App; and were our Forefathers Mad and Distracted, Mr. App? No, no, Mr. App, they all died in their Senses, as much as, I hope, we shall do; nor were they ruin'd by the Parliaments they chose, any more than we are like to be by ours, notwithstanding all their buying and selling, as you Moderns are pleased to call it.

It is true, those Fathers of ours did some strange Things, as particularly in the Times of the Popish Plot, and in the Days of the Revolution (as ye call it) and some People might think them a little touch'd in the Head; but those People were all mistaken you know, and the Ages came to themselves soon after, as Historians fully inform us.

Besides, Mr. App, if these good Gentlemen, whom they call Cand[id]ates, should some of them be mad, does it follow that we must be so too? I think that's no Consequence at all. For Example; if they would scatter their Money about the Country, why then, the Country picks it up, that's all I know of it. If they will give us their Money, we take it; and if they call one another Rogues, Courtiers, and, which is worse, Pensioners; we call them so too you know, and pray what is there in all that? They give the Money, and we take it, and what then? Why, you will say we are R——s,

and R——s take what R——s give! But what's this to our Senses, for we know what we do when we take the Money. Whether they know what they do that give it, that we can say nothing to; let them look to it.

Now I must tell you 'tis a common thing in our Country to eat and drink, and take M^one^y, on both Sides; and then,—that we may be sure to do no Injustice,—we Poll on both Sides, and so neither serve nor disserve either Side. And is not this *Merry* Work? I assure you, I think they deserve to be so serv'd, and we do them no wrong; for you know *fallere fallentem non est fraus;* or, in English, *'Tis no Sin to Cheat the Devil.*

Now, Sir, these *Merry* Times will soon be over, and then we shall go to telling of Noses, and see WHO and WHO's together; and then, if there is any such Thing as mad, distracted Times, the People will know who they are that are the Cause of them, and we should be even with them one way or other I warrant you; for we will Black List them, and post them, and print them, and let the World know them. I warrant you we will have our 'VENGE on them, let them do what they will. But as to our present Way of Mobbing and Rabbling,—of giving Money and taking Money,—which you Printers call Bribery and Corruption, we shall do it. Our Fathers did it before us, and our Children will do it after us; and if they were to pass a Vote, That he that gives Money should be hang'd, and he that takes Money should be hang'd in Chains, yet, I believe, it would be the same Thing; and you may talk till the Seven Stars come to be Fourteen, 'twill be all one, there will be the same *Merry* Doings to the End of the Chapter, if not to the End of the World. And therefore instead of our being mad, who do these Things, I think you are all mad to make such a Stir about it! For who but mad-Men would make such a Noise about a Thing that they know they can't help?

So your Servant, Mr. APP,

Your Humble Servant,

TOM A BEDLAM.

Description of an Election in London.

A. J., April 14.—Sir, I have been, these two or three Days past, very much at *Guildhall,* like the rest of the busy

World, looking on upon what I had nothing to do with; and I cannot but say that some of my Observations there, as they have been very agreeable to me, may in their Season, be so to you and your Readers.

I have been told that, for some Time, we had heard of no Candidates put up by the Low Party, or Whigs, yet that they would come upon us with *une Coup d'Etat;* and we should have a whole List put up together, supported by a Body of the Livery, which no Body, no not all the Tories in *London,* cou'd withstand. This was what, in part, gave me the Curiosity to go to *Guildhall,* as above; but when I came there I found six worthy Gentlemen put principally up to be voted or poll'd for, the same that you see now mention'd, and not one Whig among them.

It is true, there is some Struggle among them, principally between the last Couples; but, upon Enquiry I find them all of a Side, as to other Things; all *High Church,* and all very honest Gentlemen, and the Poll going on calmly and quietly enough, a little Noise without Doors excepted.

But that which was most to my Wonder and Surprize, was, that the Whigs, (not like their Ancestors some Years ago,) seem'd to walk about there mighty calm, quiet, and (like me, who had nothing to do there,) as Men unconcern'd; looking about them, taking their Snuff, and saluting one another, with, "Your Servant, Mr. A.," "Your Servant, Mr. B.," and so out of the Hall again, and not a Word of the Poll to be heard.

This is such a wonderful Turn in Affairs, that I began to muse with myself what time of the Moon it was,—what peaceable Planets might be in Conjunction; but, looking into my Almanack, and finding the Moon increasing, the Sun in *Taurus,* and all Things of that kind tending to inflame, rather than to quiet and calm the Parties or Factions of the People. This still amused me more, and I began to think seriously whence this unusual Serenity, this wonderful Revolution of Whiggism should proceed.

While I was under this Astonishment, I perceiv'd three or four Men, who, by their Faces, I judg'd to be Whigs, (for there is a Whig face in Nature, which a Man, skill'd in Physiognomy, *as I am,* may easily know,) draw together in a Cluster, and stand talking, and looking towards the Hustings,

where they were taking the Poll. Observing this, and believing I should get some Light in my new Difficulty, about the Whigs being so silent, I drew up with them, as if I had been one of them, and thus we began:—

"Well, Mr. *Cole*," says one of them, "how do ye like Things? they go on merrily here."

"Aye," *says Mr. Cole*, "they have all the Sport to themselves, there's no Body opposes them."

"Why, look ye, Mr. *Simpson*," says a third, "I cou'd have oppos'd them, and found them Work enough too, if I had had a mind to put up Sir Gib——; but he would not be prevail'd upon to Stand."

"Nay, Mr. *Smith*," *says Mr. Simpson*, "don't say so; for, in short, *inter nos*, if you had put him up, not half his old Friends would have appear'd for him, he's too old for us, and we are too old for him now."

"Why," *says Mr. Cole*, "I cannot say much of that, but I don't find he ever did any great Matter for us when we had him; and, I must confess, I should have voted him useless, if I had voted at all; I promise you he should not have had my Vote."

"Truly," *says Mr. Smith*, "I always thought him useless; and particularly he was the constant Opposer of the Bills for Relief of the poor miserable Bankrupts and Prisoners, and a mighty Friend to the Callicoes, which you know I am an Enemy to; so I have nothing to say to him."

"In short," *says Mr. Cole*, "I have had a Surfeit of our Friends, ever since I found them run into *South Sea*, and other Bubbles, to the Ruin of their Country; and I'll vote no more for them, not I, no not for any of them."

"No, nor I," *says Mr. Smith*; "e'en let the Tories choose who they will, I'll not meddle; Things can't be worse. Bless me! *South Sea* 88 *per Cent!* Why, a Tory cou'd never desire it to be lower sure; so we can't be worse, e'en let it go how it will."

They went on farther; but this was enough for my present purpose. What I learnt by this Discourse was, that, in short, those Whigs see so much Cause to be sick of the late *South Sea* Management, (and suffer'd so much under the Directorship of their Party,) that they despair of finding any more

honest Men among themselves; and so, in a sullen Mood, sit still and look on, not caring whether it goes one Way or other, knowing also, that if they should put up any of the Rogues that have bubbl'd us already, they know their own Friends would not Vote for them, and they would not be able to carry it. And for this Reason, among others, I found they were in a state of despondency, indolent and unactive, threw up, and left the Game in the Hands, who they found had Strength enough to carry it on.

Your Humble Servant,

New Whig..

A. J., April 14.—We find the sad Consequences of Stock-Jobbing among the Ladies has been fatal abroad as well as here; for, in our last Letters from Paris, we have an Account, that the famous Actress Mademoiselle Moses,—who was grown so rich by the Mississippi Stock, that she quitted the Theatre, where she was celebrated for her extraordinary Wit,—has been so entirely reduced by the sinking of the said Stock, that, in Despair, she has drowned herself in the River Seyne.

On an Election at Coventry.

A. J., April 21.—Sir, The Parliament I may say is now chosen; I wish it may be such a House as never was chosen, for certainly there have been such Doings as were never done about choosing. I do not mean in *Westminster*, in *Southwark*, in *London*, no, nor even in *Coventry* itself, tho' that has been an unparallel'd Case I must confess.

And I am now speaking of the *Coventry* Election, which is a Violence the whole Nation begins to take Notice of, I must say something more particularly to that Part. I think the Whigs of *Coventry* have done mighty well; for whereas if they had but moderately play'd the Villains, their Interest among their Friends might have prevail'd to have their Cause wink'd at, and perhaps Justice might have been the harder to come at, or they might have cover'd their ill Conduct with the usual Pretences on such Occasions. But now, having violated the Laws of Common Sense, as well as those of their Country, having trampled under Foot the common Right of Englishmen,

and violated the Rules, not of Justice only, but of Christianity; none of their Friends can appear for them.

I look upon the Case of the Whigs at *Coventry* to be, in matters of Riot and Injustice, exactly like to what the Case of *Arundel Coke*, and his Ruffian *Woodburn*, was at St. *Edmund's Bury*, in matters of Blood and Assassination. Had Mr. *Coke* and Mr. *Crispe* quarrell'd and fought; had *Coke* attack'd him in the Shape of a Highwayman to rob him on the Road; and in either these, or such like Cases, had Mr. Crispe been kill'd, tho' it had been bad, and what all good Men would have abhorr'd, yet some Mercy might, perhaps, have been found for them. But as the Fact was an unheard of Barbarity, and aggravated with such villainous Circumstances, as none but Persons abandon'd of Humanity, and of Religion, could be guilty of; against Affinity, and under the Protection of an Invitation to a Feast,—against Hospitality, and even against Nature,—no Men that had any Principles, or that had any Value for their own Reputation, could so much as speak for them. The very mention of their Names fill'd all People with Horror; and every one doom'd them to the Gallows, as Persons to whom not the common Pity that we shew to other Criminals in their very Punishment, should be given. In a Word, the universal Voice of Mankind was against them; even Mercy itself could not so much as think of sparing them.

Just thus it is in the Affair of *Coventry*. Had the Magistrates favour'd the Whig Candidates in the ordinary way, had they wink'd at the Riotous Doings of their Friends, and by a pretended Reproof of, *Pray Gentlemen be quiet*, encourag'd them to do all the wicked Things they have done, according to the laudable Custom of the good City of *Coventry Time out of Mind*; I say, had they gone on thus, tho' it had been bad, and what honest men ought to abhor, yet it had carry'd with it some Face of Magistracy; and a long Harangue or two, well worded, might have given some Colour to the Villany; at least it might have gone off with a Reprimand from Authority, and have stood a Question in the House.

But when it is attended with such unsufferable Aggravations; when the very Dignity of Magistracy is trampled upon, and that by the Magistrates themselves; when the Violences begin at those very Men, whose Duty it was to prevent

the Violence, and the Peace is broken by those whose Office it was to preserve the Peace; when a premeditated Resolution of Violence, and of notorious Partiality, is declared, by building a Booth for the Poll, so situated, as to which, one Party should have Access, by cover'd Ways, with Safety, without being liable to the Rabbles, and without being seen, while the other were exposed to an impetuous Mob, set on Work by those who ought to have corrected them for their Works. While these Things, I say, are Acted, under the Protection of the Sovereign Authority, (for such is the Government of a City,) making the Name of the King's Majesty a Protection to that Villainy, which his Majesty is really vested with Sovereignty, on purpose to punish and suppress. When things are run up to so flagrant a Height, the Offence calls for its own Punishment; the Magnitude of it is above Pleadings and Apologies; 'tis too Gross for any Advocates to espouse it. Their own Friends must Blush for them, not a Man of common Humanity but must be asham'd of them, and asham'd to speak a Word for them. Indeed the whole Kingdom calls aloud for their Punishment.

It is in the Nature of Crime to go on, harden'd by Impunity, till its own formidable Exorbitance calls aloud for Justice. And thus, it is here like *Coke* and *Woodburn*, the universal Voice of the Nation is against them. If such Proceedings as these in Elections should be allow'd, farewell Privilege, farewell Corporations and Right of Elections. Parliament Men will no more be elected, but nam'd by the Voice of those whose Violence is greatest; and they, whose Insolence exceeds all their Neighbours, will, by Consequence, have the appointing their Representatives. What a Representative so appointed would be, and what he would do, any one may suggest.

I have one Remark to add here, in the Case of the City of *Coventry*, namely, that it is but a few Years since, and not out of the Memory of Man, when these very *Coventry* Whigs,—that very Alderman O——n, and several of the same Persons, now Agents in this Rabble,—made heavy Complaints to the Government, of the Violence offer'd in Elections by the other Party, and how the Citizens were by Violence kept from the Poll; and the very same Honourable Gentleman, who is now return'd, cannot but remember how often he has exclaim'd against

the same Measure, which has now been measur'd out by them. But the Parson forgets that once he was a Clerk.

I shall, however, to let the World see how these Things are deriv'd, give you, in a little Time, if you approve of it, a diverting History of *Coventry* Elections for some Time past; in which those Things will appear to the World to be the stated Practice of the Place, ever since the Whig Party got a Majority in the Magistracy, with something of the very honest Method how the Majority was obtain'd, which, tho' by the Way it may blacken the Party a little too much, yet since they are thus practising the outrageous Violence they have so often condemn'd, 'tis just upon them, and they must thank themselves.

Your Humble Servant,

COVENTRY.

*Against Inoculation with Small Pox.**

A. J., April 28.—Sir, When we were lately under the dismal apprehension of the Plague, and thought that the Infection would fly over from Languedoc, in the very Air, I observ'd that the People were very earnest in their Devotions; and, agreeable to his Majesty's Proclamation, fasted and prayed very seriously,—imploring to be deliver'd from the Infection, and all the dreadful Things that attended it,—and we did well. It very well became a Nation professing the Christian and Protestant Religion, to place the Power of delivering up to, or delivering from, such a terrible Distemper, where it ought to be plac'd, namely, in the Hands of that GOD they worship, who has the real Power of Life and Death in his Hands; and some were very severe upon us in their Reflections, that we were so late before we made those publick Acknowledgments, and before we ask'd the Protection of Heaven.

As to that Part, I think, I took Notice of it to you at the Time; for I was among those that thought we were backward in our Application, as if we had been insensible of the Danger.

But what shall we say now? When, instead of deprecating Plagues, or infectious Distempers, and lifting up our Hands to Heaven to be deliver'd from the Danger of them; we shall,—if we obey the Dictates of some of our Men of Art,—presume

* Considering the times, this Protest is as faithful as it is cautious.—*Ed.*

to bring Distempers upon ourselves, and that infectious Distempers too? I do not say the Plague, tho' all infectious Distempers are a kind of Plague; but will run the venture of a Disease, contagious in its Nature, and Mortal,—sometimes in a frightful Degree,—on pretence of having it in a less Malignant Manner, so as to make it safe and easy to get over it, and to be out of Danger of having it again; which Pretences, however probable, are far from being certain, and in the Experiment of which some do, and many may miscarry.

It is disputed by many how far this is consistent with the Divine Laws, and whether it does not come into the Number of these Things, which are forbidden by that command, *Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!* By that Law I understand all presumptuous Things are forbidden; and how any Person will clear this Practice from being a presumptuous Action, they who practise it ought to know for themselves.

I will not condemn the Thing as Impious, Unchristian, and presuming, as some have done; and I say the less to it because I hear, tho' I could scarce believe it to be, that it has been try'd, and I hope with success, in the Royal Family. That Part I meddle not with. There may be Reasons for what has been, or may be done there, which would not be a Reason for the same Practice in others, at least might not be so to me; besides, to those who believe it to be no Evil, it is doubtless not so much an Evil as to those not so well satisfy'd.

Nor do I take any Advantage in my arguing from the misfortune in a certain noble Family, where one young Person has miscarry'd; because the highest Pretenders to the Thing do not allege that it cannot fail, or that there is no possibility of a Miscarrying.*

But, I must confess, I cannot recommend it to Practice, upon any Principle, that, I think, I cou'd answer to God or Man. If it is my Misfortune that I cannot see the Morality of it, I hope no Body can take Offence at that. If another can freely hazard the Life of a Son on such an Operation, and believe they ought to do it in order to secure his Life; and if I should think myself Guilty of Murther, if I should do it,

* The Princes and Princesses all recovered; but young members of several noble families died of the disease.—*Ed.*

what can I say for the narrowness of my Latitude, and the wideness of another Man's to me? It would be bringing a Plague into my House, which I should expect God would continue there, and that I should read my Offence in the Punishment.

I speak thus cautiously because I would not be thought to censure what they say is in practice at this Time among my Superiors. I think I may, however, say thus much, that if this Thing should be brought into Use, I fear it may be the sacrificing many innocent Lives in Time to come.

I sincerely wish it may do well where it is now in the Operation; (if it be so, for I know it but by hearsay,) but if it goes well over there, I will take the Freedom to give my Opinion with more plainness in the common Case among my Fellow Subjects. I doubt not but where it is now in Operation, as above, there is sufficient Authority for the doing it; nor can there be any Room there for the Objections I make against it in other Cases. But if it must be allowed in ordinary among the People, I humbly offer for publick Good:—

That an Act of Parliament may be obtain'd to prohibit it on Pain of Death in many Cases, such as may be enumerated, particularly such as these.

1. The Case of Mothers-in-Law, and Fathers-in-Law; to Children not born of their own Bodies.

2. The Case of Guardians to Children; or any other to whom they are to account for any Trust.

3. The Case of any Relations, who are Heirs at Law, to any Estate belonging to those that it is practised upon, *and the like.*

This is so just in its own Nature, that it speaks loudly for itself. I am, &c., your Servant.

THE INOCULATOR.

*Satire on Incautious Journalists.**

A. J., May 5.—Sir, In a Time when so many of your Brethren Typographers are in a State of Tribulation, I cannot see but if your Friends would assist you, it were easy for you to turn

* Several Journalists, (including *Mist*, who is referred to,) were then in prison.—*Ed.*

your Paper to many useful, chearful and entertaining Subjects, besides Politicks, and which your Readers may thank you for; perhaps with as much Seriousness as they would for a Mess of Scandal, that may, at the same time, pull you by the Back, and put you into the Louse-House, or into the Hands of some of those Lousy Rogues call'd ——s, which is but just next Door to it.

I must confess, I have often thought, with Amazement, of the strange Difference between you Printers and those we call Rebels, Traytors, Thieves, Highwaymen, *and the like;* I mean when you come into the Hands of Justice. A Traytor, or Rebel, when he is brought in, has something to say for himself; "Why, I am a Gentleman," says he, "and I am an Enemy, 'tis true, to the Government, and 'tis my Disaster to be taken, and I can't help it. If I am executed, there is not much Difference between that and dying another way. I dye for maintaining my Cause, and they that have conquer'd me would have done the same if we had got the Day; so 'tis but the same Thing, *Mutatis Mutandis.*" Next comes a Highwayman, and he says, "Well, now they have got me, and I shall be hang'd, 'tis the Wheel of Fortune. Better be hang'd than starve; I could not dig,—to beg I was asham'd, and so I took to the Highway, which happen'd to be the Highway to the Gallows, and I cannot help it. The worse Luck now, the better another time." The House-Breaker, the Foot-Pad, the Shop-Lifter, the Pick-Pocket, they have all something to say; I mean of what brought them to the Employment, either Poverty, bad Company, vicious Inclinations, or some Devil or another, is the Account they give of it.

But when the poor Typographer comes into the Pound, he is the dullest, melancholiest Man that ever was seen, and all you get from him is, "What a Fool was I!" I'll tell you how one of your honest Brethren talk'd to me t'other Day upon this very Subject; "What had I to do to meddle with Parties and Politicks?" says he. "What signify'd it to me to publish their Scandal and their Raillery at one another? What had I to do to knock my Brains out against the Stone Walls of the Government, or break my Shins among the Ruins of routed Parties, or Scratch my Face against the Splinters of broken Statesmen? I have been a Fool, a Mad Man, a Property to a

Party, and now there's not one of them, that are serv'd by it, care one Farthing what becomes of me: What a Fool! What a Sot am I, to bring myself into such a Place as this for nothing at all!"

Now really there being so much Truth in the Case of the poor Printers, let you and I, Friend APP, take the Hint; and if we ever come to be Martyrs, let it be for a Cause that 'tis worth while to suffer for, and for a Party that have Truth and Justice for their Side, and are brave and generous enough to stand by those that suffer for them, if such a Party is to be found; and as I believe that Party is not to be found, let us stay till they are. 'Tis Time enough to be hang'd when there is something before us that deserves to have an honest Man hang for it; and when that Time will be, is not our present Enquiry.

In the mean Time let the other People write public Nonsense, and let you and I laugh at it. Can any Man of Sense read, with Patience, an Account from *Constantinople* of the *Grand Seignor's* resolving to have all the Commerce of *Persia* carry'd on thro' *Turkey?* And of the *Czar* of *Muscovy* fitting out a Fleet at *Arch-Angel* and the *White Sea?* Two Pieces of News that some of the wisest of our News-Writers are not asham'd to publish, and expect we should smoke our Serious Pipes over it, and believe it.

Is it likely that the *Turk* should engross the Trade of *Persia*, when he has not one Port in the *Caspian Sea*, nor a Foot upon the Shore of it? When our *East India* Company have a Factory at *Gamberoon* in the Gulph of *Persia*, and the *Czar* of *Muscovy* has *Astracan* in his Hands, and all the South of *Persia* is open to the *Great Mogul?* By all which Passages we can have a free Commerce with *Persia*, and not go thro' any of the *Grand Seignor's* Dominions?

As to his *Czarish* Majesty's Expedition with a Fleet of Gallies at *Arch-Angel*, 'tis hardly in the reach of common Sense to imagine who they must be design'd against,—unless it be an Invasion upon *Greenland*,—or an Attempt upon the North East Passage to *China*,—which were never yet found out, and perhaps never will be; or, a Secret Expedition into *Lapland* to take the famous Fortress of *Ward-Huys* from the *Danes*, and make a Conquest of the *North Cape;* at the first of which he

will find a Strong Garrison, *viz.*, eighteen *Laplanders* and a Parson, besides the Governor's Wife and three Children.

Had he been fitting out a Fleet of sixty Men of War at *Arch-Angel*, something might have been apprehended about it, after they had told us where he should have them; but Gallies at *Arch-Angel* to invade *Great Britain* has much about as much Sense in it, as there would be in a Fleet of *Gravesend* Wherries fitted out to invade *Spain*. And so much for News from *Muscovy* and *Turkey*. I shall hereafter give you a Sketch of as wise Stuff nearer home.

Yours, &c.

D. P., May 7.—M. Le Blanc, Son of the King's Harbinger, being reduc'd to Despair, by having lost his whole Estate in Stock-Jobbing, threw himself last Week into the River; but being immediately taken out and let Blood, 'tis hoped he will recover. But a Gentleman of the Guards who had beggar'd himself by the same Traffick, threw himself likewise in Despair into the Seine; and tho' he was soon taken out, yet he only lived a few Hours.

END OF VOL. II., BEING THE FIRST VOLUME OF DEFOE'S WRITINGS.

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